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THE THIRTY-THIRD TONKÜNSTLER MEETING AT MANNHEIM.

MANNHEIM, June 8, 1897.

OF all the so-called music festivals the annual gathering of the Tonkünstlerverein, is unquestionably the most interesting to the musician. Here he meets his kind, is more or less unhampered and unbiased by the interfering presence of a general public and here he presents to his brother musicians, whose opinion is worth to him more than that of the whole non-musical world, his latest compositions and his best reproductive efforts. In this spirit these meetings were engendered by Franz Liszt, and grew under his guidance and through the spell of his magnetic presence to be the musical events of Germany. After his demise the Liszt cult, which at the same time had been the greatest attraction but also the most serious drawback of the meetings, began to lessen perceptibly, and nowadays the programs contain no larger share of his works than is due his name and position in the ranks of composers, and his merit as founder and patron saint of this organization.

The main purpose of fostering and helping to recognition the works of contemporaneous composers, or of bringing to public notice comparatively unknown works of known composers, which had been somewhat lost sight of shortly after Liszt's demise, seems to have been revived considerably of late, and in this respect the program of the present festival meeting was a most exemplary one. Of course not everything that was here produced was worthy of such an honor or was successful; but that is just one of the chief merits of the Tonkünstlerverein that it creates a chance for a judgment; that you can hear there works which otherwise would remain unknown. The good ones among those novelties will from here make their way into the world at large, and the other ones will find the path to silence and oblivion.

Outside of the artistic purposes of the meetings, and a general exchange of opinions on all matters of interest to musicians, the affair has also a very pleasant social side. You meet and get acquainted with brother musicians of all parts of Germany and of other countries, and the acquaintance thus pleasantly begun frequently ripens into friendship and relations mutually beneficial and desirable. The hours devoted to music, though they are long and in the present hot state of the weather quite wearing for mind and body, are hours of learning. The time devoted to sociability, on the other hand, is quite a recreation, and especially is this the case if the city in which the festival takes place one that takes an active part in the entertainment of the musical guests. In this latter respect the selection of the city of Mannheim has proved a particularly felicitous one. Its beautiful position in the fertile plain between Neckar and Rhine, its accessibility, its wealth and the well-known love for art of its inhabitants, a fine court opera house, fit orchestra, good solo personnel and ensemble made Mannheim a most desirable place for the meeting.

It must also be confessed that the city management did all in their power to make the stay a very pleasant one for all those who participated. Thus we had social gatherings in the beautiful and cool city park, there was an evening of very fine and effective fireworks, and on Monday afternoon the committee offered us a free excursion, with special trains, to the castle and gardens of Schwetzingen, the most beautiful spot in the vicinity of Mannheim. Here, too, they gave a free open air performance of Molière's comedy, *Rogues' Tricks*, represented by some of the best members of the Mannheim Court Theatre personnel, affording a real treat and considerable amusement to the music tired minds of their visitors. These were larger in number than had been the case at some of the meetings of recent years, and among the more interesting musical personages I met at this meeting were: Hofrat Dr. Gille, of Jena; Dr. Oscar von Hase, head of the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel, of Leipzic; Robert Kahn, composer, Berlin; Prof. Martin Krause, piano pedagogue and litterateur, Leipzic; Prof. Dr. Adolf Stern, litterateur, Dresden; Fr. Roesch, conductor, Munich; Prof. C. Lütschig and Pianist Waldemar Lütschig, Petersburg; Margarethe Stern, pianist, Dresden; Richard Schefter, Musikdirektor Speyer, Arthur Smolian, musical litterateur, Karlsruhe; Ferdinand Pfohl, music litterateur, Hamburg; Emil Steinbach, conductor, Mayence; Vincent d'Indy, composer, Paris; Edouard Risler, pianist, Paris; Henry Wolfsohn, impresario, New York;

Wilhelm Klatte, music critic, Charlottenburg; Felix Weingartner, court conductor, Berlin; Otto Lessmann, musical editor, Charlottenburg; Gustav F. Kogel, conductor, Frankfort-on-Main; Dr. Felix Kraus, vocalist, Vienna; C. Prohaska, composer, Vienna; Carl Flittner, music director, Schaffhausen; Ernst Walter, musikdirektor, Landau; Antonia Bloem, concert singer, Wiesbaden; Alfred Hertz, conductor, Elberfeld; Engelbert Humperdinck, composer, Boppard; Eugen d'Albert, composer-pianist, Heidelberg; Max Auerbach, solo repetitor, Frankfort-on-Main; Edward Reuss, Tonkünstler, Wiesbaden; C. L. Werner, musikdirektor, Baden-Baden; Dr. Paul Marsop, musical litterateur, Munich; Robert Fecund, pianist, Zürich; Jean Louis Nicodé, composer, Dresden; William de Haan, court conductor, Darmstadt; Paul Polster, conductor, Giessen; Hans and Ingeborg von Bonsart, composers, Leipzic; Hermann Wolff, concert director, Berlin; E. O. Nodnagel, composer (?), vocalist (?) and musical litterateur (?), Charlottenburg; Ferdinand Langer, court conductor, Mannheim; Fritz von Bose, pianist, Karlsruhe; H. Pisuisse, music journalist, The Hague; Dr. Ludwig Willner, singer (?), Berlin; Julius Janssen, musikdirektor, Dortmund; Elfriede Christiansen, pianist, Bremen; F. C. Weigmann, conductor, Bremen; Hermann Dimmler, musikdirektor, Freiburg; Constantin Sander, head of the firm of C. F. Leuckhardt, Leipzic; Henry Porges, royal musikdirektor, Munich; Halir, Markees, Müller, Dechert and Schubert, chamber musicians, Berlin; Alexander Petschikoff, violin virtuoso, Moscow; Max and Walter Ibach, of the piano manufacturing firm of Rud. Ibach Sohn, Bremen; Fritz Volbach, musikdirektor, Mayence, and Dr. Ludwig Rottenberg, conductor, Frankfort.

Musically, the meeting was prefixed on Wednesday, May 26, by an extra performance of d'Albert's latest opera, *Gertrud*, at the Court Opera House and under the conductorship of the composer. I did not hear the work, as I was still at Bonn, but the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER have had an excellent description of this opera from the pen of Mr. Moritz Mayer-Mahr, who had attended the première of Gernot.

The first concert of the meeting took place at the Saalbau on the evening of May 27, half an hour after I had reached Mannheim. It opened with what proved to me a great disappointment, and luckily was almost the only really bad performance of the meeting. It was the reproduction of Richard Strauss' *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, which, in Court Conductor E. N. von Resniczek's misreading, ought to have been named *Thus Zarathustra Did Not Speak*. Strauss had been announced as one of the conductors of the festival, and would thus have led his own work, but he could not be spared at Munich at present, and leave of absence was not granted him. Hence Resniczek misdirected the work, and I must confess that he is a thoroughly incompetent and very unsatisfactory conductor, especially for orchestra. As a choral conductor he proved himself better fitted, for he wears a beautiful four-act full beard à la Sudermann, has a finely shaped nose and is a handsome, dark-eyed and dark-haired young man, all of which goes a great way with the chorus (sopranos and altos of course), but does not count with the orchestra.

This body of 100 performers, which had played badly in the reproduction of Strauss' *Zarathustra*, seemed like transformed when Felix Weingartner took hold of the baton. That our Berlin court conductor would be well enough to do so I had correctly foretold in one of my recent Berlin feuilletons. He directed his latest symphonic poem with the transcendental title *The Realms of the Blessed* (*Die Gefilde der Seligen*). The title is not his own, but is that of one of Boeklin's best pictures, which has inspired the composer. Did it really inspire him? No; he merely asserts that it did. In reality Weingartner's symphonic poem, although he throws some beautiful colors on the "orchestral canvas," has very little, if any, inspiration. The opening and closing passage which brings some effective but not new chord groupings upon a pedal point on F sharp are *stimmungsvoll*, while the middle section in A major contains some ballet music in A major which is perfectly trivial. If they have really dancing in Heaven, I would have it rather of the stately but graceful kind, which old man Gluck ascribes to the celestial regions, than this lame and quite undignified dance music of Weingartner's. Certainly the ideas contained in this symphonic retrospect of *The Realms of the Blessed* are not one-tenth as heavenly as those in Boeklin's picture, but the orchestral colors are good, and without being as difficult, as for instance Richard Strauss' latest orchestrations, is very effective. Weingartner, who is a great favorite here in Mannheim, having started here his career as conductor, and having married a handsome Mannheim young lady, was very successful with the public, albeit it seemed to me that the orchestra was more partial to Resniczek than to the Berlin conductor.

Of the Resniczek requiem, which formed the second part of the program, I wrote at length when the work was performed at Berlin a couple of seasons ago. The first impression I then gained was more favorable than the one I took home with me from the Mannheim performance under the composer's baton. It is a gay sort of requiem, despite

some good choral writing, and a few learned fugues interspersed throughout the work, and one of the wits among the audience suggested that the austere text of the Roman Catholic Church which underlies this mass for the dead be changed into one of less sombre meaning in order to correspond to the texture of Resniczek's music. Surely the *Hoch soll or leben* soloists' episode in the final portion of the work is anything but befitting, and this serious mistake I have noted also in my report of the first performance. As for the reproduction, it was fair as far as the work of the combined different choruses was concerned; of the soloists only the soprano from the Court Opéra, Frau Sorger, was above reproach. Her mezzo voice sounded very well in the upper register. Resniczek was made the recipient of much applause and flowers, and the orchestra joined in with a fanfare.

The second day, Friday, May 28, brought the now inevitable Brahms chamber music soirée. This was no more than just and appropriate, despite the fact that Brahms has never had a very high opinion of the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein*, and not all too much sympathy was reciprocally wasted upon that composer by the said society.

The program contained the same A minor string quartet and the B minor clarinet quintet which last week were performed at Bonn. The Vienna Rosé Quartet was to have executed them, but for some unexplained reason they did not put in an appearance, and the Halir Quartet, from Berlin, gave an adequate reading, which could not compare, however, with the one I had just previously heard from Joachim and his associates. Instead of Muehlfeld, from Meiningen, who had played the clarinet part in Bonn, and who sat in the audience at Mannheim, chamber virtuoso Schubert, from Berlin, performed that important part, and did so with much taste and skill. His tone, however, is not as sweet and mellifluous, especially in pianissimo passages, as that of Muehlfeld.

Not on the Bonn Brahms' program was the G minor piano quartet, op. 25, which was played at Mannheim, and in which Frau Margarethe Stern, from Dresden, performed the piano part in technically flawless and in every way very neat and musically style.

Four Lieder—*Feldesamkeit*, *An die Nachtigall*, *Todessehnen* and *Vorschüller Schwur*—were sung with a great deal of verve and big tone by Miss Heindl, the dramatic soprano from the Opéra, and Herr Robert Kahn accompanied them excellently.

A sensational success, however, was scored by Dr. Felix Kraus, of Vienna, with the four *Ernste Gesänge*, Brahms' Swan songs. This young baritone from Vienna is one of the most admirable of Lieder singers that has come to my notice for many a long day, and I can now understand that no less an authority than Arthur Nikisch ranks him among the foremost vocalists of our day. He was applauded to the echo, and would have been heard to still greater advantage if the piano accompaniment of Herr C. Prohaska had been a trifle more discreet.

The chief interest of the third concert centred in the opening novelty, Vincent d'Indy's symphony, based upon mountaineers' themes (*Thèmes Montagnards*). The composer is one of the best musicians of the young French school and has been introduced in America most favorably through his *Wallenstein* symphony, which Mr. Seidl has conducted. Frank Van der Stucken, however, was the first one who made you acquainted with his name and music. His mountain symphony, though the choice of themes is not always the happiest in the way of beauty of melody, is a thoroughly interesting, characteristic and very clever work. Better and much more successful than Saint-Saëns has Vincent d'Indy introduced in this symphony the piano, which plays in it an even more than *concertante* part. This piano solo, which especially in the brilliant finale is of immense effect, was performed by the French pianist, Edward Risler, about whom I have eulogistically written last winter. He played it with great virtuosity and finish, and came in for a good share of the applause with which the composer of the symphony, who conducted in person, was overwhelmed.

Petachnikoff performed his greatest two feats, the Tchaikowsky violin concerto and the big C major unaccompanied adagio and fugue of Bach. In the concerto he was much hampered through Resniczek's poor accompaniment, and not much was wanting to warrant the nervous young fellow in refusing to continue. He pulled through, however, despite this heavy handicap, and his success was as great as it was deserved. After the Bach number he was, of course, encored. Henry Wolfsohn, the New York manager who sat next to me, was enchanted with the Russian's exquisite tone and finished style of playing. He will no doubt tell you all about it.

Dr. Felix Kraus could make no impression with a lengthy cantata for baritone, with orchestra by C. Prohaska. It is entitled *Der Fess Wanderer* (*The Pedestrian*), and the words are an epic by Rückert, not at all well adapted for musical setting. Much more successful was Dr. Kraus

with three Lieder by Fritz Steinbach, the Meiningen court conductor, which he declaimed beautifully. They are difficult, but not ungrateful songs.

Liszt's Dante symphony formed the heavy close of this lengthy program. Reznicek conducted, and I fled from the court opera house.

The Sunday concert opened with Reznicek's Lustspiel overture in E major, which I have heard before. It is entirely in the conventional form and style, but not at all bad. Someone suggested that he should preface it with his Requiem Mass. Bitter irony that on the Requiem.

César Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra raised my estimation of the "French Brahms" considerably. Though the theme of these variations in F sharp minor is by no means a spontaneous melody, but rather what the Germans call *gequält*, what he does with it is perfectly wonderful. Some of the variations are very brilliant and as a whole the work is highly effective. Both this and d'Indy's work may be recommended to pianists who are looking for virtuosos works out of the common rut in order to enlarge their repertory. Risler again was the soloist and did as well as on the preceding day. For unaccompanied solo numbers he had selected three of the lengthiest pieces of Liszt, the exceedingly tedious Vallée d'Obermann, the partially twittering, partially bombastic St. Francis Preaching to the Birds and the iconoclastic B minor ballad. Three such Liszt longitudes is a little lackadaisical, especially on a very sultry summer evening. But Risler was so well received that he had to yield to an encore demand and added the Liszt D flat study, one of the most beautiful things the master wrote for the piano.

The vocal soloist was Miss Camilla Landi, the famous alto, who made such a tremendous hit in Berlin and all through Germany last season. With her rich and sensuously beautiful voice and her exquisite delivery she did not fail to enchant the ears of this gathering of musicians. First she gave a *Glück* and then the aria *Della Cieca*, from Ponchielli's *Gioconda*. Later on she sang with piano accompaniment César Franck's *La Procession*, two Brahms Lieder, which are not her specialty, however, and, of course, her *cheval de bataille*, Mlle. Chaminade's *Partout*. There was no resisting this little ditty sung by a deity, and of course the encore fiends held sway. Mlle. Landi responded with the *Habanera*, from *Carmen*, and when this was not sufficient to allay the uproar she gave them once more the *Habanera* from *Carmen*.

Henry Berlioz's lyric monodrama *Lelio* was a novelty, but only as such interesting to me. It was meant by the erratic composer as a continuation and close of his *Fantastic Symphony*, the episode from the life of a young artist. In *Lelio* the young artist, who has not taken a sufficiently strong dose of opium to kill himself, returns to life and first turning to Goethe (Fisher's Ballad) fables of becoming a brigand chief; then sings a Hymn to Happiness, listens to aeolian harp recollections, and finally has his pupils (I don't know where they so suddenly have assembled) perform his (Berlioz's) music to Shakespeare's *Storm*. After this is over the *Idée fixe* from the *Fantastic Symphony* appears "once more—and forever" in the orchestra, and the affair is over. Most of the music in *Lelio* is old music, odds and ends of Berlioz which he has gathered together for this lyric monodrama, and *Lelio's speech pro domo*, rousing as it is, is much too theatrical, too posing, to gain the end which Berlioz had in view. That was reached many decades later; he conquered the civilized musical world through his musical genius—not through his *oratio pro domo*.

Wagner's *Kaisermarsch*, conducted by Court Conductor Ferdinand Langer, concluded this concert. The audience, standing, joined in the final hymnus to Emperor William.

Monday, May 31, in order not to interfere with the excursion to Schwetzingen, the chamber music matinee was given at 11 A. M. The performing string quartet was that of the Mannheim orchestra—Grand Ducal Concert-

master Hans Schuster and court musicians Messrs. Post, Gaule and Kuendinger. They played first a very unimportant, conservatory-made quartet in D major, by Waldemar von Baußnern, and later on Antonin Dvorák's interesting A flat quartet, op. 105. Their playing is characterized by a good, careful ensemble and general cleanliness. There is in it, however, a want of geniality and verve.

Dr. Ludwig Wüllner sang the same Lieder of Weingartner which I discoursed upon at length in one of my last season's Berlin budgets. The lengthy doctor has little voice but a good deal of expression—at moments a bit too much even. He declaims well, however, and is sure of making an effect, especially upon the female element in the audience. Weingartner accompanied in person, and of course admirably.

By far the most interesting novelty upon the program, however, was Robert Kahn's second sonata for violin and piano, which was performed by the composer in conjunction with Concertmaster Schuster. It is a very well written work, alike excellent in form and feature. The first movement in A minor is Mendelssohnian in spirit, but nevertheless original. The slow movement in D fits on *attacca*, and is very tender and beautiful; but the most interesting Satz is the last one in A major, which might have been written by Brahms. The return to the minor key at the close is unexpected but logical. The work is not very difficult to play and was exceedingly well performed. The composer, who is a native of Mannheim, where his family belongs among the most distinguished Macéne of music, was honored with a triple recall.

The seventh and last day of the meeting brought in the forenoon another chamber music matinee, at which the Halir Quartet performed in standard style three standard works—the Haydn D major quartet, op. 76, No. 5; the Schubert posthumous D minor quartet, with the Death and the Girl variations, and the C sharp minor quartet of Beethoven. Halir and his associates had an extraordinarily good day and played better than I ever heard them do at Berlin.

Miss Johanna Dietz of Frankfort, an inferior mezzo soprano, sang four Lieder by Alexander Ritter and another group of four songs by Richard Strauss. I cannot find much in the Ritter songs nor in his compositions generally, albeit great efforts are being made by the Tonkünstlerverein adherents at the present moment to boost Ritter up as a composer of extraordinary merit. Why then did they not put one or the other of his orchestral works upon the program? The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, and what they had to swallow of Ritter at the Munich meeting they don't seem to have been able to digest well enough to encourage them to a repetition of the dose.

In the evening the intendency of the court opera vouchsafed us a production of Weingartner's opera *Genesius*. The work had been newly studied, and was performed under the poet-composer's conductorship. He had not been too ill for this (just as I had predicted); but now, after the performance, Weingartner has written to Berlin for a new leave of absence, because he has overworked himself afresh here at Mannheim. I wonder what game he is up to now, and how long they will stand this sort of thing in Berlin, where he has not conducted opera since February 23. *Genesius*, which proved a pronounced fiasco at its first and only performance at Berlin, was an almost equally pronounced success here at Mannheim. I understand that the composer has partially re-written his work, otherwise the Berlin failure (I did not see the production there) is almost inexplicable to me. Surely the first two acts contain some very beautiful music, and only the lengthy and overdrawn third and last act weakens the effect of the whole. Weingartner has no musical ideas of his own, but those of Wagner and even of poor, maligned Meyerbeer he knows how

to handle with great skill, and above all he can work up big climaxes, and understands stage effects. Thus the second act of *Genesius* brought him an enthusiastic success, in which I joined in sincere appreciation.

The performance was excellent so far as the orchestral work was concerned. *Mise-en-scène* and stage management, however, left much to be desired. Of the principals in the cast Fräulein Heindl as *Pelagia* surpassed all others in dramatic vocal power. Frau Sorger as *Claudia* was not bad in the upper register. Wüllner in the title part was histrionically intense; his vocal efforts, however, were nau-seating, and the remainder of the cast deserves no mention.

Thus ended the meeting at Mannheim. The next meeting will probably take place at Dresden.

The participants of the Tonkünstlerverein meeting were very courteously invited by Intendant Claar, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, to a special performance of Engelbert Humperdinck's latest fairy tale opera, *Die Koenigskinder*, which was produced there last night.

The single guesting appearance of Tamagno in Berlin occurred during my absence from the German capital. The tenor had been heralded so outrageously by preliminary puffs with tam-tam obligato that one of the Berlin *farceurs* called him Signor Tamtamagno. About his Berlin appearance Mr. Moritz Mayer-Mahr, who represented THE MUSICAL COURIER on that occasion, reports as follows: Tamagno, the truest male representative of the *bel canto*, has absolved a single appearance as guest at the Berlin Royal Opera House in *Le Prophète*. The diverging judgments from Paris, Cologne, Frankfort and Munich had roused the curiosity of the public, and thus the house, despite the highly raised prices of admission, was well filled. The success was the same as in the other German cities. The absolutely naturalistic, flat, open vocalization; the tremolo, which especially in the middle position is unbearable, offered the listener no equivalent for the indeed phenomenal, brilliant and true tenor beauty of the high G, A, B and C flat. The unmusical majority of the audience was delighted with the sensuous beauty of the high notes, and broke loose with tremendous applause after the well-known *bravura* episodes, the dream narration, the hymn which had been transposed up from B flat to B natural and the bacchanale. Histrionically Tamagno offered little that had any individuality. His acting merely showed the great routine of this fifty year old *John of Leyden*.

Marie Goetze, as *Fides*, was a masterly representative of the German *bel canto*, and she, as well as Fräulein Reinl, who sang *Bertha* and was in excellent voice, was ostentatiously applauded by the audience in open scene, as they were not allowed to appear before the public after the curtain had gone down.

The news just reaches me of the sudden death, in consequence of an operation, of my friend the baritone Franz Krolop, from the Royal Opera. He was only fifty-eight years of age and one of the most admirable, genial and versatile of artists. At the same time he was a thoroughly amiable and polished gentleman. He was much beloved by everybody and had no enemies, even among his colleagues on the stage. I saw him only about a fortnight ago as *Escamillo* in *Carmen*, a part which he created in Berlin and has sung ever since the first production there of Bizet's opera. The Berlin Royal Opera House loses in Krolop one of its most useful members, and it will be hard, if not impossible, to replace him or find an equally versatile artist.

Henry Wolfsohn told me at Mannheim that he has engaged for the United States for next season the excellent Leipsic violoncellist Prof. Klengel, who is one of the world's greatest technicians on that unwieldy instrument. Furthermore, Mr. Wolfsohn has completed arrangements for Anton



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Seidl's appearance as conductor at Berlin and at Paris, and for a guesting stagione at Berlin of the beautiful American soprano Mrs. Blauvelt.

The other American manager, Mr. R. E. Johnston, informs me that he has engaged for next season: Ysaye for 100 concerts, Nordica for 40 concerts, Gérard, 50 concerts; Marchesi, 40 concerts, and Plançon for 50 concerts. For the season of 1898-9 Mr. Johnston has engaged César Thomson for 100 concerts, and another as yet nameless violinist, for 25 concerts; Carreño for 75 concerts and Emma Nevada for 50 concerts.

During my absence from Berlin so far the following musical personages have called at Linkstrasse 17: H. M. Hirschberg, manager, from New York; Miss Jessie Shay, mother and sister, who have gone to Stockholm for the summer; Carlos Sobrino and my friend Naham Franko.

O. F.

New England Conservatory.

THE order of exercises for commencement week of the New England Conservatory of Music is an interesting one. They began on Wednesday evening, June 16, with the Graduates' Recital of the School of Elocution; Saturday, June 19, outing of the graduating class; Sunday, baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Robert McDonald in Sleeper Hall at 4 p. m.; Monday, recital of graduating class in Sleeper Hall in the evening; Wednesday, June 23, commencement exercises in Tremont Temple at 2:30, and alumni reunion and banquet at 7:30.

The graduating class is a large one and much interest has been shown in the events of the week by friends of the pupils and of the conservatory. Here is the list:

Laura Rebecca Appell,
Blanche Atwood Bardin,
Willie Capel Beckett,
Frances Marion Beebe,
Mildred Vida Bennett,
Margaret Hulda Biebler,
Jennie D. Billings,
Mrs. Nellie Blandin Blackburn,
Cora Frances Bourne,
Myra Elsworth Burdick,
Gertrude Gillette Burns,
Percy Jewett Burrell,
Jennie Blanche Crandall,
Forrest Jacoby Cressman,
Elizabeth Elise Crissey,
Marie Crosby,
Mrs. Linda Margaret Crumley,
Mary Louise Dickinson,
Gertrude Mendenhall DuBarry,
George Sawyer Dunham,
Maitie Arline Edwards,
Mabel Melita Elling,
Elsie Louise Ellis,
Charles Henry Elwell,
Alice Howard Filoon,
Alta Howard Fletcher,
Louise Gertrude Fraser,
Elizabeth Homer Frost,
George Folsom Granberry,
Nannette Camilla Heath,
Lizzie Higgins,
Alice Ethel Hill,
Mabel Boynton Hills.

Elena Caroline Horne,
Dorothy Ellen Jackson,
Lilla Belle Johnson,
Linda Alice Jones,
Pauline Rosanna Larabee,
Mary Genevieve Lee,
Frank Edward Leonard,
Mary Eliza Leonard,
Hattie Louise Lerch,
Florence Emily MacDonald,
Helen Louise Mather,
Jessie Josephine McNair,
Florence Floyd Montgomery,
Elizabeth Munce,
Henry H. Mumaw,
Carolyn Proctor Ollinger,
Mary Agnes Patterson,
Marie Schwab,
Ida Byron Seely,
Arthur Shepherd,
Harriet Frances Smith,
Ida Minerva Smith,
Willie Tennison Smith,
Clifford Sprunt,
Katharine Stigler,
Josephine Suhler,
Julia Mitchell Tarver,
Helen Louise Tufts,
Henry Thomas Wade,
Anna Ashton Warren,
Frank Winston,
Pauline Woltmann,
Edith Alice Wood.

Leoncavallo.—With reference to the expected opera, Roland of Berlin, Leoncavallo writes to a Vienna journal that he has heard expressions of dissatisfaction at such national material being intrusted to a foreigner. He did not thrust himself into the affair. However honorable for him the offer of the Berlin Opera House might be, however deeply grateful he was for the hospitality extended to him in Germany, yet he feels that he cannot close his work satisfactorily under these circumstances. He therefore will not continue his composition until he receives definite news from Berlin. If the "protection of native composers" prevails he will withdraw from all competition and hand over the sketches he has made to anyone whom Berlin judges a better man.

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Besides the artists already announced as engaged by the Carl Rosa Opera Company for next season, we may add the names of Signor Maggi, and the re-engagement of Mr. Lemprière Pringle. For the season at Covent Garden in October special engagements have been made with Madame Duma, Mlle. Oltzka and Mme. Agnes Janson. The present season closed on May 29, and the coming one will open on August 16, at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool. The novelties already secured for next season are Ambroise Thomas' opera *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*. Mr. W. Beattie-Kingston has prepared the English libretto, which will be called *The Poet's Dream*.

Manon is a character which Mlle. Engel hopes to have the opportunity of impersonating. She has carefully studied Massenet's music, and there may be an opportunity for her singing it also at the Opéra Comique at no far distant date. When *Der Evangelimann* is given at Covent Garden this season Marie Engel will be the *Martha*.

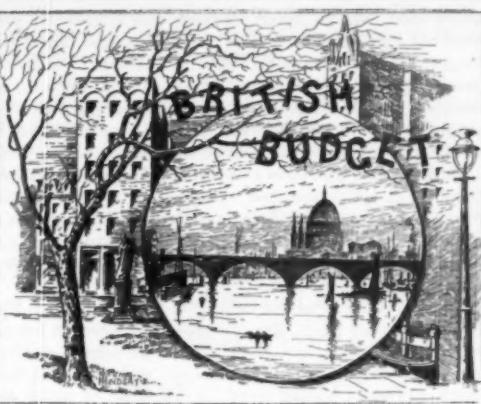
CONCERTS.

The playing of the orchestra at the second Richter concert was often rough and lacking in that unity of sentiment which frequent rehearsals alone can give. Lack of sufficient rehearsal is, unfortunately, too often the bane of our orchestral concerts in London. But with Dr. Richter at the conductor's desk what score is there that will not be intelligently interpreted?—especially when each individual player is of the excellence of the men who compose this orchestra. The program began with Dvorák's Triple Overture and ended with Wagner's *Kaisermarsch*. It is the two numbers which came between that claim our attention, however. Of one of these, the playing of M. Gabrilowitsch, I will defer extended criticism until after his forthcoming recital. For the present it is sufficient to say that he played with consummate ease, great brilliancy, certainty of technic and good rhythm.

The Tchaikowsky concerto does not call for much depth of sentiment and tenderness, so we are unable to judge of the artist on these points until later. If, however, his recital proves him to have as much heart as fingers and head, he certainly is in spite of his youth one of the foremost pianists of the day.

The great interest of the evening centred in the first performance of Mr. F. H. Cowen's new Idyllic Symphony. In this score the influence of Brahms and Dvorák seemed to us strongly marked. The Brahms appears in the counterpoint, construction and thematic development, and the Dvorák in the orchestration. Briefly, it is brighter than Brahms and more contrapuntal than Dvorák. This is indeed very much in the symphony's favor, for Brahms is often dry and dull, while Dvorák is sometimes showy and shallow. But we regret to say that the oil of charm refuses to mix with the vinegar of science in this genuinely skillful and technically flawless score. Works of this nature, although only possible to be written by thorough masters of their craft, always wear an air of insincerity, like the sanctimoniousness of an irreproachable Puritan. Our dearest friends are seldom free from some of the minor vices and foibles of humanity. If Mr. Cowen had relaxed somewhat the complexity of his score, and in place of counterpoint composed of a multitude of themes, each one of which is without melodic charm, he had given us a simple melody breathing the natural, sweet scent of inspiration, we would have thought more of the artist who could conceal his art than we do of the composer whose technic is so laboriously in evidence.

The last of the Queen's Hall symphony concerts took place on Saturday afternoon, on which occasion one of the largest audiences that this series has drawn together greeted Mr. Wood. The program was made up for the most part of well-known items, which were given in Mr. Wood's usual manner, and which, therefore, do not call for any lengthy comment. M. Gregorowitsch, a violinist justly



BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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LONDON, W., May 29, 1897.

THE usual influx of Americans to London this year is greater than ever. Many come to see the Jubilee Celebration ceremonies principally, but whether they come for that reason or not they all put in their time to advantage in seeing the many historic and other features of interest in this the greatest city in the world.

The grand total of American visitors includes many musicians who look wistfully for professional engagements, but, except in exceptional cases, find them not. The fact of the matter is, the season, which we all hoped would be a brilliant one, is turning out to be a failure. No engagements for artists worth mentioning are to be had except private ones, and as they go by favors, unless a singer or instrumentalist has social connections they can get nothing to do.

Since living in London I have never heard so much complaint before in all lines of musical activity. The fact of the matter is, there are far too many artists come here every year; the competition is something too awful to contemplate, and yet we have only a very few great artists.

A leading English composer said to me the other day: "I am afraid that there will be a dearth of operatic singers in a few years who will be able to draw enough to keep opera going. I predict that we are approaching an era in which operatic ventures will be disastrous." He realized the fact that ensemble should be more important than stars, but until bitter experience has taught our singers the necessity of concentration of thought and elimination of self-consciousness they could never get that necessary ensemble. The question is, will they ever do it?

Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler will be one of the soloists at the next Philharmonic season and probably at two piano recitals in St. James' Hall. She will also play at two of the Lamoureux concerts in Paris.

Mlle. Pauline Joran had the honor of dining with Viscount and Viscountess Wolseley, to meet their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on Monday, May 31. Afterward a most enjoyable concert was given, in which Mlle. Joran was joined by Miss Elise Joran, Mr. Tivadar Nachez and Señor Guetary.

The Fitzner Quartet, from Vienna, will give three concerts in Queen's (small) Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Cavour, on June 9, 17 and 29. Besides quartets by Mozart and Beethoven, they will perform at their first concert the quintet by Schumann, with Mr. Henry Bird as pianist.

Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth's at-home to meet the colonial Premiers, at which Madame Melba, M. Paderewski and other artists will perform, is fixed for Monday evening, the 21st inst.

Mr. W. W. Astor gave a soirée at 18 Carlton House Terrace to his friends on Tuesday night, at which the Polish pianist, M. Paderewski, performed. Mr. Astor will give another party on June 9.

Sir Henry Irving will unveil on June 14 the Siddons

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held in high esteem in many lands, made his first London appearance at this concert and soon achieved a success which could hardly have been more pronounced. He played the Mendelssohn concerto in an almost flawless manner, his bowing being especially good, while his occasional slight lapses of just intonation were not enough to in any way warrant us in denying him a place among the foremost masters of his instrument. He has a good deal of the combined breadth and delicacy of touch of Ysaye, although he certainly is not so strong and convincing an artist as the great Belgian violinist. But M. Gregorowitsch is not thirty years of age, and time and experience may yet place him in the van. With Mme. Blanche Marchesi we were not as much impressed as our critical faculties told us we should have been. For she is a great artist, great in style and intelligence, great in dramatic truth and enunciation. But the voice which nature has left her as an inheritance lacks the warmth, sympathy and charm that finds its way to the heart of the uncultured as well as to the cultured listener.

Mr. Johann Kruse, who gave his first orchestral concert under the conductorship of Dr. Villiers Stanford in St. James' Hall on Tuesday night, will be known to our readers as a member of the famous Joachim Quartet. At this concert he played the Söhr concerto in E minor and the first concerto in G minor of Max Bruch, the former remarkably well. Madame Marchesi sang an air by Massenet, and another, more familiar, from Händel's *Theodora*, with charm, and the orchestra of nearly seventy English performers, besides playing the accompaniments to the concertos, rendered Brahms' Tragic Overture and Beethoven's *Leonora* No. 2 in a fairly satisfactory manner.

On Saturday afternoon the Kneisel String Quartet gave their second concert at St. James' Hall, their program including Dvorák's quartet in E, Beethoven's in A minor, and Haydn's in D. Perfection of quartet playing is alone reached when the musical vision receives, if such a simile may be used, a strong image of pure white light, instead of the divided and varied tints of the spectrum. This blending of units to form a complete whole perhaps only is reached after years of continuous ensemble work, and we have no hesitation in saying that the Kneisel Quartet, with their respective executive abilities, their accurate sense of time and taste in phrasing, are not far from the goal. Their performance of the Dvorák quartet in E, op. 80, was characterized by brisk attack and clearness of tone, mingled with a keen sense of appreciation of the composer's meaning. Very fine ensemble work was shown in the Beethoven quartet in A minor, op. 132—that extraordinary composition in which the greatest of sonata writers uses form as a vehicle for thoughts too great and wonderful for words. The molto adagio and the final allegro apassionata were particularly well rendered, and called forth a hearty burst of appreciation from the audience. The Haydn quartet in D, op. 64, No. 5, brimful as it is of sunshine and tender playfulness, was most charmingly interpreted, and nothing could have been better or brighter than the playing of the brilliant finale.

The Misses Sutro, whose ensemble playing of compositions for two pianos has been so highly esteemed since their first recital two seasons ago, again gave the London public an opportunity of judging of their art last Monday in St. James' Hall, before an audience that may be considered satisfactorily numerous considering the general lack of interest in things musical during the Jubilee season. The program was varied and representative, embracing interesting selections from composers of many nationalities. The greatest enthusiasm of the afternoon was aroused by Beethoven's Turkish March and Algernon Ashton's *Praeludium*, the former being repeated. It is a relief to the critic to hear piano pieces that are not hackneyed, as so many of the best solo compositions are. Especially enjoyable are these works when interpreted in so intelligent and finished a manner as that to which the Misses Sutro have attained. We must commend the good taste of Messrs. Broadwood in dispensing with the inartistic and objectionable nameboard that is so frequently prominent and objectionable whenever a piano is on the concert stage.

Mr. G. W. Fergusson's invitation concert took place on the 26th ult. at the Salle Erard. This highly refined and intellectual singer enjoys a great reputation in America, which will soon be established in England if we are given more opportunities of hearing him. He suffered from a

severe cold, but his artistic manner and interesting program stood him in good stead. There were selections from Wagner, Franz, Schumann, Schubert, Händel, Scarlatti, Dvorák, Löwe, C. V. Stanford, M. V. White, Thomé and Gounod. A rich choice indeed, and I only regret that time and space do not allow me to enumerate the various points of excellence in his interpretation of the varied compositions.

Mr. Hayden Coffin gave a concert in St. James' Hall on Tuesday, the 25th, assisted among other artists by Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Lawrence Kellie. The most popular of the several songs which Mr. Coffin gave with taste and skill were two by American composers—Clayton Johns and Ethelbert Nevin.

Madame Albani's annual concert in Queen's Hall on May 26 was naturally productive of a crowded house and intense enthusiasm, which was, however, too unrestrained. The mad scene from Lucia, which sounds hopelessly old-fashioned nowadays, roused storms of applause, of which Mr. Fransella, who plays the flute obligato most brilliantly, was forced to take the share he deserved. Madame Albani was at her best in the berceuse from Godard's *Jocelyn*, which she sang with artistic refinement, and in the quintet from Die Meistersinger, in which she was joined by Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Braxton Smith and Mr. Pringle. Miss Clara Butt's lovely voice was wasted on Gounod's *Repentir*, and Mr. Liddle's *Abide With Me* was better sung and better worth singing. Miss Beatrice Langley, who proves herself more and more a violinist of whom we should be proud, played Grieg's violin sonata in C minor, and the familiar arrangement of Hungarian themes by Hubay. Mr. Santley and the other singers in the quintet also gave solos.

There have been numerous other concerts the past week, but not calling for notice here.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Miss MacIntyre, who has been winning successes at St. Petersburg and Moscow the past winter, made her re-entry at Covent Garden on Friday in the part of *Elsa*. She was in good voice, and gave a dramatic and, considered as a whole, impressive rendering of the role. The other artists were practically the same as on the previous Saturday, and with M. Jean and M. Edouard de Reszké, Miss Meisslinger and Mr. Bispham all working con amore under the direction of Herr Anton Seidl, the result was a superb performance.

On Saturday evening Bruneau's interesting and stirring *opéra L'Attaque du Moulin* was given for the first time this season with a cast that was able to make the composer's work intelligible, although the book suffered somewhat from the indifferent acting.

The most remarkable voice was that of M. Noté, who, although a great singer, leaves much undone, or awkwardly done, as an actor. Miss Marie Brema is an artist whose voice is more telling than sympathetic, and who makes up by thought and study for the lack of the spontaneous impulse, the true instinct, that would make her really clever and almost flawless acting seem more natural if she possessed it. Miss Palliser was very satisfactory, both in her singing and acting of the part of *Françoise*. At times her voice might have been bigger with advantage, although her tones were never lost altogether. In the first act nervousness had a good deal to do with her deficiency in facial expression; but this improved afterward, and Miss Palliser is to be congratulated on a successful Covent Garden début. M. Scaramberg sang the part of *Dominique* acceptably. When his voice was first heard after the robust organ of M. Noté the effect was disappointing, but he soon proved himself to be a reliable and intelligent artist, and the possessor of a high and flexible voice.

The remaining roles were taken by Messrs. Dufrane, Bonnard, Gilibert, Bars, Meux and Mlle. de Vigne. M. Flon conducted in an efficient and thorough manner a really excellent chorus, and an orchestra that left little to cavil at. This score has already been reviewed in THE MUSICAL COURIER when the opera was first produced in London two seasons ago. Suffice it to know that M. Bruneau has the true dramatic as well as the sympathetic feeling. And while there are passages that are reminiscent, yet the whole bears the stamp of a genuine musician, who had something to say and who knew how to say it. The composer was present on this occasion.

The opera subscribers on Monday had the first serious disappointment of the present season. M. Jean de Reszké

had been announced to sing in *Die Meistersinger*, but he was ill, and *Tannhäuser* was suddenly put on instead. Mr. Higgins with commendable promptitude organized a strong cast for *Tannhäuser*, with the result that those present heard one of the best performances so far this season. One of the special features of the representation was the *Venus* of Madame Pacary, who made a decided hit in a role too often taken by inefficient artists. M. Van Dyk, the hero, and Madame Eames, as *Elizabeth*, were in fine voice, and the rest of the cast, including MM. Plançon, Noté and Bonnard, was the same as before. The announcements for other nights include Tuesday, *Aida*; Wednesday, *Faust*; Thursday, *Les Huguenots*; Friday, *La Traviata*; Saturday, *Lohengrin* in German, Herr Seidl conducting; Monday, the first performance of *Tristan et Isolde*, under Herr Seidl, and on Tuesday, *Tannhäuser*.

F. V. ATWATER.

Things in General.—III.

817 NEWHALL STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 7, 1897.

THE COURIER can now be found at almost all the newsstands here, also as usual at Rohlfing's, and at Des Forge's.

* * *

Among a certain sect of critics here feeling has run very high since I took a hand in; this has led to some surprising results and ridiculous displays of pettiness and *kinderei*. These critics ought to be spanked. Things which a few months ago called forth their copious praise, upon receiving encouraging words from me have since been torn asunder, figuratively speaking; when I praise any unfortunate male or female performer it is a signal for the critic to commit murder upon the same. All that I praise they blame, and all I blame they praise fervently. It is droll. I clearly see that if I wish any performer to receive local praise I had better abuse him like a pickpocket.

It is almost a point of honor with the critic to ignore the musicians I have mentioned favorably, so, inasmuch as I have written about almost all of our leading performers, they are driven into silence, or to the necessity of scratching up for criticism or public notice unheard of amateurs, infants, or any other sort of animal. I saw a beautiful example of this kind of criticism about Milwaukee in an out of town paper. But one of these critics, a spinster and sour, received a figurative spanking from an irate director who had been the butt of this sort of criticism. This critic wrote glowingly of his concerts until I did the same, then, like a hen when a horse is coming, she went contrary, all sorts of ways. I wasn't there at the finish, but the story goes that she and another female of the same ilk went behind the scenes to speak to the soloist and "cut" insultingly, the director over whom one of them had formerly been wont to gush.

He said nothing, but remembered with ire a miserable criticism written by one of them about his last concert. He waited until they turned to go, and still the brilliant lady of years and discretion and visible hayseed did not seem to see him. When she was quite close he said blandly: "Why, hello! you used to know me!" She stopped, flushed and came forward effusively and wished to shake hands. The director waved her off and said something like this: "Oh, no! not that! I just wished to tell you, madam, that you can write just as mean about this concert as you did about the last; it will hurt you more than it will me. Now, get out!" She "got," and the other dangled "along mit." Several people hearing the story have wished to send a present expressing their appreciation to this wrong man who tackled the right people as they deserved.

* * *

Now to business. At the Pabst Theatre, May 25, was given the annual concert of the Lutheran Teachers' Choir, and it was a success, I am told. Hans Brüning, our crack pianist, and Bruno Steinlind were the soloists.

* * *

J. Erich Schmaal gave a pupil recital some time in the latter part of May, assisted by two girls (amateurs) who sing as one. Mr. Schmaal is one of our leading pianists. There are three: Hans Brüning, Max Winné and J. Erich Schmaal, who is a Leschetizky pupil, and I should judge a good teacher. I have put off writing about him because I have not heard him yet to advantage, nor have I heard



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Also open for engagements as Director of Vocal Societies
or Clubs in New York and vicinity.

Max Winné. I wanted to write the three up together, but I have waited now longer than courtesy allows, and so while I cannot tell you much about the playing of Messrs. Schmaal and Winné, I can say that they are very capable, acceptable artists. Bruening leads, but he is older. Mr. Luening is fortunate in having Mr. Bruening for the piano teacher in his conservatory, for he is an exceptionally good artist. I hope to have ample opportunity next season to judge of the merits of Mr. Winné and Mr. Schmaal.

* * * *

I am told that Mr. Kukla, violin teacher in Luening's Conservatory, is having good luck with his pupils, that he is a good, conscientious teacher. I sincerely hope that this is true. I will attend one of his recitals next year, and then I will speak further upon the matter. Mr. Kukla has a violin which he confidently believes to be a genuine Stradivarius.

* * * *

Light (und wie!) opera at Schlitz Park; why, my friends, it's so dimly lighted that you can't see there. Next week a new opera is to be put on, and out of sweet charity I will not pass sentence upon the troupe before I see this one, to give the machine one more chance. The present opera is an extravaganza of the most mediocre stamp, vulgar, mirthless, stupid, reminiscent of all sorts of old situations and music, of the French novel *My Uncle Barbason*, Erminie, and the gods know what, and they won't tell. I hope next week it will be better, for the park is beautiful—a regular little fairyland—and given a good performance one can pass a delightful evening there. It is an open, summer theatre in the midst of woods, a fountain with tropical plants is in front of it, and further on is a wooded hill; there are pathways, dense shade everywhere, and outside of the gates is a quaint hotel, badly run, and everywhere—oh! everywhere—are seductive beverages at hand.

* * * *

Another resort is the Schlitz Palm Garden, an exquisitely, bewilderingly, sensuously beautiful place. Here the music is furnished by Clauer's sextet, made up of his best orchestra men, under the management of Martin Wingerter, who is one of the best, if not *the* best, of violin teachers here. Here are some of the best pieces in their repertory; they have other selections, but those are not worth while mentioning. Mr. Wingerter keeps the standard high and has a very smooth little sextet. Mr. Clauer has a popular orchestra here, and his men may be found in squads most anywhere; he is very energetic and the people like him. Here's the repertory; I would give the names of the other numbers but I haven't them at hand nor in my memory: Faust, Zampa, Mignon, Freischütz, Martha, Festival (Leutner), Czar and Carpenter, all of Suppe's overtures, Raymond, Le Dieu et la Bayadère (Auber), If I Were a King (Adam), Maritana, all of the operettas, French and German; Cavalleria Rusticana, Faust, Bohemian Girl, Romeo et Juliette (Gounod), Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Daughter of the Regiment, Lucia di Lammermoor, Trajvata, Il Trovatore, Ernani.

* * * *

If you criticise anyone here some good, old soul comes up and asks you confidentially: "What did he ever do to you?" Isn't that funny? The local critics must have been doing some brilliant, unprejudiced work to educate the public like this.

* * * *

A local composer named F. Krueschweiler has published with Rohlfs' Sons two part songs and a baritone dance song. The part songs are called *Consecration of Song*—this will be sung at a festival in Troy by a chorus of 600 voices; the other is called *Salve Regina*; the baritone song is called, *Under the Linden*. I really do not wish to criticise these works, and if you want to know about them send for them, but please let me off. They are the work of a skilled musician, so one expects them to be musically correct. They are the regular, well-known type of part song, and they are about what people expect in that sort of music, so they are suitable for any choir. Don't take my word for it, however, for you know we all have different tastes. I must say one thing, however. The title, *Consecration of Song*, is a tremendous one, and the words under

this title are not at all up to it; in fact they are feeble. German words by Otto Hausmann, English words by an excellent translator, Auber Forester.

* * * *

I came across a very sweet little Neapolitan serenade last summer; it is full of Mediterranean atmosphere—a lazy, hazy, dreamy little serenade; not a great song, but very taking. The words are in Neapolitan dialect. I quote them:

MMIEZ' A LU MARE.

I.

Si vuò veni cu mme miez' a lu mare,
Ncopp'a la varchettella de stū core,
Lā raccontà te voglio e ppene amare,
De chesta vita ca ce manca ammore!
Viene, nennella mia, vienno sola,
Ca ncoppa a l'acqua sta varchettola volà.

II.

Guarda, nennella mia, cumme li stelle,
Da la ncoppa se stanno a spicchia—
Viene ampressa allonga li braccelle,
E vienete cōa ncoppa a cunnula!
Curre, bellezza mia, curre da me,
Ca lo cōa mmiez' su'o, aspetto a te.

III.

Lu tième passa e tu nun viene ancora,
E io nun saccio a chi santa priare,
Stongo aspettano a te da cchiù de n'ora,
E tu nun pienz' cchit' a lu marenare!
Maronna mia, da me falla veni,
Si no mmiez' a lu mare, vogho muri.

The pronunciation follows the rules for Italian pronunciation; the consonants receive especial force, like *ncopp'a*. You can easily transpose them into good Italian, however. Words by Niccolino Bozzi, music by Francesco Peluso, published in 1888, Napoli.

* * * *

Prof. Ernst Catenhausen, from New York, formerly of Milwaukee, is here to teach through the summer. He is well and favorably known. He has composed some exceptionally melodious songs. I would buy anything under his name with an easy mind, knowing it would be worth having.

* * * *

Here are two very beautiful ballads; any singer could use them as an encore—they are possibly out of print, but there must be some of them somewhere: You're All the World to Me, composed by Stephen C. Massett, published by William Hall & Son, 239 Broadway, New York, and Your Name, composed by Prof. Frederick Abel. Root & Cadby, of Chicago, handled it. Another good song seldom heard is *Va Nel Campo*, from *Il Colonello*, by Ricci. Don't sing it in English, however. Here are some songs one seldom hears, out here anyway—is there no one to sing them?

Soprano, aria, *Lascio chio Pianga*, Rinaldo, von Händel.
Arie, *Der Klytemnestra*, from *Iphigenie in Aulis*, von Gluck.
Arie, *Der Iphigenie (auf Tauris)*, von Gluck.
Arie, *Des Pagens (Voi, Che Sapete)*, von Mozart.
The old ones, Batti, Batti, o bel Masetto, and Pace, Pace, o Vita
Mia, from Mozart's *Don Juan*.
Zauberflöte, von Mozart, Arie der Pamina (Ah! lo so, più non
m'aranza).
Fidelio, von Beethoven (Aria der Leonore), Abschenlicher wo eilst
du hin?
Concert aria, von Beethoven, Ah! Perfido! Spergiuro.
Euryanthe, von Weber, Glöcklein im Thale.
Oberon, von Weber (Arie der Rezia), Ozean! du Ungeheuer! and
Traure, mein Herz, and Gebet, Genovera, von Schumann, O, du der
über Alle wacht.

* * * *

The new officers of the Musical Society are: President, Chas. L. Kiewert; vice-president, O. H. Ulbricht; secretary, Max Griebsch; financial secretary, Gustave Reuss, Jr.; treasurer, H. C. Schranck; librarian, Henry D. Hasse; trustee, B. H. Eiring. In a recent speech Mr. Luening (the director) spoke with enthusiasm of the outlook for the coming year. Why not? There is room for our three societies, Musical, A Capella and Arion; why should they not all do well? If the Musical Society has more "ginger" pumped into it, the A Capella secures some good voices, the Arion ceases stargazing and attends strictly to business. I see no reason why we should not have a good season artistically and financially. The public—will it do its duty?—that's the same old rub.

White Fish Bay, one of the most beautiful resorts in the

world, situated on a high bluff by the lake, 5 miles from Milwaukee, has commenced its season. This is Pabst property, and the brewery has expended thousands of dollars in beautifying it. De Bona's quintet plays there daily during the summer. The trip by the lake is very beautiful. If the proprietor will only keep order, make the people of dusky character who throng such a place behave, he will confer a favor upon Milwaukeeans who desire to go to White Fish Bay freely, with their families. If, now that Pabst has given us our standard resort, he would also give us a permanent orchestra, he would do something really praiseworthy. He might build an orchestra hall, and make it as popular as the Palm Garden.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

Notes From Paris.

INTERESTING artists of the Ambre-Bourchère school are Mlle. Marguerite Picard, falcon, who has sung for four years in opera and has just returned from engagements at The Hague and Lyons; Mlle. de Craponne, returned from Rouen, engaged at Lyons, good in *Mignon* and *Carmen*; Mlle. Léon Dupont, engaged to make her débüt in Geneva, in *Phryné*. Mlle. Jenny Dasti, returned from Nantes, remarkable in *Huguenots* and *Faust*. Mlle. Talesis, who made a most brilliant débüt at Nice, and is to sing in *Les Huguenots* and *L'Africaine* at Toulouse. Mr. Gaston La Taste, who is to join at the Opéra Comique the tenor Ducis, who has been singing in the Opéra Comique two years and has been successful in *l'Amour Médécin*; M. Prougon, basso profundo; two artists en route from China, where they have sung; Madame Cara, sent by Massenet to study *La Navarraise* specially; M. Soler, a fine tenor and M. Cacérès, recently written of. Many directors send promising singers to Mme. Ambre Bourchère to be trained, and the school is very successful this year.

A young American in Paris whose wise course cannot be too highly commended is Miss Grace Gifford, from Chicago, who is here studying for the express purpose of teaching and for church singing. She has sung at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Toledo.

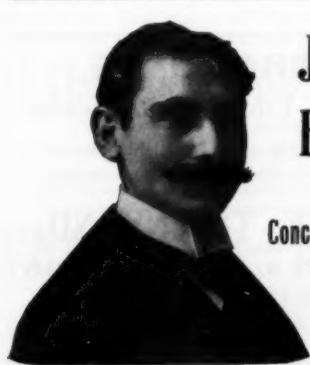
She has been here a year with Marchesi, who is extremely kind and wise in presenting everything in an analytical way for teaching purposes. Her voice is a lyric soprano. She goes from here to take the same sort of lessons on oratorio and church music from Mr. Randegger in London. She is highly intelligent and enthusiastic.

Miss Electa Gifford, the well-known Chicago singer, who, by the way, was the first star introduced by Miss Anna Millar at the Thomas Orchestra concerts, is her sister, and is likewise here studying with Marchesi. A good musician already, she passed quickly through the preparatory stages of the school, an advance aided by her musical temperament and obedience to teaching. She is pretty and sweet mannered. The Eddys are friends of the girls.

Mr. Karl Koelling, the composer, is well known in Chicago. His wife, who was a Lamperti pupil, is here with their daughter Hélène, a very young girl with ravishing high notes, who, by the way, will be heard at the Marchesi concert, Salle Erard, next week. She is busy on vocalizes, songs in French and Italian and arias.

Miss Eleanor Connell, of San Francisco, is another American who has shown a certain intelligence in adjusting needs and possibilities. Coming to Paris but for a short time, instead of disturbing the routine of some schoolroom by entering it, she has taken a series of interesting and instructive coach lessons and talks on the French school from M. Fidèle Koenig, of the Paris Opéra. She had him choose new distinctive music, hear her and lead her in interpretation, concentrating on just that. She is most delighted with her progress and the certainty she has gained. Meantime she saw all she could of the Opéra and the Opéra Comique and concerts as practical illustrations, and saw a few points of city beauty besides. She goes to London with the same object, and later to Berlin for Lieder. With all due deference to students' practices, this is one of the wisest ways of studying in Paris.

M. Jancey had a most distinguished success at the *Figaro* Salon recently where he was invited to declaim a poem in honor of the late Duc d'Aumale. The audience was one of the most select possible and he was greatly applauded. In



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America this season M. Jancey intends making the reading of the French poets part of his program. See card, page 3, for address.

Miss Ida E. Pearson, of Fitchburg, Mass., is here studying with Trabadelo. She has a large mezzo voice and is preparing for concert. She has been studying French and voice and hearing opera here. She heard Nordica in Lohengrin. Miss Pearson returns home soon, but hopes to return later for further study.

Miss Mamie T. Gill, also a pupil of Trabadelo, is studying Lakmé and that genre, having a high soprano voice. Essentially dramatic and engaging, she is probably destined for opera. Her vocal emission is excellent and she is well satisfied and happy.

Charming Miss Spencer, daughter of General Spencer, of New Jersey, has left Paris for London, possibly to sing; at any rate to rest and see what is going on. She returns thence to Spa to continue with Mr. Bouhy, and remains in Paris another year, D. V.

Mrs. Adèle Laeis Baldwin, who has been studying with Delle Sedie, Jancey and the excellent coach, too little known by Americans, Madame Davids, leaves for London in June. A serious musician and charming woman, Mrs. Baldwin has made her trip in Paris pay in much good to herself musically and in the affection of an enlarged circle. Miss Lillie Berg is still here, "hearing them and asking them questions."

The resurrected composer, F. W. Rust, has added much to the concert literature of Paris. His music is exceedingly beautiful and always interesting, with the peculiar sonority that savors so much of Beethoven, much melody and ingenious means of working it out. An additional program of his writing was given this week by Madame Roger-Miclos to very close attention, despite the intermittent whispering that is the French concert crime. How can players stand it, and how can other people, and how can anyone? To Roger-Miclos belongs the honor of bringing forward this new treasure here, and she plays him admirably.

Mme. Eugénie Meyer, a young pupil of Mr. Bouhy, who has established a studio of her own under the eye of her honored professor, manages to do quite a little concert work as well. She has just returned from Aix les Bains, where she sang in five concerts during the early English season. She was specially engaged to sing in English, but was very successful also with French songs. Devoted to teaching, however, she cannot be tempted to adopt the concert stage as a profession, though perfectly capable.

Miss Peacock, of Pennsylvania (as Mme. Sylvana), made quite an effective hit in her French songs in connection with the Adamowski concert. Reveillez-vous, Godard; Priere, Faure; In der Fremde, Der Nussbaum and Aufträge, by Schumann, were well sung and enunciated. Mr. Adamowski repeated his success of last year.

An audition of Juliani's pupils was remarkable for the predominance of the operatic element in the program and for the predominance of most excellent voices, it must be said. The names of Miles, Garrigues, Stelle, Homer, Kimberley, Nelson, Adams, Armstrong, M. Barré and Miles. Rigault and Rossi figured as before as prominent and promising students, some of them very nearly ready for public work. The pupils are all hard workers and enthusiastic, and the school is a lively one. M. Juliani's auditions have outgrown his studios—this one was held at a regular concert hall. There were twenty-two numbers on the program. Whispering disturbed the performances very much.

The Roman Quintet, directed by M. Luigi Gulli, has caused quite a stir in chamber music circles. An immense success was had for the reprise of La Reine Margot, played last in Paris in 1847 and resurrected by M. and Madame Godillot, to be given as a society event, interpreted by society people whose initials only appeared. Costumes and scenery were historic. The music was composed by M. Célestin Burdeau, the choirmaster of the Russian Church here, a savant musician who does much in the composition and setting of society music.

The translation of The Flying Dutchman, now being played at the Opéra Comique, was made by M. Chas. Nutter, archivist of the Paris Opéra Library, who was an intimate friend of Wagner, and was chosen by the composer to make translations in the first troublous times.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the famous American organist, has

returned to Paris, and is to give a grand concert at the Trocadero, June 15. M. Guilmant will, of course, assist; also M. Auguez, the opera baritone; Miss Rose Ettinger and Mr. Clarence Whitehill, the young American singers. M. Paul Viardot will be the violin artist. More later.

There is talk of M. Paul Viardot's going to South America next year.

A Mrs. Jennie King Morrison, of Maine, pupil here of Trabadelo, sang on Sunday in St. Joseph's Church here. Her excellent contralto voice attracted quite a little attention, and she sang Luzzi's Ave Maria in fine style. Mrs. Morrison sang in Portland with Miss Florence Knight as low alto in the Ariel quartet, and in Portland with her husband, who organized quite a successful quartet there. She leaves for home next week to return in September.

La belle Nikita is back in town. She sang at Madame Ayer's five o'clock this week.

The pupils of M. Georges Hesse, the piano professor, gave a concert at the studios Maison Musicale this week. The program of some twenty-seven numbers was divided into three parts by the recitations of Mme. Hugo. The ages of the class seemed to range from ten to twenty, and there were several boys who played excellently, and one or two young men. The work of the class was marked by accuracy in notes, no abuse of the pedal, neat changing of tempos not easy for young folks, and a certain timidity and gentleness, borrowed, no doubt, from the temperament of the teacher, but which in many cases reduced the effect of capital work otherwise.

On the program were four compositions of M. Henri Ravina, who lent his genial presence to the occasion and encouraged the young people from the first row. His Canzonetta, Bacchanale, Menuet and Pensée Triste were found admirable by the company present, and the author found them very well played. Chopin was in evidence of course. Schulhoff, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Kettner, Gounod and Lemaire were also, and one modest leaf by the professor, Bonjour, Mariette! His latest composition, a waltz song, La Valse du Bonheur, was sung by Mme. Créhange as the closing piece. Enjoyment in this performance was also marred by whisperers.

A very brilliant soirée musicale was given at the home of M. and Mme. Richard Hammer, the violin virtuoso, and his talented wife. A Beethoven string quartet opened the evening, which gave tone to the entire performance. The declamation of verse in costume and singing by the lady of the house, who is artist in both, and piano by the daughter of the house, who is an accomplished pianist, made an evening worthy of remembrance. Madame Hammer is one of those rari avis—a woman of liberal and progressive thought, who guards all the feminine charm of the French race. She is a leader in a large and very valuable circle, and teaches with results always.

A concert devoted exclusively to Scandinavian music was given this week by Paul Viardot, the violinist. Svendsen, Grieg, Sjögren, Synnöve-Kjerulf and Sinding were played. A Madame Björnson sang the native songs in a charming manner and superb voice. Why do we not have more of her? is asked.

M. Adolphe Marty, the organist of St. François Xavier—and who, wholly blind himself, is professor of organ and composition at the Institution for the Blind at Paris—gave an organ concert at Salle d'Harcourt this week. The audience was large and enthusiastic. An Air Varié, by Lebel, played on the pedals made a profound impression, and poetic sensibility marked the interpretation of Bach. Lemmens, Franck, Mendelssohn, De la Tombelle, and of M. Marty, himself.

Madame Marty, who is a young and beautiful woman, and a pupil of Madame Laborde, sang at this interesting concert.

The last audition of M. Paul Marcel was devoted to the compositions of M. Bruneau. The composer was present, not to play, as he had an accompanist, but more precious yet, to indicate the tempos, make suggestions and encourage the pupils of the school, who interpreted the pieces with intelligence and training. He is a very charming and amiable man, simple and modest, like all these French, and never failing in the little courtesies which make the great richness of good society. Fragments of Le Rêve, l'Attaque du Moulin, Messidor and many songs that ought to be better known were given. The sarabande, menuet, and other dance movements were charming. A requiem

and Berceuse Guérrière were also very effective. But people did whisper and nobody did notice it.

At a previous audition were given the works of Paladilhe, composer of Patrie, &c., who accompanied; previous to that were the compositions of M. Joncières, and Massenet will close the season I believe. Madame de Montjau, M. and Madame Luca, Mme. Trouette, Mme. Chretien, M. Battaille, Mme. Chenier and Miss Edith Dresser, of New York, were among the interpreters. Other American pupils are Misses McAfferty, Campbell and MacMaster. M. Marcel's American pupils usually go to the seashore, where he passes his vacation, so as not to interrupt their studies. Madame Marcel, herself an accomplished commedienne, has organized a class in physiognomy and pantomime for the coming season, realizing the great lack of these studies to the foreign student. It will be a very helpful measure, invaluable to singers.

Mme. Edouard Colonne gave a brilliant musicale reception to close the season.

L'Etoile is all the talk at the Opéra. Let no one imagine from Clio Mérède's celebrity that she is one of the primos of the opera ballet. Far from it. Saint-Saëns is coming for the Dalila celebration. To come he interrupts a series of organ concerts that he is giving in French cities. M. Breueau is writing an opera. He is happy over his reception in London.

It is the drama that is making the music in Paris just now.

Mr. Clarence de Vaux Royer, violinist, of Pittsburg, gave a concert with the assistance of French artists and of Mrs. Cross-Newhaus, a pupil (American) of Marie Roze. The enterprising young composer, Mme. Jane Vieu, has given another concert from her fertile and graceful pen, with a one act Conte with solos and chorus of young girls, "Il était une fois." A lecture on the charming authoress preceded the concert. Several pieces were sung by herself.

Della Rogers goes to Vichy this week from Turin, where she has had great success. She finds time and ambition to study languages in the interims, and is fitting herself for a high place. Her Turin notices are very fine.

A Russian pupil of Madame Laborde, a Mme. de Tchoudinoff, gave a concert recently with the assistance of Russian talent in the city. The young lady, who has a remarkable contralto voice, is a protégé of Emma Nevada, that kindly singer and good woman. Mme. Tchoudinoff is almost ready for public work.

An interesting series of lectures are those given from time to time at the Sorbonne by Mme. Hortense Parent on the piano education of the young. They are full of truth, philosophic and educational, of progress and of encouragement, and they are largely followed by old and young piano professors. She has published brochures of her lectures.

A brilliant young student here is Miss Fairfax, who in New York was a pupil of Mme. Fursch Madi. She is elegant, svelt and aesthetic, and an artist painter of distinct talents, as well as singer. Visiting at Nice, M. Fauré, the French baritone, became interested in her voice on hearing her study, and gave her the privilege of several lessons, and she is now studying with a professor of the Conservatoire. She has already been offered some fine engagements.

The best foreign musical influence that came upon Paris this season—the best musically, that brought on the most discussion, of the best tendency, with the best programs, the best interpretations, the most healthy, the largest, the most sincere influence, the maximum of musical wealth with the minimum of alloy of any extraneous nature—was that of Mr. Arthur Nikisch. Part of the carrying weight of this value was due to the personal qualities of the man himself. If ever refinement was power it is in his case. He is one of the most refined, poetic and gentle men that ever wielded power.

Life of Wagner.—The life of Richard Wagner, by the Wagnerophile, Houston Stuart Chamberlain, will be published in this country by the Lippincott's. It is an exhaustive work, enriched with photogravures and other numerous illustrations, together with reproductions from the score of each opera. Mr. H. S. Chamberlain's qualifications for his task have been recognized warmly in Germany, and nowhere more warmly than by Mme. Cosima Wagner and the society of Bayreuth. To all music lovers, and to all students of one of the most epoch making figures of the age, this life of the master will be indispensable.

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BOSTON, Mass., June 20, 1897.

IT gives me pleasure to call the attention of the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER to a new piano method, which I am confident will supply a long felt want. This method, superior to that of Stuttgart, Paris, Brussels or that of Leschetitzky, Raif, Klindwurst, was published in March of this year by Jugend, Munich. The author signs modestly the name "Piccolo." Not the least admirable feature of this method is its brevity. I now translate especially for THE MUSICAL COURIER.

The piano, also known as "instrument," serves for the production of noises, which may be often used as an accompaniment for song, the dance, &c. Many play it for their own amusement; few for the pleasure of others. Since women have taken to bicycling, piano playing has in a measure gone out of fashion. This is not wholly to be deplored.

There are various kinds of pianos. The largest with a lid that may be opened and shut, which is very convenient in cleaning the instrument, is called a grand piano. If the thin end of the grand piano is spoiled by use, it is cut away and the instrument is then known as a square. Square pianos are also made for those in moderate circumstances; these pianos have no thin end. The upright piano is a great favorite; it is very short, and for this reason much more easily played. It can be moved about in the apartment by a firm grasp of the most delicate woman's hands, and two men can carry it easily up the stairs, which costs from 3 to 4 marks. Pianos are also distinguished by the inscription Blüthner, Beckstein, Steinway, &c. In effect they are about the same—the only difference is a difference in tone. The piano, like the refrigerator and the smoothing iron, should be in every house. For the children it is an inexhaustible source of pleasure, which indeed induces the other tenants to move out.

There are hired pianos and bought pianos; on the former you play more forte, on the latter more piano.

Now, if we open the fall of the piano we observe keys, white and black, which can be moved easily up and down and thus they produce tones. For simple, respectable, everyday playing the white keys are sufficient. The black keys are more for decoration and they are frequently used only by affected, swaggering players. Their tone is absolutely no better than that of the white keys. Music pieces in which the black keys prevail are mostly by Richard Wagner. In our own period Richard Strauss composes exclusively for the black keys.

Under the piano, suspended by wires, are two brass treadles, the so-called pedals, which are worked by the feet to prevent unfair gymnastic development of the upper extremities. Since the invention of the sewing machine and the above mentioned bicycle these pedals are almost superfluous, and they increase unnecessarily the cost of the instrument.

When one is through playing all he has to do is to shut the lid and cover the piano with the piano cloth or scarf, especially when the piano is heated by long playing. Samples of such covers are found in all journals for women. The main point is, the covers should be warm.

Many persons have the habit of keeping soiled clothes,

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sea coal, bottled beer and eatables in the inside of the instrument. Exceptions may be taken to this. For the eatables suffer on account of the damp air in the closed box. Then, too, filling the piano with such stuff injures the tone. Especially is this true of the beer bottles, which rattle.

If the piano in a damp apartment is placed near the window or by the stove, after some time it becomes more or less untuneful, and thus finer ears are disturbed. Any player can remedy easily this matter by applying the tuning key to the bolts inside and turning steadily from left to right until everything is in tune. For common household use tuning is unnecessary, and is for this reason seldom done.

In addition to the tuning key, each player should have his own piano key, which is very easily mislaid, and thereby provokes ill-temper, the violin key, which is used by the right hand and the bass key, which is used with the left. Orderly pianists carry these four keys on one ring.

If anyone wish to play at night he should light two piano candles, such as are found in any large shop, because otherwise the hands would easily strike false notes. Many play often without a light when they indulge themselves in extemporizing, yet this is always a dangerous business, a leap in the dark. No one should play at night from notes without a light. When you play after sunset it is an excellent plan to open the window so that the audience will be larger. But if you keep it up after 11 P. M. the policeman will call on you.

Let us examine the piano a little closer.

The tone which is directly in front of the abdomen of the player is named C (pronounce "sea"). To the right of it are the soft, to the left of it are the powerful tones. A player cannot strike easily more than ten tones (keys) at the same time unless he should sit on the keyboard. Very often two or three tones are enough for the production of pleasing melodies. When one strikes three, four or five tones at the same time, the result is called a chord or a triad. This occurs, as a rule, only with the left hand.

Stretch the fingers of a hand as far as possible; the distance between thumb and index finger is called an octave. Intermediate spaces are known as third and fourth. When anyone plays with two fingers so fast that they cannot be seen, it is called a trill. Runs, so called, occur when the thumb-nail is drawn swiftly over the keys from left to right. When this is tried over the black keys it hurts.

The beginner should be careful in the choice of a teacher. Teachers are to be had at all prices. Very good lessons may be obtained for 12½ cents. Piano teachers with exceedingly long hair cost 75 or more. [These figures must, of course, be changed for the United States.—P. H.] For male adults a female teacher is recommended, because pleasure and love will thereby be awakened.

If money is scarce, the pupil may begin with self-instruction, for trying is far superior to studying. It is better to begin with the right hand because it is not as stiff as the left. When one has conquered after some months the primary difficulties, he should practice the same studies with the left hand. When this is somewhat experienced, then both hands may be put on the keyboard. For one's own encouragement he should play pieces that are caught readily by the ear, as the Donauwellen Waltzes, the Feuerzauber, &c. And thus progress is made slowly toward The Last Rose of Summer and The Maiden's Prayer.

Much has been written already about the art of interpretation. After all has been said it is best to leave the right interpretation to the industry and the taste of the student. If there are more than two in the audience it is well to raise the piano lid, which necessarily enlarges the tone. To the beginner say: "Play loud!" Only in this manner is the innate fear of the instrument removed, and the hearers are not obliged to fatigue themselves by listening. If a loud and energetic player occasionally strikes false notes the hearers think the notes must be the right ones, and they feel awkward if the performance does not seem beautiful. When a false note has been struck the striker

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should avoid going back and trying to hit the right one, for the hearers will thereby realize—and unnecessarily—the mistake.

There are two chief methods of piano playing: the playing from memory and the playing from notes.

The former is the better, because the unpractical and complicated notation is hard to read and leads to inconveniences, for it is a nuisance to carry notes on a journey or to a picnic. The player from memory makes a more favorable impression than the one that reads his notes laboriously and slavishly. The latter always seems a dilettante. Pianists who go gloved to the piano and then remove their gloves are called virtuosi.

Whoever in spite of this advice persists in sticking to his notes should see to it when he buys them that the notes are not too black, but that white predominates on each page. No one should be persuaded by ignorant clerks to purchase such black notes, which are played by advanced pianists only with difficulty. Beware especially of Liszt's notes, for the troublesome subduing of them is without any proportion to the enjoyment of the hearer. At any rate, begin with wholly clear notes, particularly folksongs. Their striking simplicity has long been praised. Then go, but slowly, to polkas and marches.

If a piece is too difficult for one player, or if it is thought desirable to reach the end sooner, then there is recourse to four-handed playing, which demands two pianists. As a rule, this experiment is not to be recommended, for the characters of the players are seldom so yielding that one is watchful of the other. It is better for one to take more time and play the piece alone. In four-handed playing women, as in everything else, sit on the right hand; only married women play on the left side of husbands.

A young person who has learned by heart the above precepts will soon become an admirable pianist, if he has industry, sincerity and forbearing neighbors.

THE RACONTEUR flatters me. I never used the phrase "botanize upon his mother's grave" without quotation marks.

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave,
occurs in Wordsworth's A Poet's Epitaph.

When you go into the country for your vacation, Mr. Hammerkuis, leave the piano behind you, and do not search for one in the village. Loaf at the store after supper and listen to the talk. You will thus become human, a word that is not necessarily the same as humane, although there are optimists who entertain this delusion. Keep your eyes and ears open, and then you will realize the truth of Jules Renard's pastorals. Here is one that is universal, not parochial.

THE STRONG MAN.

They did not wish to believe him, but they saw he was indeed strong by the calm way in which he left the bench to go to the woodpile. His step was firm, and he held his head high.

And he took a long, round log, not the lightest, but the heaviest he could find. It still had knots, moss, and spurs, like an old cock.

At first he brandished it and cried:

"Look, it is tougher than an iron bar, and yet I—I who am talking—I am going to break it in two over my thigh as though it were a match."

The men and women, when they heard this, sat up as in church. Barget was there—he had just been married; Perraud, who is almost deaf; Ramier, who wouldn't lie for the world; yes, I remember, Papou was there too, and so was Castell—he'll tell you the same story; all well-known fellows, who tell every night their feats of strength and strike each other dumb with astonishment.

But this evening, I assure you, they did not laugh. Motionless and mute, they admired the man already. Behind them a child was snoring in bed.

When he felt them mastered, truly his own, he struck an attitude, bent his knee, and raised the sledge slowly. He

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held it for a moment in the air at arm's length—eyes popped out of heads, mouths were wide open—then he brought it down, han! and with one blow

broke his leg.

* * *

Perhaps, some of your readers remember Pierpont's National Reader. The twenty-eighth edition was published here in 1836, and in a copy of this edition I find a thrilling article, entitled Danger of Being a Good Singer. Listen and take to heart, ye young men who are seeking, "the only true vocal method."

"On raising my head, I discovered, in the pauper, a young man, rather above thirty, to describe whose carbuncled face would be impossible, and whose emaciated appearance bespoke premature decay and the grossest intemperance; whilst the faculties of his mind were evidently shown, by his conversation, to be as impaired as his body."

"To my surprise, I discovered in this shadow of a man one who had been, but a very few years prior to this, in a good business, from which his father had retired with a comfortable fortune, and who is still living reputably in one of the villages adjoining the metropolis. At the time I speak of I frequently met this young man at the Freemasons', the Crown and Anchor and other taverns where public dinners are held and where he was always hailed with rapture as a second Braham, and he really sung very delightfully; but he could not stand the flattery attendant on it, and the hard drinking, which he thought necessary, poor fellow, but which is well known to be a singer's greatest enemy."

"He frequently attended two or three dinners in one day, and in short he altogether verified the old proverb of 'a short life and a merry one,' and descending in the scale of society, step by step, he exchanged his elegant tavern dining for evening clubs and free-and-easys till, ejected from the public house parlor, he sunk into a frequenter of common tap rooms, and an associate with the vilest of the vile—he cared not whom—and, provided he could get liquor to drink, he cared not what. At length finding he was attacked by a grim disease, and having become so lost to all decency of feeling as to make it impossible for his friends to take him into their houses, the parish workhouse was the only resource.

"Let this communication, every syllable of which is true, sink deeply into the hearts of all my young male readers who are just entering into life, and who may happen to have tolerable voices. Singing is an elegant, but as I have shown, a dangerous accomplishment."

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

June 19, 1897.

M. ARTHUR J. HUBBARD has just finished a busy and highly satisfactory season, having had a large class of pupils, many of whom have become prominent as church and concert singers. Several have had considerable success in opera, while a number have gained prominence as teachers in Boston, as well as in the South and West. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard will sail for Europe on June 25. They will visit the principal vocal studios in London, Paris, Milan and Florence and expect to return to Boston in season to resume their teaching about the middle of September. A host of friends and pupils wish them a pleasant and profitable vacation. Mr. Hubbard is to be congratulated on having such a valuable assistant as Mrs. Hubbard, who acts as accompanist at all lessons. She is not only a fine accompanist, but has a thorough knowledge of vocal music and of vocal art, and her personality is a source of inspiration and helpfulness to all.

Mrs. L. P. Morrill will not close her studio until the end of July, as so many teachers from out of town have applied for lessons during that month. They come from all parts of the country, from as far south as Texas, from New York, from north, south, east and west. Mrs. Morrill has had an unusually busy season, and a most successful one.

After forty weeks of teaching, Miss Lillian Shattuck will close her school on June 26, and will spend the summer vacation with friends. Several of her pupils who are in Berlin will return to this country for the summer, and there will be a general reunion in September. On the 26th of this month all the "fiddlers" who own bicycles are to meet at a country station near Boston for an afternoon's ride. Miss

Shattuck, Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross, Miss Laura Webster, Miss Jennie Daniels and Miss Emma Grebe will be of the party.

In a letter written by Mr. Wm. Geppert, manager of The Grand at Atlanta, Ga., he pays a fine tribute to Mr. Edward Baxter Perry. Mr. Geppert says:

When I see the helpless condition of musicians who have the use of their eyes and yet who require so much attention, I always remember Edward Baxter Perry. I have in the last fifteen years managed concerts for all the great pianists of the world, including d'Albert, De Pachmann, Maas, Sherwood, Paderewski, Scharwenka, Sieveking, Aus der Ohe, Teresa Carreño and a lot more that I can't remember, but Mr. Perry stands out in my mind as the pleasantest and most agreeable in a personal way of them all, while I know of no one who plays the piano who can move me as he does. Others may be able to make a greater technical display, but his playing reaches down into my soul and gives me greater pleasure than anyone I have ever heard manipulate the white and black keyboard.

There will be a new departure at the Copley Square School of Music this year in a summer season, which began on Monday, June 14, and will continue until the opening of the regular winter term in October. Mr. Albert M. Kanrich will be at the Copley Square School of Music on Thursdays during the summer term to give instruction in violin and harmony, while the other branches of vocal and instrumental work will have thoroughly competent teachers. Already the classes are assuming good proportions and it is expected that the summer school will be an unqualified success.

Professor Thurwanger, of the Copley Square School of Music, sailed for Europe last week with a large party, with whom he will visit France, Switzerland and other points of interest during the summer.

The New England Conservatory of Music announces that the next school year will begin September 9, 1897. The new prospectus will be issued about June 20.

Mr. Kennedy, of Worcester, gave two musicals at Horticultural Hall in that city on the evenings of June 9 and June 16. At the first one he was assisted by the following pupils: Miss Julia Luby, Miss Idalia Levy, Mrs. Hedwig Lidstrom Boynton, Miss L. A. Achim, Miss Mary Wentworth White, Miss Grace H. Walker, Miss Susan E. Knight, Mrs. Alma Collins Hubbard, Miss Genevieve Convery, Master Eddie Dooley, Mr. William H. Cann, Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, Mr. W. H. La Mothe, Mr. Henderson Ross, Mr. Joseph Rogers, violinist; Miss Isabel Harrington, assistant accompanist.

At the second concert by Miss Laura Rondeau, Miss Lotta Watson, Miss Isabel Harrington, Miss Marguerite Leonard, Miss Helen Collins, Miss Ida Noonan, Miss Carrie Hill, Miss Amy Hill, Miss Margaret Butler, Miss Ella Guertin, Miss Harriette Mitchell, Miss Claudia Rondeau, Mrs. Alma Collins Hubbard, Miss Genevieve Convery, Master Eddie Dooley, Mr. William H. Cann, Mr. Frank Porter, Mr. Frank Padula, Mr. Rodney P. Wheeler and Mr. Joseph Rogers, violinist.

The report of a suicide on the Providence Line steamer Massachusetts Wednesday morning from New York led to an investigation by the authorities in Providence, R. I., and it was found that Prof. Wilhelm Mueller, sixty-seven, a native of Germany, had suddenly died, probably of heart disease. He was a musician, and was well known all over this country and in Europe. He first became conspicuous as a 'cello player. He was the royal concertmaster to the Berlin opera and professor at the Music High School. After he came to America he was first 'cellist with the Thomas Orchestra and later with Damrosch; recently he was first 'cellist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Massachusetts was just rounding into her dock at Fox Point when Prof. Mueller expired.

Prevosti.—Signorina Prevosti has met with great success as *Carmen* at the City Theatre, Cologne.

Leoncavallo on Wagner.—Speaking of the fate of his Medici at Vienna, Leoncavallo says that it determined him thenceforth to write only on modern subjects, hence his Bohème, and his forthcoming Trilby. "We younger men must keep clear of the great musical epos, that Richard Wagner, has once for all, taken from our hands. In this direction we could do no more than imitate him more or less. That none of us can ever reach him, not to say surpass him, is my thorough conviction. To this art form he gave its highest perfection, and we should only injure ourselves by slavishly imitating him, instead of diligently cultivating our own little individualities."

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M. DUBULLE.

M. DUBULLE occupies in many respects a unique position in the professoriat of Paris. In the first place he is distinctly and absolutely French. He does not know a word of English and does not attempt to teach it; does not even meddle with Italian, French, French, French. The French school, the French language, French ways and manners and French pupils. For, strange to say, M. Dubulle has not an American in his immense class! Strange to relate, Americans who cross the Atlantic Ocean to reach the French school fly to every nation except the French the instant they touch France.

This professor, too, is of the strictly French school of detail, exactness, precision and unyielding conscientiousness to art principles after the type of the Conservatoire apostles. With him there could be no catering to student dictates, no flattery for the sake of a fee, no false promises or misleadings. He is minuteness itself in eradicating faults, and after perfection, he would still wish to polish. A more valuable hand to take hold of foreign negligence could not be found.

With that he is modesty incarnate. Although a grand opera favorite as basso for over eighteen years, he is retiring almost to timidity before mixed crowds, and almost unconscious of his popularity. He has in fact lost sight of himself in seeking perfections which is the true art quality. He is young, tall, straight, convincing in manner when wishing to convince, and extremely fascinating.

A strange thing to record of M. Dubulle is that although the centre of an immense class of students ever since leaving the stage a few years ago, last week was the first audition ever given of his studio work. Part of this is no doubt due to the absence of the foreign element bent on exposition, and part the reserve of his nature. The possible superficiality and sensation bubble of a "pupil concert" has opposed the idea in his mind, but pressure being brought to bear from many sides and being fortified with admirable pupils this year, he consented, and his first audition was held in the little Théâtre Mondain. It was in the form of a concert without costume or scenery and there were no extraneous elements, unless his own superb basso in duo or quartet might be so considered.

The Sigard duo, Elsa's Dream, air and trio from Samson and Dalila, Lakmé air, duos from Aida and Les Huguenots, airs from l'Africaine, Hamlet, Semiramis, Héroïde; trio from Jérusalem, quintet, Così fan tutte, were among the numbers. The voices were excellent; there was no forcing, no effort. The work was superbly prepared; all sung without notes and with apparent ease and surety. Absence of the rough foreign diction was a great pleasure, and the play of physiognomy and singing from memory lent a reality and charm to the affair that were wholly unusual and kept up the musical illusion in every case. The teacher's unobtrusiveness had much to do with the calm dignity of the affair.

The question after the performance was "Where on earth did M. Dubulle find all those beautiful girls?" There was not a small or badly formed or banal looking one among them, and several were strikingly beautiful. One felt that there was material for stage presence, and, indeed, he does not deny that it enters into his choice of students who have decided to be professionals. He knows so well stage necessities from his own long experience that physique plays its important part in his estimates.

Miles. Mendes, de Léon, Franck, Grayoil, Ponyade; Madames Levita, del Sanz and a Madame B. were most satisfactory singers. MM. Hachat, Zocchi and Delacroix were equally so. The audience was quiet and attentive, showing the influence of well prepared work, and no one there but wishes for a repetition of a really praiseworthy and agreeable musical performance.

A Liszt Pupil.—Dr. Paul Pabst, a favorite pupil of Liszt, died lately at an advanced age at Moscow. His death is an irreparable loss to the conservatory.

Tinel.—Breitkopf & Härtel in No. 48 of their catalogue announced the publication of Tinel's Godoleva, which will prove of interest to all who have heard his oratorio Franciscus, a work which has had 100 performances in the last six years.



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BRUSSELS, 17 RUE DE LONDRES,
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IN closing the opera season, Bizet's opera, *Des Pécheurs de Perles*, was brought out. It may possibly have been given as a "délassement," as the French say, after the difficulties of *Fervaal*, M. Vincent d'Indy's new opera, of which I have already given an account.

Pécheurs de Perles had only a very modest success and in interest it pales beside *Carmen* and *l'Arlesienne*.

The only reason to be found for reproducing it at this late date is that Madame Landouzy scored a great success in it when she made her début here some ten years ago.

The chief event of the closing of the season was the return of Mlle. Marie Brema, who appeared in *Orpheus* and *Samson and Dalila*. She was as enthusiastically welcomed as ever and her success was unquestioned.

The opera house is now closed and the excellent orchestra has migrated to its summer quarters at the Wauxhall, a garden in the heart of Brussels, which is a favorite resort during the summer months and where very good music can be heard—light music, suitable to the season, that you can enjoy listening to as you sip your coffee or beer, or take an ice, according to your taste. Every Thursday and Sunday evenings there is what is called an extraordinary concert, or as they say here "a concert extraordinaire," when some special artist is heard, some singer, violinist, or the like. It is only just now that the evenings are getting warm enough to sit out of doors, and there are bitter complaints that the attractions of the Brussels Exposition are taking away many of the people from the Wauxhall. And speaking of the Exposition reminds me that I must not neglect to speak of the cantata written by Mr. Paul Gilson, a Belgian composer, especially for the opening of the Exposition, which took place on May 8.

This cantata is especially interesting owing to its thoroughly national and patriotic character, as into it are woven many national and popular airs. As a composition it is fine, and was completely appropriate to the occasion. It was sung by a chorus of 1,200 voices, with the accompaniment of a military orchestra of 150 artists. In spite of the volume of sound, there was such a crowd that it was very difficult to hear; those who were fortunate enough to be able to hear it well said that the effect was very fine, and that it was beautiful and executed with much care.

There were many projects afoot for giving a series of concerts during the Exposition season, to be organized by the societies of the *Ysaye* concerts, the popular concerts, by the society called the Legia of Liège, also the Melomanes of Ghent. Unfortunately, all these fine projects have come to nothing, for, after engaging the artists and nearly completing the arrangements, the executive committee decided to use the building destined for the concert hall, in which there is an organ, for other purposes. The members of the musical committee immediately resigned, and so we shall have none of those fine concerts which would have been such a treat to music lovers. More is the pity!

There is much indignation felt among musicians here on account of this trouble. In my next week's letter I will tell the little there is to tell of the closing of the concert season. The latest items of news regarding engagements for next

season are that Mr. Johnston has engaged Madame Marchesi for a season of forty concerts in America. Plançon for forty concerts; also Gérard for sixty concerts and Josef Hofmann for sixty concerts.

It looks now as if the next musical season in America would be a very brilliant one, as all the best artists seem to be going over there.

HELEN C. NORTH.

The Other Side.

MADAME MARCHESI ON AMERICAN SINGERS.

THE most beautiful voices come to-day from America without any doubt. I may add, also, that the American women are the most beautiful in the world. Now, to make a success on the stage beauty is a quality almost as indispensable as a well cultivated voice.

This charming picture has a shadow and it is this. Besides the qualities I have just mentioned, there must be other elements—other characteristics in a person to command success with—such as patience, for example. An artist cannot be formed in the twinkling of an eye, as we all know; nevertheless, the larger number of my American pupils come with a superb "aplomb" and ask me if they can, with two months' of lessons, acquire sufficient knowledge and capacity to enable them to appear on the stage! This is evidently a demand for the impossible.

The voice must be developed gradually. Little by little, with exercises wisely combined, it takes on breadth and flexibility, sweetness and smoothness. It is but a simple, natural law of nature.

I make it a point to have my pupils understand how important it is for them to take the entire time necessary to form themselves before facing a public verdict. But the American girl has no patience; she has her nerves, and quickly abandons her studies to go and be miserably wrecked in some concert or other.

I have seen many real talents thrown away like this; many young girls amount to nothing for whose future I had at first the liveliest hopes.

My American pupils used to remain with me at least three years. To-day I have trouble in keeping them one year! The first year I used to inculcate in them the fundamental principles of the art of voice development. The second was occupied in giving them flexibility and confidence as well as the final polish; the third was devoted to interpretation or the art of identifying one's self with one's subject. To-day my Americans want to learn all this in three months.

The American girl is always in a hurry. It is true that she always has in her a certain artistic feeling, and often an ideal which she has created for herself. She has a receptive, lively intelligence, a personal character which renders her insensible to all influence. She seldom experiences emotion, and lacks generally that magnetism which one meets in the Italian woman, and still more in the French. I regret to be compelled to say that her general tendency is toward eccentricity rather than toward a real artistic sense.

The best advice I can give to young Americans who desire to enter into an artistic career is to commence by learning,

first of all, the elements of music and also its history. Another essential condition for them is not to rush across the ocean to pursue study in Europe before being perfectly conversant with either French or Italian, so that they may work profitably in one of those languages. They will quickly recognize after their arrival in Paris that they have gained an enormous amount of time by following this advice. Another piece of good counsel I would beg them to meditate seriously upon, even if it seems to be worldly. It is that they should not land either in Paris or London without possessing the necessary material resources to pursue their studies there while being assured of an honorable existence. What tears, alas! have I not seen poured out in my presence by young American girls who had possessed too great confidence either in their powers or their lucky star!—From *L'Art Musical*, Montreal.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

THE readers of this paper are presented this week with a portrait of Arthur M. Abell, the violinist.

For three years Mr. Abell has been a special writer on the violin and violinists for *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, and his *Leipsic Violin Echoes* have been looked forward to each week with keen expectation by all devotees of string instruments.

Mr. Abell has been engaged by R. E. Johnston for a tour of sixty concerts in the United States and Canada for the season of 1898-9. This is an event of importance, Abell being the first American violinist to be brought out by Johnston, who has hitherto made a specialty of managing foreign violinists.

It speaks well for Abell's talents and accomplishments and it also speaks well for the success of the campaign of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* against the undue worship of foreign artists to the exclusion of native talent.

Johnston went to Liège the latter part of May to engage César Thomson; he drew up a contract with that great artist for a tour of 100 concerts for the season of 1898-9. Johnston then called on Abell, and on hearing him play at once signed a contract with him.

Abell has enjoyed advantages in the way of violin study such as come to but few. For seven consecutive years he has studied under the greatest masters abroad, who are unanimous in praising his talent and industry, and who predict a brilliant career for him. At present he is studying under César Thomson, with whom he will remain for another year.

Abell combines tone, technic and sentiment. His tone is full, sweet and singing; his technic large, facile and reliable. His bowing has been especially praised abroad by violinists and by critics. The young artist has further an extensive repertory, embracing all schools, and is in every way well equipped for a virtuoso career.

His début in New York and his tour of his native country will be looked forward to with interest.

Munich.—Ernst Rosmer's *Königskinder*, music by Humperdinck, had a brilliant reception at Munich on its first performance. Author and composer were called out eight times. The work, however, is not likely to enhance the fame of the composer of *Hänsel und Gretel*.

Breitkopf & Hartel.—England, France, Italy and the Netherlands are following the example of Germany in publishing important collections of musical works, which will be handled by Breitkopf & Hartel. This firm publishes also brief biographies of Dr. Hans Huber, of Basle, and of two English composers, Edward Elgar and Graham P. Moore.

Schubert's Works.—The collected edition of the works of Franz Schubert has been completed after the labor of twelve years. Among the 1,014 numbers, which fill forty stout volumes, are found many hitherto unpublished works, including 135 one-part Lieder. The edition was prepared by well-known artists of Vienna, among them Johannes Brahms, and is issued from the press of Breitkopf & Hartel.

A Bicentenary.—On January 30, 1697, the famous flute player Quantz was born in Hanover. Originally destined by his father to be a blacksmith, he soon displayed musical talents, which were cultivated by his uncle, the Stadt Musikas of Merseburg. After playing the oboe in the Polish capelle at Dresden, Quantz made a tour to Prague, Rome, Naples and Paris. In the following year August the Strong, King of Poland, was in Berlin, and there the Crown Prince, afterward Frederick the Great, privately took lessons from him on the flute. When Frederick became King, Quantz entered his service at a salary of 2,000 thalers a year, in addition to a honorarium of 100 ducats for each new concerto—he composed 300 of them—and 25 ducats for each solo. The relations between the monarch and the musician were closer than ever existed between a sovereign and an artist.

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BUFFALO, June 18, 1897.

ON May 20, 21 and 22 *Orpheus and Eurydice* was presented at the Star Theatre by a company of local people. The parts were filled exclusively by men. The cast read:

Orpheus, a singer of Thrace.....Mr. Charlton B. Bidwell
Eurydice, his wife.....Mr. Frederic W. Elliott
Pluto, King of Hades.....Mr. Henry V. Burns
Proserpine, his wife.....Mr. Gilbert Penn
Charon, ferryman of Hades.....Dr. Peter G. Cornell
Evadne, leader of the Bacchantes.....Mr. Samuel G. Cornell
Tisiphone { the Furies.....Mr. Clarence W. Cady
Alecto { the Furies.....Mr. Harold G. Meadows
Megœra.....Mr. Wm. G. Meadows
Johnnie Saturn, a clubman.....Mr. E. Curtiss Rumrill
E. C. S. Bank, an elderly banker.....Mr. John S. Embleton
Ballet—Messrs. R. B. Hamilton, Lyman P. Hubbell, Harold G. Meadows, Wm. G. Meadows.
Bacchantes—Messrs. Roger Cook Adams, John F. Cary, Wm. H. Davis; Messrs. Fearey, Gorham, Hamilton, Hubbell, Mann, Meadows, Nichols, Ogilvie, Palmer, Powers, Richmond, Scatcherd, Selkirk, Tweedy, Underhill, Williams, Wolige.
Shades—Messrs. Clarence W. Cady, Clarke, Coatsworth, Dempsey, Fiske, Gorham, Hamilton, Huff, Keating, Kirkland, Perrine, Reynolds, Stephan, Tilden, Volger, White, Winslow, Wood.
Produced under the direction of Mr. S. Douglass Cornell.
Manager—Mr. Jesse Dann.
Musical director—Mr. Seth C. Clark.

The story, though based on the Greek myth, was original and was written and produced for the benefit of the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo. The libretto was written by Frederic Almy, the songs by Frederic Almy, Jesse Dann, Robert Cameron Rogers, John B. Olmstead, Carleton Sprague. The original music (what there was) was the composition of Seth Clark and Minott E. Robinson.

The work was well staged, beautifully costumed, and finely acted. The singing was spirited. With one or two exceptions, all the choruses were sung in unison. *Evadne*, Mr. Samuel G. Cornell, carried off the honors of the three performances. Dressed in dainty robes of shimmering gauze, she (he) danced, sang, flirted and certainly bewitched the audience. Mr. Cornell was as graceful, coy and enchanting as the most fastidious could desire. Her (his) first song read:

My name's *Evadne*, and I come from Thrace,
A pleasant spot to leave—for Heaven's bounties
Are few and far between in that wild place;
We're all of us Bacchantes from back counties.

We girls are all in love with him (*Orpheus*) in Thrace,
He flirted with us each—then chose another—
He kindly gave us all the marble face,
Said he was sorry, but he'd be "a brother."

And they say that he will go below, "incog."
The recent Mrs. *Orpheus* to recapture,
To try some opera music on the dog,
And muzzle three-mouthed Cerberus with rapture.

But we will go there, too, and take him back
In spite of *Pluto* and every Fury—
And let us get him home, and we'll pack
For breach of promise every Thracian Jury.

Mr. Fred Elliott (tenor) was *Eurydice*. He sang very well, his first number being especially acceptable. The *Nightingale*, by Carl Zeiler, furnished the melody for this solo, which began:

In the leafy dales of Thrace
First I saw my lover's face,
First I heard the voice whose thrill
Stilled the brook and waked the hill.
Stag and leopard—tree and stone
Followed at his lyre's tone;
Could I fail to follow, too,
And prove more hard than stone?

Mr. Charlton Bidwell, as *Orpheus*, looked quite gorgeous.

SEASON 1897-98.

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He made an effective entry, descending on a swing rope into Hades. When he alighted he sang to his rope these words, the *Lohengrin Swan Song* furnishing the air:

Nun sei ge-greased, mein lieber rope,
Squirm back to Superintendent Bull,
And tell him 'tis my fondest hope
That hell, too, owns his awful pull;
But should it fail, and I must slope,
Show up! show up! mein lieber rope!

The Furies danced a wonderful ballet with snakes as garlands, to the tune of Scharwenka's Polish Dance. Four ballet girls (young, charming men) danced, and their work was equal to some of the best professional ballet dances seen here in a long time.

As a musical performance it had the merit of variety, as you will see when I tell you that the music of the songs and dances was selected from *El Capitan*, *The Tyrolean*, *Tannhäuser*, *Merry Monarch*, *Lohengrin*, *Robin Hood*, *Little Christopher*, *The Wizard of the Nile*, *The Yeoman of the Guard*, *The Geisha*, *In Gay New York*, from *Gounod*, *Metz*, *Scharwenka*, *Hogan*, *Dillon*, *Dacre*, *Golden*, *Thomas*, *Button*, *Templeton*, *Hermann*, *Reed* and *Trevathan*. Mr. Minott Robinson composed original music for two solos, and Mr. Seth Clark composed original music for a duet and one chorus.

The extravaganza had been well rehearsed and it was well executed. It depended for its success as a performance largely on the cleverness of the executants, for the story did not present any startling situations or even funny ones. The fun was principally in the puns (if people find puns funny). For example:

Pluto—But is she not pretty and fair, *Charon*?
Charon—Pretty fair.
Pluto—*Charon*! (Starts after him in a rage.)
Charon—No fair. No fair.
Pluto—What's that? She paid no fare. You let a mortal cross the Styx and pay no fare! What do you mean? &c.

One of the best and really clever hits was *Orpheus'*feat of composing a drinking song to please the Bacchantes, and a boating song to please the Shades. He sang:

A schooner crossed the open bar,
With foam its sides were white;
The glass was low, and every sign
Foretold a wet, wet night.
Bacchantes—Evoé, evoé.
Shades—Yoho.

A heavy swell came rolling up;
What chanced is sad to tell.
Down went the schooner, and half seas over,
Ais! down went the swell.

The successful financial results were very gratifying to all interested. The managers have promised to repeat the performance in the fall, for other charitable purposes.

An excellent concert was given Tuesday evening, June 15, at St. Michael's Church, under the direction of Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J. The program included:

Marche Religieuse, op. 46, No. 2, Organ solo.....Guilmant
Miss Marie F. McConnell.
Hor' uns, Gott Israel, from Gospel.....Mehul
Choirs of St. Anne's and St. Michael's Churches.
Songs—
Our Heavenly Father L. Bonvin, S. J.
O, Paradise Miss Cronyn.
Cavatina, from op. 130, violin solo.....Beethoven
Mr. J. Hartfuer.
How Lovely Are Thy Tabernacles L. Bonvin, S. J.
Soprano solo (Miss Hoffman), selected choir, string orchestra.
Christmas Night's Dream B. von Siders
String orchestra.
Recitative and Arioso, But the Lord is Mindful, from St. Paul Mendelssohn
Miss A. M. Gates.
Aria, Got, sei Mir Guadig, from St. Paul Mendelssohn
Mr. Leo Rohr.
Stabat Mater, Nos. 7, 8, 12, 14.....Pergolese
Alto solo (Miss Gr. Carbone), ladies chorus, string orchestra.
Cavatina, op. 85, No. 8; violin solo J. Raff
Terzetta (Benjamin, Joseph, Jacob), from Joseph Mehul
Miss Cronyn, Dr. Mooney and L. Rohr.
Tu Domine, pars Nostra, from op. 51 Mendelssohn
Choirs of St. Anne's and St. Michael's Churches.

The entire affair deserved warm praise. The solos and choruses were effective and artistic, and many of the numbers were novelties and grateful to hear, even at the close of the musical season.

Mme. Alice Verlet gave a song recital last evening in the



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small music room of the Twentieth Century Club. Her selections were:

Pur di Cesti!	Lotti
Plaisir d'Amour	Martini
Le Noyer (Nussbaum)	Schumann
Ragnild	Grieg
O Jours de l'âge d'or	Brahms
Serenade	Délibes
Bell Song, Lakmé	Hilfier
Aubade	Madrigal
Aller Seelen	Harris
Colette	Von Flitz
Nuit d'Espagne	Chaminade
	Massenet

She succeeded in again repeating the favorable impression she has made at each of her preceding appearances in this city.

Her singing was admirable, and everyone who heard her recognized anew a charming little artist. Mr. John Lund played her accompaniments, and added thereby to the success and enjoyment of the evening.

Quite a unique musicale was given recently at the Holy Angels' Academy under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Cronyn. Many of the singers were her pupils and some of them are among our prominent professional singers. The musicale in question consisted of:

Tenor aria from St. Francis	Tinel
Dr. James J. Mooney	
Soprano solo, Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher	Liszt
Miss Sarah Tilden	
Stabat Mater	Pergolese
Chorus of young women	

I think I can safely state that the chorus which sang the *Stabat Mater* was the finest, most beautiful body of ladies' voices heard in Buffalo in a long time. There were about twenty. The balance of parts was good, the interpretation very artistic. Both Miss Sarah Tilden and Dr. Mooney won cordial praise for their respective solos.

An elaborate church service was given in St. Joseph's Cathedral Sunday morning, June 6, Pentecost. The soloists were Miss Mabelle H. McConnell, Miss Hanne Jagow, Mr. E. G. McGowan and Mr. A. J. Horin.

Miss Francis G. Stanton has accepted the position of music editor of the *Courier-Record*. Miss Stanton filled a similar position on the *Express* at one time. She is a clever writer; she possesses good judgment and musical discrimination. The *Courier* has received many congratulations on her engagement.

Mr. Wm. Kaffenberger, organist of the North Presbyterian Church, will go to Binghamton to play for the N. Y. S. T. A. early in July.

Dr. Gore Mitchell has been giving Sunday afternoon organ recitals at Trinity Church since Easter.

El Capitan will be given at the Star this evening and tomorrow evening for the first time. OBSERVER.

C. De Macchi.—C. De Macchi is in Italy on a short trip and will be back here about August 1.

Hamburg.—The operetta Cleopatra, produced here last year, has been produced with complete success at Hamburg. Many of the numbers had to be repeated. The piece was magnificently mounted, and Frau Verdier sang the title role most brilliantly.

Schröder-Harfstaengel.—The eminent coloratura singer, Frau Schröder-Harfstaengel, has, after fifteen years of service at the Frankfort Opera House, retired into private life. She took her leave of the stage in the part of *Valentine* in *The Huguenots*, amid a great ovation. She was a pupil of Viardot Garcia and made her débüt in 1867 as *Agatha* in *Freischütz* at the Paris Theatre Lyrique.

A Spanish Opera.—A new three-act opera, *Artas*, lately produced at Barcelona, is declared by all the critics of that city and Madrid to be an epoch-making work. The composer, Amadeo Vives, is a young man of twenty-six, crippled hand and foot, the son of a poor day laborer. A few years ago he was a singer in a little church and then conductor of a petty orchestra. The score is said to be of remarkable beauty, the most effective numbers being two love duets and a lyric intermezzo based on native Catalan airs.

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
530 Fulton Street, June 21, 1887.

FOR a very long time the discussion of music in our public schools has been one of those subjects upon which everyone feels at liberty to express an opinion, and, as may be expected, those who know nothing about musical matters cannot discuss it and those who are capable dismiss it with: "Oh, they don't learn much in public schools."

Now, as a matter of fact, why should not the music in public schools be one of the most important factors to the musical future of a country if properly handled? Children are not born with any more tendency to Plato and Homer than they are to Beethoven and Brahms. If thousands are brought to worship at the shrines of the great litterateurs, philosophers and poets from the most ordinary avenues of life through the noble portals of the public school, why should not music fare the same way?

This is not raising the question as to whether music has a place in the public school or not; that has no place in these columns nor in my attitude; but if music is taught in our schools, it should be taught in such a way that it represents something tangible, something earnest, and something that means more than the regulation do re mi fa sol la si do, or the little song in unison that tells how the pupils love their teachers or their studies, &c. Small wonder that with this as the first thing that presents itself in connection with public school music it has no interest for the real musician who is working so hard with his eyes on to-morrow that he forgets to look at to-day.

The word "cultured circle" is narrow, very narrow; "the people" is broad, very broad. Why not render the people an avenue to draw from for the patronage of our concerts just as well as the cultured circle. We might well hope that all who learn music in this way, or in any other way, in fact, are not to become teachers or pianists any more than all the students expect to become school teachers or pedagogues; yet does the great work of refinement, of softening influences, of elevating mankind go marching on.

Brooklyn lays claim, and rightly too, to having a fine system of music in the public school work. Of this department Mr. Albert S. Caswell is the superintendent, and being a thorough and artistic musician himself, he has raised the condition of music very far above the usual public school work, and is showing the best results that I know of in these fields. The amount of work accomplished in but one short hour per week is, to one who knows the life-work that music represents, nothing short of astonishing.

I give a very imperfect classification of the teachers in the different schools:

Girls' High School.....	Mr. F. J. Mulligan
No. 34, Norman avenue.....	Mr. Campbell
No. 24, Wall and Beaverstreets.....	Miss Knowles
No. 55, Stockton street.....	Miss Fowler
No. 45, Lafayette avenue.....	Mr. Yerbury
No. 11 and No. 5.....	Mr. Bernard O'Donnell
No. 30.....	Mr. Goète
No. 15.....	Miss Alice Judge

At the commencement exercises of the Girls' High School on Thursday evening I heard the class of Mr. F. J. Mulligan, and will state unhesitatingly that besides the class of part work that is done there is every evidence that the subject of tone production has been handled and has been understood by the pupils. The phrasings, shadings and interpretations have been taught as a music teacher of

understanding would teach them, and a healthy musical sense prevailed. The numbers given were:

Three part song, Swedish song.....	Berg
Greeting to Spring.....	Schumann
Cradle Song.....	W. Taubert
I Will Sing of Mercy.....	V. Novello

After an address by Hon. F. W. Wurster, Mayor of Brooklyn, and the presentation of diplomas by Mr. Nelson J. Gates, a class song was given, the words of which were written by Agnes Bartholomew Devoe, and the very clever and original music by Jessie Anderson Williams, who has never had any musical education other than that acquired through the public schools of Brooklyn. The Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire was well and accurately given by Anna Elizabeth Styne as a processional. The usual sweet girl graduate air prevailed.

A special musical service was given at Christ Church, Bay Ridge, when under the direction of Henry E. Hard, the organist, Gaul's Israel in the Wilderness was given with very great success. The quartet of the choir is: Miss Lucy Powell, soprano; Mrs. H. E. Hawes, contralto; G. W. Larson, tenor; E. H. Wunder, bass; second quartet, Miss Dutcher, soprano; Miss Meyer, contralto; Mr. Whitefield, tenor, and Harvey Self, basso.

Miss Carrie Teale, the charming young violinist, played the entire cantata in a superb manner. Miss Teale is very young, very talented and very ambitious. She is a pupil of Mr. Carl Venth, who may score another success in this young girl. Mr. Vernon R. Moore played the cornet parts, and in all it was an agreeable and well presented program.

Besides the cantata Miss Teale played the Paderewski Melodie in G, and in ensemble with organ and cornet the Wagner Pilgrims' Chorus was given.

Among the teachers things are quieting down and pupils seem to prefer the airs from the sea or the mountains to airs from Bach or Beethoven.

Mr. Frank Downey, however, seems more rushed with his work than ever, and it is pleasurable to record this, for Mr. Downey in tone placing has an aptitude that is something remarkable. He is essentially a teacher as all of his work shows. He is fortunate in having some very fine material upon which to work.

Mr. Alex. Maurocordate, of New York, is developing a fine bass voice, the genuine bass quality. He has recently returned from a trip to Vienna, where he studied under the best masters, but told me that he had never met anyone with the power of imparting knowledge that Mr. Downey possesses.

Mr. Albert Mildenberg, the talented head of the department of music in Miss Mason's Tarrytown Castle, has signed for next year with such terms and specifications that are most flattering to him. He will enjoy a short vacation in the company of his former teacher and friend, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, in the mountains; it will be considered a penitentiary offense to mention the word music, as Mr. Mildenberg has put in a season that is absolutely appalling, and his fall engagements promise to keep him busier than ever.

Mr. August Walther has laid down the pen for a short time to lay in steam for the coming season. Mr. Walther has been working at high pressure and has accomplished many things which we hope to see on the chamber music and orchestral programs of the coming season.

Miss Emma Howson paid a delightful call at this office yesterday on her way from her New York studio, where she retains a few pupils, to her summer home in Long Branch.

Mrs. Cortada has moved from Macon street to 1300 Bedford avenue, where she will conduct her classes. Mrs. Cortada intends to arrange for classes of three and five to criticize each other's work, as she has been doing with two classes in the American School of Oratory also. She will again have the vocal department there next year.

The only music of any importance that is going on at present is the music in the churches, and, to be honest about it, there has been very much dissatisfaction in those where radical changes were made. In most cases they were made to reduce expenses, and the results have been anything but satisfactory, and there is little excuse for having poor singers in the choirs, or poor organists, either, for

that matter, because the condition is almost pitiable, and the very best are obtainable and the very worst often secure the positions. Few people actually understand either the hardships connected with securing a church position or the modus operandi in any way. From personal observation I must say that [I can not] absolutely believe that singers are chosen on merits. I know that this is a statement that may bring down much wrath upon me, but the present condition in the churches will prove that there is something in it.

There are so many things that are the causes of engagements or dismissals, so much personal favoritism is brought into play, that sincere capability stands no possible chance beside mediocrity with a "pull." It is indeed a matter for deep thought, because it is easy to find that there is something radically wrong in the manner of making engagements, and another matter to right the wrong.

Now I don't want to be misunderstood or misconstrued. I said "some," and I only mean "some," because everyone who knows anything of these affairs knows that Brooklyn has more fine music singers and organists in its churches than any other city (with the exception of New York) in the United States; so much the more the shame that where they are so plentiful there are any at all below par.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Thalia Lippitt.—Miss Thalia Lippitt, contralto, a pupil of Mme. K. Evans von Klenner, sang with great success at the first concert of the Mandolin Club, in Annapolis Grand Opera House last week.

Mary Wood Chase.—Miss Mary Wood Chase, one of the most accomplished pianists of Chicago, has lately been the recipient of the following excellent notices. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says:

Miss Chase is a pianist of whom too little has been heard in this city. She is an exponent of the highest form of piano playing of the German school, having had the advantage of several years' study under the eminent teacher Raif, of Berlin. The lady displays excellent technic, with great breadth of power and interpretation. The delicate movements were given with poetic sentiment and fidelity to the spirit of the composition. George Ellsworth Holmes again distinguished himself by his exquisite rendering of several song groups. This popular singer is so well known both here and abroad that any criticism of his fine work would be superfluous.

Miss Chase has every prospect of a successful career. She has warmth, temperament and good technical facility, and ought to become a noted artist. The concerted numbers were excellently performed.—*Musical Age*.

Terre Haute is again indebted to the Musical Club for a most delightful treat in the piano recital given last evening at the First Congregational Church by Miss Mary Wood Chase, and, by the way, is it not about time that the mere announcement of a concert under the auspices of this flourishing society should be a sufficient guarantee of its worth, even if the name of the artist is unknown in this particular vicinity?

A piano recital always draws real music lovers and hence those who are thoroughly appreciative of conscientious musical work.

Such was the audience that greeted Miss Chase last evening. Many of Terre Haute's leading musicians were heard to say at the close of the concert that no pianist had ever played in Terre Haute who was so entirely satisfactory in every respect. Miss Chase possesses a magnificent technic, always reliable and perfectly adequate to meet all demands made upon it. It is never used for display, but is always subservient to the musical thought to be brought out—a means to an end—the true sphere of technic, and yet, in these days of virtuosity, how seldom do we find an artist sincere enough to sacrifice himself to interpretation. To this firm technical foundation Miss Chase adds the luscious singing tone and wonderful command of the pedals for which her teacher, Herr Oscar Ralf, of Berlin, is especially famous. It is delightful to listen to a pianist who plays with such perfect ease and grace and who is so entirely lacking in mannerisms. Miss Chase played a taxing program, made up almost entirely of numbers seldom heard on the concert stage. It was a relief to hear a free-hand program and the query arises, Why do not pianists go out of the beaten track more often, when there is so much beautiful music that is almost known except to the few?

The entire program was charmingly interpreted, showing an intelligence and musical insight which places Miss Chase in the front ranks of the artists of the day.

Terre Haute is proud to be among the first to recognize the worth of this young artist, who is just beginning a concert career, and prophesies for her a brilliant future. She will leave many admirers who will welcome her back another season.

At the close of the interesting program the audience seemed reluctant to leave, and after persistent applause Miss Chase gave as an encore the beautiful Chopin prelude in D minor.—*Terre Haute Express*.

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Photo by Aimé Dupont.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, June 19, 1897.

AS was told in THE MUSICAL COURIER three weeks ago, the new concertmaster of the remnant of the Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Thomas and Miss Millar, will be T. Cramer, of Cologne. This violinist is but second concertmaster of the Staats Theatre orchestra at Cologne, and this orchestra plays the overtures and entr'actes of the various dramas performed.

Mr. Cramer, while he may be a worthy musician, certainly has not the status which is necessary for the concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra, unless, of course, the organization is content to be classed as a fourth or fifth rate concern. Now, the orchestra, besides catering to the Chicago people, likewise aims to gratify musically the senses of people in other big cities; but what city will want our orchestra with its untried new men when they can obtain fine orchestras from the East?

The Boston Festival Orchestra can make a good showing and will take a considerable amount of the work away from the Thomas orchestra if there is not a change made in the present administration. Musical people here are disgusted with the concerts and management of last year, one guarantor in particular stating to several friends on Thursday last that the only paper which had dared to tell the unvarnished truth was THE MUSICAL COURIER. She stated that in common with many others she was tired of the way the orchestra had been managed, and that neither she nor her family would continue their support; that most of the programs given last year were absolutely of the deadly, uninteresting description, and that if there were not a radical change made in the orchestral method of arrangement some new man would suddenly awaken to the possibilities and organize an orchestra which would be worthy of Chicago.

During the season of 1895-6 there were in the orchestra such fine musicians as Bendix, Spiering, Boegner, Weidig, Diestel, Roerborn, Yunker (not a fine musician, but a useful member and better than most others), Marum, Andersen, with Mrs. Hess-Burr as accompanist. Where are they now? Who are the musicians that have taken their places? A cheap lot of musicians, of whom individually or collectively we know nothing. Such is the Chicago Orchestra to-day.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Gaston Gottschalk has recovered from the influenza which prevented him singing at the Perkins memorial concert, and which disappointed not only his old-time friends but his new-time admirers. It is not so many years since Mr. Gottschalk was one of the opera singers and a favorite in Paris, London and New York. I cannot see any valid reason for not giving some sort of opera in this city, when three men like Gottschalk, De Campi and William Castle are here and could co-operate to their own welfare and that of the city—in a musical sense. Here in Chicago we have abundance of good material, men and women with good voices, many excellently trained, schools of acting where declamation and gesture are taught, and taught well, and yet there is neither the energy nor the inspiration to co-operate and bring some sort of artistic

environment into the daily routine. The idea that this is simply a city of hogs is about exploded. We have artistic instincts, if we would only cultivate them. Of course there are individuals who have done much toward helping the city to attain an artistic standing. Take Clayton F. Summy for instance. Where is there a man who has worked harder and had more thought for the benefit of the musical community than Mr. Summy? Since the time when Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy brought him to Chicago, as they were wise enough to see that here was a man who would labor in the public interest, he has been one of the guides and advisers of the profession, giving encouragement to the young musician and proving also a valuable friend to the experienced musician. He has organized concerts of the best description, endeavoring to cultivate a general taste for good music; he has made it possible for young artists to be heard by giving them the use of his recital hall, printing their programs without charge, and then getting an appreciative audience to listen to their performance. In every grade of the music profession the same respect is felt for his opinion, as Mr. Clayton Summy is a musician of judgment and discrimination. This is shown in the class of music he publishes, as he will only take that which possesses merit, and it is also shown in the recitals given in his hall.

Last season no less than seventeen young artists were enabled to make an appearance. Such pianists as Arne Oldberg, Maude Jennings, Ella Dahl, Ella Scheib and Margaret Cameron are a few I remember as giving excellent performances, and they all express pleasure at the unvarying kindness shown them. I have made this mention of the good one man has done for music in Chicago, as it is frequently asserted that no interest is taken by those who have it in their power to help the musical profession here. Whatever others may or may not accomplish, it is certain that music would be on a much different plane in Chicago if there were more who would emulate Mr. Clayton F. Summy.

I have been literally besieged with inquiries regarding Professor Polychrome's lessons, which Mr. F. W. Root lately gave to the musical world. This is to satisfy all correspondents, who can in future write to Fillmore Brothers, publishers, 119 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and No. 40 Bible House, New York.

In connection with the above lessons, Mr. Root has published twelve songs from the best operas, embracing various styles of singing. These selections he has edited with great care, adapting them to the needs of teachers and pupils. The annotations are full and complete, giving directions in every detail. They make a fine collection of interesting studies and beautiful songs for concert purposes. They are each printed in different keys for high and low voices, with both foreign and English words.

All these pieces are selected for the beauty of the music, as well as for advantages of study. Most of them as usually offered in sheet form or in books are not easily available for study. This is because they are not printed separately, but with other parts of much greater difficulty, or because the adaptation of words is bad, or because of incorrect printing, or because the accompaniments are too hard.

The foreign (original) words are carefully edited, and the English words, from the pen of the popular novelist, Clara Louise Burnham, not only fit the music but are pleasantly imaginative and poetic. This will be appreciated by those who have had experience with translations as usually found.

Mr. Root returned Monday from Kansas City, in which city he gave several of his interesting lectures, some of them having for their subject the Polychrome Lessons. These excellent treatises only want to be read, when it will readily be understood that the art of singing is not a neck-breaking difficulty.

THE MUSICAL COURIER announced exclusively the advent of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, he being under the sole management of Kirby Chamberlain Pardee, who has already booked fifty lectures for the celebrated explorer. The tour

opens in New York, October 28. Nansen will be heard in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Washington, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Milwaukee, Detroit; in fact dates are already made in all the big cities. Chicago will be given three lectures, November 17, 28 and 27. The last date (Saturday) will be the students' matinee, and a tremendous crush is expected at the Auditorium. That Dr. Nansen will be as big a success here as in Europe is to be expected, the Norwegian and Scandinavian societies in all the large towns having taken an unprecedented interest in his appearances. Colonel Pardee, the indefatigable, who has solved the mystery of management to the satisfaction of his numerous clients, and incidentally to himself, is now in the West arranging for further lectures.

In listening to various singers and would-be singers it has forcibly occurred to me that enunciation might be cultivated with advantage. While the tones produced are often beautiful, the language in which the person is singing might not infrequently be classed as "double Dutch." Now I am perfectly certain this could be avoided if the singer would take lessons in elocution. Whether in oratorio, opera or song, surely the words are vitally essential. The matter was under discussion a few days ago, and I heard Mr. Henry Soper, of the Soper School of Oratory, say that if singers would only take the trouble to study their own language, so that a song could be rendered intelligible (besides the inestimable advantage to be gained from being able to speak clearly) how much worry and annoyance they would be saved. I know of many who have studied with Mr. Soper, and they practically substantiate his theory that it is as important that the words should be distinct as the music correct.

Amalia Küssner, the celebrated miniature painter, is not the only gifted member of the Küssner family. A sister of the successful Indiana girl has a beautiful voice and for some years studied with Errani in New York. Now a brother has shown that he will make a reputation as a composer. Albert Küssner has lately published three most charming little melodies for the piano, just suited to those who want to learn something that will not entail too much study, but which will be at once attractive to the learner and pleasurable to the listener. In Moon Moths, which title, by the way, was the choice of Amalia Küssner, he has produced three little gems of thought which Mr. Liebling told me he considered dainty, musical and poetic. Such indorsement is all sufficient, so that the success of Mr. Küssner's piano pieces, which are published by Lyon & Healy, should be immediate. By the way, the cover of these little sketches is adorned with an exquisite portrait of Miss Amalia Küssner, making it one of the prettiest I have seen.

Genevra Johnstone Bishop, our own popular soprano, returned last week from one of the most successful tours she has ever made. In every city her singing called for the highest praise, while admiration for the woman apart from the artist was, as always, unbounded. Madame Bishop not only satisfies the ear, but also the eye; understanding the art of dressing to perfection she is just unique. Her many friends will be glad to know that she will spend a part of the summer here.

Constance Locke-Valisi, another personality combining talent and good looks, was asked to write a paper on "piano touch and technic" for the woman's department of the M. T. N. A., which holds its convention at New York next week. I have had an opportunity of looking over this practical little essay, which tells in a lucid manner the essential points to be studied to obtain a good touch, and how to attain proficiency in the work of accompaniment. It is concisely worded, short and to the purpose, and Mrs. Gustave Becker, who has charge of some of the M. T. N. A. arrangements, writes to Mrs. Locke-Valisi: "Your paper on 'touch' is excellent."

Clarence Dickinson gives a recital June 28 on the new

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3048 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. June 12, 1897.

THE graduation exercises of Broad Street Conservatory took place last Tuesday evening in Musical Fund Hall. The high standard of the selections and the uniform excellence of the performance imparted a character to the evening which few pupils' recitals obtain. It has been a most successful year for the conservatory, and Mr. Combs can look forward to the work of the future with greater confidence than ever before. Following is the program:

Overture, <i>Der Freischütz</i>	Weber
Pupils' Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Combs.	
Vocal solo, <i>With Verdure Clad</i> (<i>The Creation</i>).....	Haydn
Miss Grace Greenwood Anderson and orchestra.	
Introduction and Allegro, for piano, op. 46.....	Godard
Miss Alice V. Alexander and orchestra.	
Ballet Music, <i>Peramors</i> (<i>Dance of the Bayaderes</i>).....	Rubinstein
Orchestra.	
Concerto for piano, op. 19 (<i>Barcarolle</i>).....	Sterndale Bennett
Miss Ella O. Manning and orchestra.	
Finale.....	
Mr. Bayard K. Wilson and orchestra.	
Male chorus, <i>Land Sighting</i>	Grieg
Chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mr. Leonard.	
Concerto for piano, op. 69 (<i>Allegro con fuoco</i>).....	Hiller
Miss Alice T. Roberts and orchestra.	
Presentation of diplomas, teachers' certificates and medals, and address to graduates by Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc. (Professor of Theory and Composition).	
March, <i>Wedding Procession</i> (<i>Peramors</i>).....	Rubinstein
Orchestra.	

Miss Roberts was the recipient of the gold medal. The pupils' orchestra especially deserves credit for the accuracy and maturity which characterized their playing.

Mr. Frank Damrosch, of New York, has been chosen conductor of the *Eurydice Chorus* to succeed Mr. Michael Cross, who resigned on account of ill health.

A word spoken in behalf of any class implies a degree of oppression for the majority, although certain individuals of the class may be exempt from the condition. The class I speak of is the class of art teachers, and those exempt from the trials I am about to mention are not always those of greatest credit to the profession.

There is a double basis in our commonwealth for any position of honor or respect, that of being primarily a man of good character, amiable manners and all that is implied by gentle birth and training, and secondly a man of genius or of commanding talent. It is to the honor of a community to give respect and faithful support where these two qualities are combined, and to its everlasting shame to freeze out these unusual gifts of nature.

Trite as this principle may sound, consider whether it be the rule which regulates our incense burning, and whether

the artist has not some reason to be discouraged. You do not choose your friends because they have loyal hearts, but because they have entertained you. You do not admire a man for his breadth of intellect, but for his handsome houses. You court a bank account rather than a genius. You are a money worshiper and a place hunter, and you think more of a lumber yard or of the heiress twice removed from it than of the maker of a symphony. The symphony will live, if it be worthy of life, long after your mansion becomes a curiosity for archaeologists, but why repeat the annals of neglect with your neighbor artist, who could, with sympathy and appreciation to aid him, create beauties beyond your power to imagine. Your daughters study with one of them, perhaps; but does she submit her mind to be molded by her chosen teacher? Oh, no; she has her own ideas to carry out; she wants so many songs before she knows the simplest exercise, she wants to be entertained, she chafes under the necessary monotony of study, she keeps her teacher waiting while she chats at the street corner, she wants to show off, she weeps at just criticism, and then very likely "tries" another teacher, only to repeat the story.

The American girl is, I believe, or can be, as charming a girl as the sun shines on, will she but avoid the flippant and the superficial and pin her faith to certain old world standards of thoroughness and stability. This is not for the student who looks forward to professional life; she soon finds she must work as for her life, but for the daughters of our wealthy or well-to-do homes, who should become the accomplished mothers and leaders in society. One enthusiastic pupil can transform a teacher. You can get, one might almost say, what you will from a teacher and make the five years or two years of study of music or painting yield a wealth of culture if you but realize the value of these hours of contact with a master mind and open your faculties.

The ramifications of art are broad and far reaching, and to study music means far more than to go through the Abt or Czerny exercises a half hour a day. The study of harmony, the life of the composers, the nature of the instrument you are playing, the general history of your art are all guide posts directing you to large and fertile fields of knowledge. Nor can you become an artist without constantly following one or another of these side paths, for your art will rise only with your general culture.

Your teachers, professors, tutors, masters will guide you to this higher plane if you drop your perfunctory attitude, and gladly, earnestly grasp the new subjects as they open up to you. You will then be making better use of your money, proving your own self respect and honoring your artist teacher.

M. FLETCHER.

Mary Chappell Fisher.—Mrs. Mary Chappell Fisher gave, on May 10, 17, 24 and 31, a series of organ recitals at the First Presbyterian Church, Rochester. Respecting the first the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* writes:

A large audience assembled yesterday afternoon at the First Presbyterian Church to listen to the first of a series of organ recitals that will be given free throughout the season by Mrs. Mary Chappell Fisher, the organist of the church. Mrs. Fisher was assisted by Harry Thomas, director of the Brick Church choir, and the program rendered was a short one, but quite up to the standard of those always given by her.

There were numbers from Guilmant, Schubert, Bach and Salomé. The *Pastorale*, op. 75, by Guilmant, was especially pleasing, and rendered with all the technic and fine expression which characterize Mrs. Fisher's renditions. The great prelude in B minor, by Bach, was also one of the best, with its weird melody and grand chords. Mr. Thomas delighted his hearers with two solos, *Withered Flowers* by Schubert, and an Easter song by Hawley. These recitals bid fair to be most popular during the hot summer months, where an hour of song and the strains of the fine organ in the large cool auditorium of the First Church will be most inviting. Next Monday Mrs. Charles Hooker will sing.

F. X. ARENS,
Pupil of Prof. Julius Hey, Berlin, 1890-2.
Principal of Voice Department, Schwantzer Conservatory, Berlin, 1891-2.
Principal of Voice Department, Indianapolis College of Music, 1892-3.
President and Principal of Voice Department of the Metropolitan School of Music, Indianapolis, 1893-7.
Conductor Orchestral Concerts (American Composers' Concerts), Europe, 1890-2.
Conductor Indianapolis Choral Union (1890-7).
Conductor Indianapolis Children's Select Chorus, 1890-7.
Conductor Indianapolis May Music Festivals, 1892-6.
Begs to announce that he will be in New York City from September 15 forward, where he will accept pupils in the

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Bureau of Information

AND

Forwarding of Mail.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has opened a BUREAU OF INFORMATION and a Department of Mailing and Correspondence on the third floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square. Elevator service will enable all professional people, musical or dramatic, or those engaged in the musical instrument business or all allied professions and trades, to reach the floor set aside for correspondence and mailing and as a general Bureau of Information on all matters pertaining to the profession or trade.

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and no fees of any kind whatever are charged.

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II. **Mailing.**—Persons traveling abroad or in this country can have their mail promptly forwarded by having it sent care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and the itinerary of the traveler recorded here from time to time.

III. **Addresses.**—We are now prepared to furnish the addresses of the better known musical people on both sides of the Atlantic, so that instant communication can be secured.

IV. **In General.**—In short, this department will serve as a general Bureau of Information for all musical or dramatic artists and professional people, who at present have no central place of meeting or of inquiry. THE MUSICAL COURIER is located in the very heart of the musical district of the Union, and it herewith invites the musical world to make the Bureau just opened its general headquarters.

Wolfsohn Will Be Here.—Henry Wolfsohn is due here next Saturday on the Normannia.

Chicago.—Mr. Roosa's violin pupils, assisted by Miss Alice Jane Roberts' piano pupils and Miss Elizabeth Matthews, executed the following program at the Auditorium June 16:

Sixth Air Varie.....	Joseph Friendly.....	Dancia
Air de Ballet.....	Chaminade	
Romance.....	Miss E-ter Little.	
Soprano solo (selected).....	Miss Saidee Elliott.	
Cavatina.....	Miss Elizabeth Matthews.	Spence
Prelude, C minor.....	Miss Edith Minier.	Chopin
Folk Song.....		Schumann
The Rider.....	Miss Ethel Alice Roberts.	
Souvenir de Posen.....	Miss Florence Peuchtwanger.	Wieniawski
Tarantelle.....	Miss Florence Davis.	Nicole
Mazurka de Concert.....	Mr. Edgar S. Stowell.	Strakowski
Soprano solo (selected).....	Miss Elizabeth Matthews.	

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A National Movement on Behalf of American Opera.

June 10, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

I desire through your columns to extend my thanks to the many persons who have interested themselves in the American opera subject in response to my previous article in your journal. The danger of taking too circumscribed a view of this subject has already been remarked, but as yet the infinite possibilities of this movement and the paramount importance of its success have not been sufficiently urged.

In advancing the interests of American opera in the proper manner we shall be accomplishing infinitely more than securing the production of a few new operas by native composers, and the appearance of a handful of native singers at present strangers in the operatic field. We shall, by creating the right kind of an organization, be laying the foundation of a national institution, which shall benefit directly and indirectly every class of people involved in its operations, and thereby attain the permanency of our churches, libraries, art galleries and schools.

Such an organization can be effected without Government assistance, providing its purposes are dictated by wisdom and unselfishness, its officers and advisers are recruited from the higher social, educational and business circles and the responsibility of its maintenance thrown directly on the shoulders of each individual citizen, the majority of whom I am convinced will accept the responsibility and acquit themselves creditably.

The subject, to be comprehensively treated, must be considered not only from a patriotic and artistic standpoint, but also from a moral, educational and practical point of view. It is to be hoped that some time our thinking men and women will take the subject up, and with their equipment of long experience and special knowledge treat its various phases with the dignity and enthusiasm it deserves. In the meantime let us not lose sight of a few significant facts that face us for immediate consideration.

As a nation we are openly accused of being inferior to all European countries in matters of art, notwithstanding the fact that we spend more money annually in that direction than any other nation of the world and that we supply Europe with many of its best voices. We are accused of being a nation of imitators in matters aesthetic, lacking in fine appreciation and individuality; we are dubbed "the gullible Americans," and finally we are accused of being unpatriotic, of being absolutely indifferent to the well being of our own artists and students, and the present or future conditions of art in our own country. It is said of us that we only patronize art and pay for it in order to be in fashion, and if this were true there might be some hope for us, for in the constant changing of "fashions" one day patriotism might accidentally become the fad. It is unnecessary to state that we do not believe in the justice of these accusations, and that the ground for them is superficial appearances which may easily be corrected; however, if our national honor is at stake it might be well to consider these things.

The purpose of this movement has never been to confine its attention exclusively to native born composers and singers, but to make an absolute stand for opera in English, whether it be grand opera or opera comique. The very life of a nation is involved in its language. In the history of nations the struggle for language has ever been the struggle for survival as a nation. In religion the same principle obtains: the Latin language is essential to the Catholic Church, the Hebrew to the Jewish Church and the vernacular to the Protestant. The English language is the conquering language of the world, and yet our operatic stage has for many years been dominated by the Italian, French and German tongues. The climax was reached in the polyglot opera of the past few seasons. On the score of national language alone this movement is justifiable.

In arguing the "universality of art" we must not overlook the debt we are under to our early American composers, whose songs, *Home Sweet Home*, *Star Spangled Banner*, &c., have inspired men and women with pure sentiments and lofty ideals. Our modern composers are their direct heirs, and some day we may need them, not as mere musicians, but as distinctively American composers.

If the public taste is degenerating in the matter of stage

representations, if the flimsy and trashy and the meretricious has become popular at the expense of the more serious works are there not good reasons for it? Thousands of dollars are devoted to the most exquisite and elaborate mounting of a new burlesque or extravaganza, every attention given to the minutest detail of wardrobe, scenery, properties and action, a color scheme adopted to which every object that meets the eye must conform, all the kindred arts are pressed into service and paid with a lavish hand, while, on the contrary, grand opera, as a rule, is produced in a proverbially slovenly manner, characterized by tawdriness and cheapness, until it has been brought into such disrepute in the estimation of the public that no management dare exploit grand opera without foreign artists, whose sensational salaries make them objects of interest. As a result there is positively no inducement for librettist or composer to work out his nobler conceptions and exalted themes, and the public is deprived of any standard of art worthy the name.

It is estimated by statisticians that less than 10 per cent. of a population are habitual patrons of the theatre. This small minority is constantly being catered to, becomes more blasé, more difficult to please every year and constitute what managers call "the public," whose tastes he constantly studies. The remaining 90 per cent. of our people are starving most of the time for genuinely good entertainment, but so often have they been misled that it is small wonder that they ignore every sporadic attempt to introduce English opera and wait for something that comes with Europe's stamp of approval.

All that has been said of the dramatic stage as a moral and educational factor has its share of reference to the operatic stage. All education is based on the law of suggestion, and for lack of a corrective and stimulating influence the opera of our time is incapable of teaching a single truth or stirring a noble impulse. The grand passions of humanity, the higher sentiments of religious worship or the fervor of patriotism find no medium of expression in our modern opera. For the moving poetry of the ballet we have substituted the aggressive sensuality of the burlesque, and the same spirit of suggestion pervades the pictorial advertising. No lithographic work can hope to arrest attention without boldly exposing more or less of feminine charms.

It would appear then that without the counteracting influence of better thoughts, the suggestive influence of our present opera must be toward lowering the moral tone of the people, and what is of more immediate importance is its crushing effect on the army of young students who are looking toward opera as a profession.

The courageous individual who comes to New York from the interior without money or influence, with no capital but partially developed talent, fired with an ambition to become a distinguished artist, finds absolutely no avenue open to that goal. If all the stories of suffering, despair and frequently of degradation, could be drawn from the young students who have entered this struggle, their recital alone would demonstrate the prime necessity for a new order of things. Of what use to cultivate the voice when the music is not being written to sing, of what benefit a conscientious course of hard study when a proper figure or a pretty face commands the position?

The majority of people concede that a frequent attendance at presentations of Shakespeare's plays is of distinct educational benefit. In every other language but English the great bard's works are frequently presented in a musical setting. To our rising generation alone this benefit is denied. What we want is good opera in English, perfectly presented and at a price within the reach of every man and woman who can afford any recreation at all. We want an institution that stands ever ready to receive the talented children of the nation and assist them to a place of honor and usefulness, to receive the fruits of the creative genius and give them to the country without inquiring, "Who are you?" "How much will you put up for it?" or "Who were you with last season?" We have among our native and adopted citizens the material to give more opera and better opera at a less cost to the public than it has ever been given; all we need is the requisite machinery to turn out the goods.

Practically there are twelve cities in the United States capable of organizing and supporting a permanent orchestra, a permanent chorus and a well-balanced company of

artists competent to perform grand and lighter opera, symphony concerts and oratorios. Out of such a nucleus local schools of opera would develop and an interchange of leading artists between the cities and the occasional engagement of a great foreign artist at reasonable salaries would secure variety and interest. New York would naturally be the centre of this system and render certain assistance that its pre-eminence enables it alone to do. Hundreds of persons can be given better employment, better entertainment furnished the public and a better moral and educational influence be thrown over our younger people by accomplishing this undertaking.

No method can succeed that does not first secure the confidence of the capitalist and the hearty co-operation of the people as a nation. It is the popular support alone that can protect the capitalist from enormous losses. Such an organization as I have in mind and am willing to assist in establishing can do it.

It is my belief that the responsibility that comes with success has always been recognized by our wealthy citizens, and the effort made by them to benefit their fellows, but from lack of proper support these efforts have failed to accomplish all that was intended. In affairs of this nature the philanthropic man of wealth has been afforded little, if any, safeguard and his money recklessly squandered to no purpose. This can easily be avoided by adhering strictly to the guarantee system. Nothing in the nature of a speculative attempt can do more than ruin its promoter. Art cannot thrive nor any general condition of the people be improved by private enterprise alone. It must be a popular movement, national in its scope.

Limited space prohibits publication of all the names which have been subscribed to this movement. Among the more prominent are:

Bruno Oscar Klein.	Riccardo Ricci.
Harry Rowe Shelley.	Mary Louise Clary.
Silas G. Pratt.	Katherine Hilke.
John Francis Gilder.	Helen Von Doenoff.
Louis R. Dresler, treasurer New York Manuscript Society.	Francis Fischer Powers.
Wm. Parry, stage director Metropolitan Opera House.	Caroline Montefiore.
Gerrit Smith, president New York Manuscript Society.	Townsend H. Fellows.
George Sweet.	Perry Averill.
Emilio Agramonte.	W. R. Chapman, director Apollo and Rubinstein Clubs.
Luisa Cappiani.	Carl V. Lachmund, director Women's String Orchestra Society.
S. B. Mills.	Wm. Warren Shaw, Débutante School of Opera.
H. W. Greene, pres. M. T. N. A.	Frank G. Dossert, New York Musical Society.
Edmund J. Myer.	Samuel L. Studley, musical director, Bostonians.
Oscar Saenger, operatic teacher.	Remington Squire.
Felix Jaeger, New York College of Music.	Fred J. Eustis.
Dr. Carl E. Martin.	Dr. Lorenzo Kohnstamm.
Orton Bradley.	Richard F. Carroll.
Alberto Laurence.	George T. Bristow.
Victor Clodio, Metropolitan Grand Opera Company.	Roland Molineaux.
Caroline Gerrit Smith.	Effie Stewart.
Victor Harris.	Augustus W. Abbott.
Chas. Herbert Clark.	Edward Bromberg.
Emma Thurby.	Edwin W. Hoff.
Lillian Russell.	Fred E. Bristol.
Jessie Bartlett Davis.	Walter B. Crabtree, organist Pro. Cathedral.
Eugene Cowles.	Dr. Carl E. Dufft.

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Springfield, Mo.—The ninety-second recital of Drury College took place June 11. It was a recital for graduation by Miss Washatelle Turner, assisted by the College Glee Club. The young lady went through an admirable program, containing numbers by Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Buck, Raff, Grieg, Schumann, Wieniawski, &c., entirely from memory, and in a style that reflected great credit on her teacher Mr. W. A. Chalfant.

Marie van Gelder.—About Anna Lankow's pupil, Miss Marie van Gelder, the news has been received that she is engaged as first dramatic singer for the Royal Court Theatre in Amsterdam. She enters on her contract on August 15. About her last appearance in Berne the *Intelligenz-Blatt* says:

Pr. van Gelder, as always, obtained loud applause for her performance of Lieder by Ries, Grieg, Jensen and Koss. Refinement and elegance, warmth and feeling, united with clear utterance of the text, mark all the performances of this remarkable singer in the highest degree.



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All changes in advertisements must reach this office by Friday noon preceding the issue in which changes are to take effect.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
19 Union Square,
New York City

M. T. N. A.

THE complete report of the proceedings of all the various sections and performances of the Music Teachers' National Association will be published in a specially enlarged edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER next week, June 30.

Orders for copies can be left at the temporary office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, at the Grand Central Palace, at the permanent office, 19 Union square, and at the branch offices in the various cities of the Union.

MABEL B. JENNISON writes us that Theosophy is Brotherhood. "Would you call brotherhood the *disjecta membra* of a lot of religions?"

So is the M. T. N. A. Brotherhood, but it is a *disjecta membra* all the same. Miss Jennison had better write to the *Path* or the *Dial*; we are too busy to talk Theosophy; besides our astrological editor has gone to London to read the palm of Coal Oil Johnnie Reszké, and will not be back until the Poland water has acted—in Romeo et Juliette.

ONE of the radical changes which the Music Teachers' National Association should introduce this year, and which was suggested years ago by this paper, is the introduction of a law requiring standing of some kind for membership privileges. Anybody can buy a membership ticket for a few dollars and be a member of the M. T. N. A. How demoralizing, how ludicrous and how little pride such an organization can have. It requires no standing, no recommendation, no position, no knowledge to become a member of the Music Teachers' National Association—only a few dollars. Is it not about time to remedy this fundamental mistake? We think some people think so.

THE SUN, which tries to adhere to its maxim, "when you see it in the Sun it's so so" publishes the following:

In spite of the definite announcements of Walter Damrosch's season of German opera at the Metropolitan, no contracts have as yet been signed for that engagement, and it has been said that the final arrangements are hanging fire because Maurice Grau has declined to rent the theatre to Mr. Damrosch and Charles Ellis unless the Maurice Grau Opera Company is allowed to have an interest in the season which the company will give.

What interest can Mr. Grau expect in the Damrosch season when the one drawing card—Melba—will get all there is in it. Melba at \$2,400 or \$2,500 a night, however, is cheap as compared with the other members of the company at any price. We believe that New York musical life could endure and survive one season without any opera at all, much less such an aggregation as Mr. Damrosch announces, which might do very well for non-operatic communities, such as Philadelphia or Boston, but which will not be able to attract paying audiences in this town.

THE Saturday Review is always outspoken. Here is its review of the new English musical publication called *The Musician*. Read it and notice that musical London, too, has troubles of its own:

When we heard that a new musical weekly was about to appear we had some hope that it might by a bold innovation give its readers criticism worth reading and literary matter above the level of the ordinary penny-a-liner. The first number of *The Musician* did not promise that this faint hope would be realized, but it seemed fair to give the new paper a little time to reveal its policy and its quality. Now after four numbers have been issued it is clear that *The Musician* has no policy at all, and that its only quality is the quality of pure mediocrity. We already have enough of musical reporting of the bald sort; already enough *réchauffés* of Continental musical literature. What was wanted was a paper with a live editor and a live policy; a paper that would resolutely expose the multitudinous musical shams and musical humbugs that cumber the concert halls and the academies; a paper that would give us articles written in vigorous and grammatical English by writers of real force and understanding. But looking at the first four numbers of *The Musician* it is difficult to believe that the paper has any editor at all. Innumerable misprints and instances of slipshod grammar disfigure the pages, and there is no indication that the paper possesses any definite aim or any definite ideas.

A large number of gentlemen sign their names to articles as colorless and as commonplace as are to be found in the dullest of the musical journals one already finds upon the bookstalls. It is true that Mr. George Bernard Shaw, with his customary good nature, has contributed one article as a send-off to the new paper, and that Mr. R. Hichens stands out honorably from the rest by the real value and individuality of his criticisms. But the rest alternate between the mere baldness of the reporting style, and feeble attempts to imitate the matter and method of the few critics of value who exist. Several articles in these four numbers are *farragos* of nonsense which it is inconceivable that any editor should admit into a paper

that claims to be worth sixpence to its readers. One contributor talks of the "short phrases" of Schubert's "instrumentation," whatever that may mean; another talks of "the persistency with which every one remained in their places, spellbound while the motionless form of the ill-fated heroine lay stretched in deathlike stillness to the concluding and heart rending strains of one of Gounod's crowning masterpieces." This week's number is a slight improvement on its predecessors, but until the paper is more vigorously edited and more carefully sub-edited, and until, instead of a host of weak contributors, it finds a staff of individual and forcible writers, *The Musician* is not likely to do anything but languish on the bookstalls.

TO-MORROW morning the nineteenth annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association will begin at the Grand Central Palace in this city, and last until Monday evening. Elsewhere may be found a detailed program of the concerts, lectures, debates, meetings, &c., that will fill in the four days—Sunday being kindly given to the Lord by special permission of President H. W. Greene—and as long as the weather remains cool, why good; but if an old-fashioned hot wave rolls into New York during this week, why then, gentlemen and ladies, in the language of the sentencing judge, "May God have mercy on your souls."

However, you may all escape unless the doors are locked. The bay, the river, the ocean all unite, and there is Coney Island and Sousa, and Lüchow's and Pilsner; but the decent thing to do, as long as you have come so many hundred miles, is to give the parent organization a decent, quiet but strenuous funeral. The M. T. N. A. is dying; long live the State associations!

VERDI IS NOT ILL.

THERE was a wave of anxiety in the music world when the following cablegram appeared in the *Sun*:

VERDI SERIOUSLY ILL.

ROME, June 18.—The *Messenger* says that Giuseppe Verdi, the distinguished composer, is seriously ill at Busseto.

Was the already sadly thinned ranks of composers to be further despoiled? Was the grand old man of Italy so soon to follow the grand old man of Germany, Johannes Brahms?

Happily, our fears were set at rest by a second cable that appeared in last Sunday's *Sun*:

VERDI IN GOOD HEALTH.

ROME, June 19.—The report having spread that Giuseppe Verdi, the distinguished composer, was suffering from a most serious illness at Busseto, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Villa, telegraphed to-day for news of his condition to the mayor of Busseto. The Syndic replied immediately and the Chamber was in session when this telegram was read from the tribune:

"The illustrious maestro is in good health." The deputies received the news with prolonged applause and other manifestations of joy.

Whence came the disquieting rumor, who is responsible for it? Luckily we do not yet have to write the obituary of the "noblest Roman of them all." Fancy if Verdi had lived here and the news of his recovery or death had reached Congress; fancy the intense emotion with which the news would be received by the ideal group of gentlemen who represent the nation; fancy, we say, cultured Senators with goat beards asking "Who the shold is Verdi?"

WAS IST LOS MIT MASCAGNI?

WAS ist los mit Mascagni? Has the genius in the young man petered out, or was Cavalleria Rusticana but a flash in the pan? What is the matter with Young Italy—the Young Italy of Sonzogno, the Young Italy of Ricordi, Northern Young Italy?

Zanetto, by Mascagni, was learned at the Teatro Nazionale, in Rome, "more than coldly," and both Leoncavallo and Puccini have met with reverses.

L'Amico Fritz was a *fiasco d'estime*, as the French put it politely, and Ratcliffe and Zanetto did not have as much consideration. Is Mascagni, after all, a one opera man? Is it a repetition of the success of single speech Hamilton? of Beckford's Vathek? of Owen Meredith's first volume of verse, his *Lucille*? We prefer letting time answer these questions; but certainly Mascagni has found his first success a strangled, an ineluctable one. He has never topped it, and he probably never will. Cavalleria Rusticana, on the other hand, will probably outlive Pagliacci, clever as it is, I Medici, Vie de Bohème, The Willis, Manon, by Puccini, and the other scant and short-breathed productions of Giordana and the rest of Young Italy. In the meantime the last of the

Olympians, from the heights of his eighty-three years, surveys these young fellows so soon at the end of their string, and reflects: The more success the less fame. Nearly all of Young Italy derives from Ponchielli, and he is an Italian echo of Richard Wagner. Verdi alone has outgrown his riotous, monophonic youth, and through austere self-culture produced his latter day works. The rest will soon be silence.

A JUBILEE PERFORMANCE.

HAVE you heard the news? What news? Why Jean Reszke is to sing *Romeo* to Nellie Melba's *Juliette* at Covent Garden, and this saccharine work of Gounod's, resurrected by the composer for the molasses candy voice and caramel methods of the shoe-polish tenor, is to celebrate in music the Queen's long reign of sixty years. Why *Romeo et Juliette*—why anything so sick, so French? Why not Lohengren; why not Pinafore? At least the last is British. Besides we fancied the Queen objected to elopements, and Gounod's pretty work is all elopement.

On such a solemn occasion some great, some epic work might have been chosen. *Fidelio* would have been better, but then Jean could never sing *Florestan*. The choice is altogether silly and frivolous and unbecoming.

In the *Mercury* last Sunday we found the following:

JEAN DE RESZKE IS WILD.

The *St. James Gazette*, which last week published a story to the effect that Jean de Reszke was singing in private houses when he announced that he was too sick to appear at the opera, has made a complete apology. De Reszke was wild over the affair, and threatened to get out of London for good if he did not receive better treatment at the hands of the press, public and management. De Reszke has not created a furore here this season, and is said to be sore on everything and everybody.

Jean is sore on anyone who does not worship him and put money in his purse. But the end is beginning. "De Reszke has not created a furore here this season." Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun; Johnnie, get your gun and quit the stage.

SARCASTIC MUSIC

AT THE M. T. N. A.

ONE of our most eminent philosophers has defined science as organized common sense. Another equally as eminent has declared its purpose to be to drive out superstition and mystery, and to check the habit of forming opinions without a sufficient knowledge of facts. In the light of these definitions how is it possible to measure the colossal indirection of a program committee which would give place to a paper having the character of the one entitled VISIBLE MUSIC, which is down for Thursday evening at the meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association. That paper is supposed to be a scientific paper. Its purpose then should be to drive away some of the superstition and mystery which surround the subject of voice production.

Let us analyze this matter and see if this really is the purpose of this paper.

In the first place "visible music" is a misnomer, because the diagrams which will be shown do not represent music, but simply demonstrate the vibration of membranes. Very similar figures can be obtained by bowing a steel plate on which sand has been scattered without the production of any sound whatever. It would be just as reasonable to say that the figures on the plate were reproductions of the violin bow, which sets it to vibrating, as to say that the figures on the membrane are reproductions of the tones which set it to vibrating. The violin bow bears exactly the same relation to the steel plate and the resulting figure as the tone does to the membrane and its figure. Since the time of Chladni, who first investigated this subject, this ground has been worked over by many physicists, and especially by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, who has a large collection of beautiful diagrams showing the vibration of membranes and plates, and who used nothing but a fiddle bow and a tin horn to produce them. Professor Mayer would probably be surprised to learn that these diagrams were visible tin horns and fiddle bows.

The idea of the formation of a scale by means of these diagrams, getting a definite diagram for each tone in the scale, is nonsense, because each mem-

brane would have its own set of diagrams, which would be determined largely by the pitch and rigidity of the membrane itself. Again, there is the liability of getting different degrees of tension in different directions. Helmholtz says: "The mathematical theory of the vibration of a membrane with different tensions in different directions shows that it behaves very differently from a membrane which has the same tension in all directions." The relative pitch of the tone and the membrane would have much more to do with the distinctness of the figure than the quality of the tone which is sung to produce it. The nearer the pitch of the tone to the pitch of the membrane, or one of its overtones, the clearer will be the figure produced. Other things being equal, a simple tone like that of a horn would be much more liable to produce a clear figure than a complex tone like the voice.

To attempt to draw any conclusions from figures which depend upon so many varying conditions is like shooting at a mark in the dark. Instead of organized common sense, then, we find nonsense. Instead of driving away the mystery surrounding voice production, it deepens it. Instead of conclusions drawn from facts, we find opinions formed without any knowledge of the facts.

This, then, is not science, but pseudo-science, and the author must be classed as a pseudo-scientist. This same exhibition has been used by Sunday school superintendents to amuse the children in the Sunday school. It is an insult to and a slur on the intelligence of the members of the M. T. N. A. for the program committee to trot out such irrelevant and antiquated nonsense as this for their delectation. This same pseudo-scientist has written a book entitled *Voice Building and Tone Placing*, which bears about the same relation to voice building as these diagrams do to music.

It is very clear, then, that the purpose of this paper and this book is not to drive out superstition and mystery, but simply to advertise the author. The members of the M. T. N. A. should see to it that the program committee is composed of men who will use their office for the advancement of musical knowledge, and not for the purpose of advertising individuals. The time is rapidly approaching when voice students will not be gulled by such twaddle as this, and THE MUSICAL COURIER will do everything in its power to speed the day.

ENTER, THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

WITH the annexation which will make this the Greater New York, Brooklyn will bring into New York one of the largest educational institutions in America.

In the coalition of the two cities the Brooklyn Institute no longer remains local, nor even New York property. It will become by reason of its possibilities an organization of national reputation and benefit. It is doubtless that upon this institute will rest the attention of the music and art centres of the world. Because of the recognized business ability of the American people it will grow on a healthy and firm basis. At the same time no efforts are to be spared in building up an institution that will give the people the best talent that can be secured.

In last week's issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER the art department of the Brooklyn Institute was described, which, although in an embryonic condition, shows beyond a question what may be expected in the future. Not only art and music, but pedagogy, philology, history, literature—in short, all of the arts and sciences calculated to educate, cultivate and refine, are embodied in the work accomplished by this organization. The best to be secured in all departments have already appeared on the lecture platform before the members, and throughout the season there are often four or five sessions of the different departments occurring daily.

It is not a school for the advancement of the masses by any means, but an attempt to raise to the very greatest degree those capable of appreciating the benefits of the highest and most luxurious education. Notwithstanding the great amount of work already accomplished, and the footing which the Brooklyn Institute has attained, it is essentially in its incipiency. If run upon the lines of wisdom and

untrammeled self-abnegation on the parts of those interested in the management, and if it be kept free from that parasite known as the schemer which often infests such large institutions, it will beyond a doubt become not only a power in America, but in the entire artistic and scientific world.

The Institute began in 1823 in a meeting of citizens in a village tavern, when steps were taken to establish for the people of Brooklyn its first public library. General Lafayette laid the cornerstone of its first building in 1824, in the presence of John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, and a large concourse of national and State officials, military organizations and citizens of Brooklyn and New York.

In 1835 it had outgrown its first building, and had been removed to a new structure in Washington street. In 1850 this second building gave way to the construction of the terminal station of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. For many years the Institute was the only important public educational institution in the city, but for twenty years its location far down-town, and the increasing interest in other educational institutions more centrally located, caused it to remain in a quiescent condition. During the past nine years, however, its endowment fund has been increased from \$37,000 to \$230,000; its annual income from \$4,400 to \$67,000; membership from 88 to 4,700; the number of its public lectures and class exercises from 78 to 3,000; the total annual attendance from 6,900 to upward of 300,000. The Institute also has caused to be erected a museum building at a cost of \$300,000 on a site valued at \$1,200,000.

The educational work is carried on by twenty-six departments in the arts and sciences, the largest of which is the department of music, and the growth of this will most interest the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. Organizing in November, 1891, with only forty-four members, the department has grown until its present membership is 1,426; the number of concerts has increased from five to thirty-six per year; the attendance at the concerts from 4,000 to 32,000, and the receipts on account of the concerts from zero to upward of \$20,000 per year.

In proportion the department of music shows the largest season and clientèle in the United States. The concerts are managed in such a way as to set forth the most elevating educational results.

The Boston Symphony has given nine concerts during the last season. Before the occurrence of these concerts the programs have been thoroughly explained by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel in such a fascinating manner as to attract large crowds. In this instructive analytical work he had the indispensable assistance of Mr. Henry Holden Huss, whose talent as composer and whose familiarity with orchestration placed him in the position to deduct from any of the great orchestral works a piano score for demonstration. Preceding the piano recitals also were most instructive lectures by Mr. Henry T. Finck, assisted by Miss Lotta Mills, a clever young pianist.

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett's course of analytical readings of Beethoven and a subsequent course of miscellaneous sonatas were most valuable educationally. William J. Henderson and Louis C. Elson have also appeared in lectures. There have been immense classes in sight singing, under the instruction of Mr. Tallie Morgan.

Among the distinguished musicians who have appeared before the Institute have been the pianists: Joseffy, Paderewski, Aus der Ohe, Bloomfield Zeisler, Edward A. MacDowell, Arthur Friedheim, Arthur Foote, Edward Baxter Perry, Scharwenka, Szumowska, Paul Tidden, H. E. H. Benedict, Emil Liebling, Albert Mildenberg, Lotta Mills, Henry Holden Huss and Carreño.

Among the violinists: Franz Kneisel, Carl Halir, Timothy Adamowski, Gustav Dannreuther, Maud Powell, Bertha Bucklin, H. P. Schroeder, Geraldine Morgan, Dora Valesca Becker, Martina Johnstone and Franz Wilczek.

Among the sopranos: Melba, Scalchi, Emma Juch, Lillian Blauvelt, Corinne Moore Lawson, Clementine de Vere, Marguerite Hall, Ethel Chamberlin, Eleanor Meredith, Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Krehbiel, Mrs. Grace Haskell Barnum, Miss Charlotte Maconda, Miss Charlotte Walker.

Among the contraltos are Josephine S. Jacoby,

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE, Madison Ave. and 49th St.,

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THURSDAY, JUNE 24.

FRIDAY, " 25. } Afternoons: 2.30 to 6.

SATURDAY, " 26.

Demonstrations on the Mechanism of the Voice on Scientific Principles.

Prof. WM. HALLOCK and Dr. FLOYD S. MUCKEY.

Vanderveer-Green, Gertrude May Stein, Katherine Bloodgood, Mrs. Hamlen-Ruland, Zora Gladys Horlocker.

Some of the baritones are Ffrangcon-Davies, Francis Fisher Powers, Max Heinrich, Perry Averill, Gwylym Miles, John C. Dempsey; bassos, Frederick Reddall, Grant Odell; tenors, Ben Davies, Evan Williams, William A. Wegener, Charles S. Phillips, H. E. Distelhurst; 'cellists, Victor Herbert, Emil Schenck, Alwin Schroeder, Leo Schultz, Mlle. Flavie van den Hende, Anton Hekking.

Choruses, Brooklyn Oratorio Club, the Arion Maennerchor, Russian Choir, Madame Lineff, leader; Ladies Cæcilia Vocal Society. Chamber music organizations, Kneisel String Quartet, Dannreuther String Quartet. Organists, Alexandre Guilmant, Clarence Eddy, R. Huntington Woodman, Harry Rowe Shelley, G. Waring Stebbins.

The building up of an institution that will give the people the best that can be secured, at prices that attract, must lead to the development of a musical condition of the highest type. A natural consequence of this will mean the branching out of a department of these proportions into the establishment of a university of music under such patronage that the world must recognize. This would be the fountain from whence everything that is musically great and good in America must emanate. With this in view it becomes the sacred duty of all those connected with the Institute to weigh with great care each step that is made in advance. It becomes the interest of each one desirous of intellectual development to interest himself in furthering the growth of such an institution, and more than all of this it becomes the irrevocable duty of the Institute to protect those from whom it draws its force and strength.

Every resident musician of Brooklyn wants the best. Every musician has encouraged that, has given it his support, has thrown his entire strength, clientèle and personal effort into filling the concert halls.

It has been proven that the Institute furnishes all the music that the people can pay for, and has thereby made it impossible for any other musical or-

ganization to exist unless existing under its patronage. Not very long since it was possible for resident musicians of Brooklyn and New York to give song and piano recitals, miscellaneous concerts, orchestral concerts, organ recitals, &c. At reasonable intervals the clientele of these musicians would respond heartily to these concerts. One by one they have been compelled to abandon this field because they found that they have turned their followers over to the Institute. A glance through the prospectus of last season will show that a very small proportion of names are those of Brooklyn musicians.

Without the desire on the part of the Institute, it would make it appear to a casual observer that the type of talent that exists is not of the calibre that is wanted.

Is this true? If so, what shall constitute the personnel of the advisory board?

THE RESZKE STABLES.

WE are pleased to learn of the unabated success of Mr. Jean Reszké's racing stable. Under the able management of Mr. Victor Reszké—a younger brother, who manages the Hotel de Saxe, at Warsaw—the stable has won \$30,000 this season. Of course to a tenor who has the habit of singing in America this is a mere bagatelle. Yet Mr. Jean Reszké's success as a racing man is a happy refutation of the old libel that artists are not good and thrifty business men.

Since Melton's Derby we have watched with unflagging attention the affairs of the racing world of England; we have seen fortune after fortune swept away; almost every stable is a monument of loss and undoing. On the Continent matters have been much the same. But while shrewd racing men, accomplished men of finance, have lost at this game year after year, Mr. Jean Reszké—who is essentially the artist—has been rolling up respectable profits. This should put an end to the old libel of the improvidence of artists.

Unquestionably a great deal of credit for this excellent showing is due to Mr. Victor Reszké, the

genial innkeeper of Warsaw. In urging Mr. Jean Reszké to bring his string of running horses to this country, we beg leave to add the wish that Mr. Victor Reszké may be sent over in charge of the string.

America has done well by the Reszkés; it is not too aggressive to claim that America bought Mr. Jean Reszké's racing stable for him. Now that there is small chance of hearing Mr. Jean Reszké again in those operas in which he has so pleased a gratified public, would it not be a kindly act for him to bring over his horses and race them for our amusement and gratification.

Nor need Mr. Jean Reszké do this kindly act merely out of gratitude to the American public; he could make it pay.

Mr. Victor Reszké has demonstrated that he could make it pay.

In the meantime we extend our felicitations to the Reszkés.

As we have said, horse racing is the sport of kings and tenors; we are delighted to be able to add that it seems not unfitting innkeepers.

WE believe we can put our hands on the shoulders of the man who will be the next president of the Music Teachers' National Association, and the election will not take place until Saturday next. The office is full of responsibilities, but no one has ever been able firmly to fix them. How about the money which some years ago was abstracted from the treasury of the association and never paid back? Is the association never to call that ex-officer to account?

Katherine Kautz.—This charming pianist gave a recital at the residence of the Rev. F. Rutan, at Menands, N. Y., last week. Her program was a lengthy one, including works of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schubert, MacDowell and herself. By request she played the Chopin étude in double thirds exquisitely. This young girl certainly deserves to take high rank among the first artists of the day. She has already accepted many engagements for next season.



MAETERLINCK'S PRAYER.

Lord, like a woman is my soul afraid.
See Thou, O Lord, what I herein have made
With mine own hands, the lilies of my soul,
And of mine eyes the heaven of my heart.

Have pity, Lord, on my great misery;
I have lost the palm and I have lost the ring.
Have pity on the prayers I send to Thee—
The poor prayer-flowers, which in a vase I bring.

Have pity on the evil of my mouth,
On my regrets, have mercy! In the drouth
Of fever send white lilies, Lord, and sow
Roses, all roses, where the marsh plants grow.

My God! the ancient flights of doves, that part,
Yellow the heaven of mine eyes. Have done
And pity on the loin-cloths, Lord, they do
Encompass me with gestures vague and blue.

—Translated by VANCE THOMPSON.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.

THREE pictures lie before me on my study table: the Melancholia, of the great Albrecht Dürer; Rodin's Thought, from the famous head, from the Paris Salon of 1895, and a rare little print after John Martin called Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion. This latter is engraved by E. J. Roberts, and its designer is that John Martin, the delight of print collectors, the admired of Macaulay and the forerunner of Gustave Doré, whose grotesque drawings he anticipated, and whose imagination he easily topped.

Martin was a mezzo-tinter, whose name is now almost forgotten. This Sadak is piteously powerful. It paints the anecdote of the soul—a man laboring over giant rocks, skirting giant *crevasses* and hideous depths, as it searches wearily for the waters of oblivion. Near him is a huge pool that pours over a harsh ledge, while high up in dreamy clouds are the heights—the heights this sad, bruised soul may never reach. It is a psychological parable, this picture, and helps to envisage for me Maeterlinck's The Treasure of the Humble.

* * *

The Rodin head is equally pregnant with suggestion. A brooding, beautiful face, the neck hardly emerging from the rough, naked stone, this is the image of Thought, as seen by the master sculptor. The head is coiffed, which throws the forehead and eyes in shadow, so the thematic work, so to speak, is focussed about the nostrils and lips. There is a hint of sensuousness in the full lips, but so chastened, so subtilized by poignant sorrow is the expression that all earthiness vanishes at a second glance. Most musical, most melancholy is this expression, and the awful mystery of the eyes and brow almost reveals to us the secret chemistry of the brain itself.

Introspection is the keynote of this Rodin, and I again felt, in gazing at this picture, that I understood Maeterlinck's wise, slow words.

* * *

But the masterpieces of masterpieces, Dürer's Melancholia, with its fugue-like handling, its very piercing of the vesture of earthly things, this Bachian picture gave me something that the Belgian mystic vainly endeavors to translate into terms of prose, as Edmund Clarence Stedman so thoughtfully, so beautifully writes of Melancholia:

"She sits among the well-used emblems of all arts, the ruins of past achievements, the materials for effort yet to come. Toil is her inspiration, exploration her instinct; she broods, she suffers, she wonders, but must still explore and design. The new learning is her guide, but to what unknown lands? The clew is almost found, yet still escapes her. Of what are beauty, love, worship, even justice, when above her are the magic square and numbers of destiny and the passing bell that sounds the end of all? Before stretches an ocean that hemmed her in. What beyond and after? There is a rainbow of promise in the sky,

but even beneath that is the baneful portent of a flaming star. Could Dürer's Melancholia speak, she might indeed utter the sweet and brave, yet pathetic, poetry of our own speculative day."

* * *

Elsewhere Mr. Stedman says: "A man must have a notable gift or a very exalted nature to make people grateful for his confessions."

Maurice Maeterlinck's gift of dramatization has been denied and derided, principally by those who have not read him and who do not understand his aims. But that he has an exalted nature cannot be doubted after reading his volume of essays, called *Le Trésor des Humbles*. An English translation is announced for publication, but the table of chapters omits three remarkable studies of Emerson, Novalis and the admirable Ruysbroeck, three mystics to whom Maeterlinck owes much.

Maeterlinck is deeply versed in the mystic writers. He pins his faith to Plotinus, a Neo-Platonist of the third century; he knows his *Imitation of Christ*, and his Saint John of the Cross, St. Therese and her burning pieties, and of course Novalis and Ruysbroeck and Jacob Boehm. Our American mystic, Emerson, Maeterlinck has absorbed, and in his first volume, *Serres Chaudes*, there is something of the large, tender philosophies of Walt Whitman, and also some of his disregard of form.

With less visualizing talent Maurice Maeterlinck might have become a second Amiel, and confided to his diary what he so boldly presents in his remarkable bits of dramatic psychologizing.

* * *

Even in the hot flush of these early summer days there come points of repose, cool shadows, in which the soul, frayed, bruised, fatigued, soiled and stained by the world, rests and recollects itself. To recollect oneself in this noisy combat of the futile, the ineffectual, is to recover some territory invaded by the enemy. The retreat, the *Novena* of the Roman Catholics is sound hygiene for the soul, which, trembling and all too sensible of the hopelessness of the fight waged between the senses and itself, begins to grow indolent and weary of the conflict and turmoil.

Dear reader, you have striven to square your ideal of music with the reality of this busy, this coldly practical land; have you, then, not craved for those moments when you could entirely possess yourself, when the intrusion of even a loved one cut short the communings with your real self?

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" sang Goethe, and into his words we may read many meanings. Only them that have desired the beautiful shall see the face of God, and your God, your neighbor's God, my God is the one, indivisible God, the ineffable God of Beauty, who sits in high heaven to be seen and adored; and yet how few see him because of his supreme beauty, because of the deep, dark shadows cast by his divine effulgence.

To sick souls, to souls that have cried aloud, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him," I recommend Maeterlinck's words of wisdom and consolation. With what joy did I not read *Silence*, with its charming invocation of the secret, speechless God. Maeterlinck quotes for a motto Carlyle's rhapsodic praise of Silence and Secrecy, although curiously enough the Bard of Chelsea preached the gospel of Silence in twenty volumes.

Rich are the truths, half truths and frail hints of Maeterlinck. He says that it is dangerous to be silent with one whom we do not wish to know or we do not love, and that the true life, the only life that leaves a trace behind is made up of silence alone. We do not know each other, he cries, for we have not dared to be silent together. In his conception of the immeasurable gulf that divides every human being, Maeterlinck recalls Guy de Maupassant and his efforts to bridge the chasm—efforts that resulted, as with Nietzsche, in insanity.

* * *

Maeterlinck considers the awakening of the soul especially in these latter days and after a protracted time of materialism. He boldly announces that a time will come perhaps when our souls will know each other without the intermediary of the senses. Some Tesla of psychic life will make the discovery, and the spiritual world will be girdled as the Ser-

bian genius hopes to encircle the physical with electricity!

The Pre-Destined is a chapter that will touch you perhaps faintly, as must all spiritual adumbrations, but touch you it must. They are the happy ones predestined to an early death, and most exquisitely, most tenderly does the Belgian poet draw them for us. He says:

"Is it to-day or to-morrow that molds us? Do we not spend the greater part of our lives under the shadow of an event that has not come to pass?" And again:

"Of the dead alone should portraits be painted, for it is only they who are truly themselves, and who for one instant stand revealed even as they are."

"Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?"

* * *

Maeterlinck thinks that the real crime against the Holy Ghost is the crime against ourselves. We are all of us afraid to show our better selves. We paint ourselves black for the enjoyment of our neighbors, and fear of silence and of revealing the beauty of the soul undefiled makes men stay their better selves when they are together. This is all horribly true, and your cynic, your immoralist, your hater of the good that is in woman and children are all cowards—cowards fearing the truth. And what courage does it not take to say aloud a beautiful or a truthful thing to men in the market place!

I ask, must women alone bear our confessions of nobility, and is it because they do that they are so forgiving of our faults?

* * *

In the chapter *Mystic Morality* we find this:

"How strangely do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words."

Is this the case with music I wonder? Only the composer may answer the question.

"And where is there a soul that is not afraid of another soul?"

* * *

I recommend the section *On Women*. In this poet women will find an admirable interpreter, a loving interpreter. I could quote for you a column of beautiful thoughts, but read them—read them in solitude. No man may read them without being better—without being purer.

* * *

The great chapter in the volume is *The Tragedy in Daily Life*. I shall not attempt to give you its essence for I have many times transcribed the paragraph beginning:

"Whereas, it is far from bloodshed, battle cry and sword thrust that the lives of most of us flow on, and men's tears are silent to-day, and invisible and almost spiritual."

Maeterlinck's plea for a theatre in which something besides murder, betrayal and other survivals of the barbarous tastes of our ancestors may be seen and heard is impressive. The Belgian Poe would, instead of active movement, substitute states and masks of the soul. In his wonderful little pictures, *L'Intruse*, *L'Intérieur*, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Les Aveugles*, he has given us pity, terror, pain, but no earthly passion. You may readily imagine the chuckle and shudder of the theatrical manager who is asked to stage a Maeterlinck poem!

Maeterlinck's analysis of Ibsen in this chapter is excellent.

* * *

In *The Star*, another subdivision of the volume under consideration, we find this: "Yet it is well that we sally forth at time in search of our sorrows so that we may know to learn them and admire them *** for truly may it be said that the value of ourselves is but the value of our melancholy and our disquiet."

This is both Buddhistic and Christian.

* * *

He admires Marcus Aurelius beyond all Pagan writers. Elsewhere he writes with profound truth that "vaguely have we learned that there are certain thoughts, certain souls that attract events; that some beings there are who divert events in their flight, as there are others who cause them to congregate from the four quarters of the globe."

This is but restating that the great man of history

is a lightning rod which brings down from high heaven the fire of genius.

Sad, cruel even, but unescapeable is the fact that we belong to the dead and to the unborn. "We know that the dead do not die. We know that it is not in our churchyards they are to be found, but in the house, in the habits of us all." This is heredity.

Then "We are told that a thousand centuries separate us from ourselves when we choose the woman we love, and that the first kiss of the betrothed is but the seal which thousands of hands, craving for birth, have impressed upon the lips of the mother they desire."

That is love.

What then is the present, if the past and the future but lead our wills captive?

"And the present, which is the substance of us, sinks to the bottom of the sea, like some tiny island at which two irreconcilable oceans have been unceasingly gnawing."

Have you the courage to face these truths? If not, you are not of the strong, of the elect souls that face the future as did Childe Roland the Dark Tower of doubts and dismay. Courage, children!

"It is good to enlarge one's sorrows, since thus does enlargement come to our consciousness, and there alone do we truly feel that we live."

Yes, but the bitterness of the proffered cup! I am sure that the meanest of mankind has somewhere in the secret chambers of his soul an ideal, to which he is sure to be unfaithful. Our very failures are often victories. Don't be afraid of life, Prof. William James urges, and is it not imperial wisdom?

I will pass by the chapters, *The Invisible Goodness*, *The Deeper Life* and *The Inner Beauty*, for I do not wish to give you the impression that Maeterlinck is given to preachers. Nothing could be further removed from his gentle, noble, minor-keyed utterances. In his persuasiveness I am minded of that great, golden master of luminous style, John Henry, Cardinal Newman. Here, then, is a book that will do you good—a noble book that will bathe your soul and make strong your weakened thews and sinews, innervated by the hard struggle of the year. No longer mock the mystic Maeterlinck, no matter what you may think of his play-poems. He is a beautiful soul, to whom, indeed, there comes often "noble thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds."

Of equally fine fibre, but of a feminine fibre, is the tiny volume of essays called *Limbo*, by that cultured woman who prefers to hide herself behind the name of Vernon Lee. *Limbo* is full of good things, and the first essay contains one striking if not altogether original idea.

"Hence to my mind there are *no mute, inglorious Miltons*, or none worth taking into account. * * * Genius, like murder, will out." This is entirely true, and should dispose in your mind of the fudge that is written and the sympathy that is wasted over the miseries of genius misunderstood. When genius is crushed it will rise again, and if it remain crushed, why then make up your mind it is not the real sort, but the mock, the pseudo genius that clever talent imposes upon the world for a time.

Where are the geniuses of yester-year? and how often a man's second book, second symphony, second sonnet and second opera reveal his true poverty of invention.

There are other interesting matters discussed by Vernon Lee, the most enjoyable to my taste being *About Leisure*. This is a plaintively passionate plea for the true leisure of the soul—Maeterlinck again—the leisure that resists the temptation to model, write, paint and compose mediocre words simply because we seek to flee the demon of *ennui*. How much better off would be the world if the mediocrities would cease producing mediocrities! This have I firmly preached for years. The output of art material is greater than the demand, hence the big people suffer because the little ones are too loqua-

cious. Suppose Andrew Lang would quit essaying, Mr. Gosse criticising, that terrible Manxman, Hall Caine, novel writing, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward spoiling clean white paper, how happy we all would be! But I must not dream of the impossible. Mediocrity, too, serves its purpose; it fills stomachs too gross, too coarse to bear the hyper-spiritualized products of first-class thinkers.

Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote an essay, *An Apology for Idlers*, and it has a pendant in this one by Vernon Lee. Only one other woman that I know of could have written it, our own Agnes Repplier, most delightful of American essayists.

Of far different ideal, though not of workmanship, is Marcel Prévost's celebrated *Letters of Women*, now for the first time Englished by Arthur Hornblow, who has accomplished his task with tact and all his accustomed delicacy and sensitiveness to the needs of our tongue. These letters are masterpieces in miniature and made Prévost's reputation. They are so truly written from the Gallic viewpoint, so joyously defiant of what we call good taste, yet so absolutely clinging to an ideal of manners and morals, that their reading enlarges one's territory of knowledge of the inscrutable feminine. *Morning Letters* is horribly cynical and so is *A Rescue*, but how charming and full of tender nobility is *Genevieve's Note Book*! Then *The Little Bordeaux Man* reminds one of Ludovic Halevy in *La Famille Cardinal*, and it scarifies your moral palate. Mr. Hornblow has exercised much judgment in excising passages unfit for the nasty imagination of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Sherwood Piano School, Steinway Hall, Chicago.

In order to more fully carry out his ideas and methods of piano teaching, Mr. William H. Sherwood severed his connection with the Chicago Conservatory at the close of the present season and has established a school of his own. Mr. Sherwood's methods of piano instruction have accomplished wonderful results in the past and it is his intention to develop to the utmost the possibilities which lie within them.

The institution has been named The Sherwood Piano School and spacious and elegant apartments have been leased in Steinway Hall for its home. The piano department will be the chief feature of this school, but other branches of musical art will be included. It is the earnest intention of the founders of this school to make it an institution in every way worthy of the name. The standard will be the highest and no teachers will be given a place in its faculty who are not perfectly in accord with the aims and objects of the principal. Mr. Sherwood's methods and system will be the only ones recognized in the piano department. It is the determination of the founders that a beginner shall at last have the opportunity to enter an institution of music where his progress will be steady and will not deviate from the true line of proper development from the first step till the highest perfection has been reached, and that nothing will be permitted that will have at some future time either to be undone or acquired.

A vocal department will be under the direction of Mrs. Gertrude Grosscup Perkins, whose success has been remarkable, several of her pupils having been well received by press and public in concert in the principal cities and states of the country.

Classes in harmony will be formed for the purpose of enabling pupils to acquire the knowledge of musical form and analysis so essential to the student of the piano who desires to intelligently perfect himself in interpretation. The first studies in musical theory will be so directed that this result will be accomplished. Mrs. A. J. Goodrich, who has made a fine reputation for the clearness with which she places these studies before her pupils, has been engaged to take charge of these classes.

Mr. Sherwood has associated with himself in this enterprise Mr. Walton Perkins, who in addition to teaching interpretations of the great compositions and giving other instructions will act as secretary and manager. The assistant teachers in the piano department will be Misses Strong, Kober, Johnson and Angell, all of them pupils of Mr. Sherwood, perfectly familiar with the details of his method and thoroughly in accord with the plans of the school, thereby insuring perfect harmony and concord. All the teachers in the piano department are accomplished pianists and will be heard in a regular series of recitals for the benefit of the students. The students will also be expected to take part in school recitals.

Earnestness of purpose and constant endeavor to secure the best possible results will be the rule of conduct in this school.

MARCHESI COMING.

R. E. JOHNSTON RETURNS.

THE artists engaged for next season by the musical bureau of R. E. Johnston & Co. and confirmed by Mr. Johnston, who returned on Sunday on the Gascogne, are: Ysaye, the violinist; Pugno, the renowned French pianist; the cellist Gérard; our own Nordica; Plançon, the baritone basso, and Madame Marchesi, the celebrated singing teacher.

Mr. Johnston has considerable to say regarding these artists, most of whom are known here, but he was particularly emphatic in his remarks on Marchesi, of whom he says:

"The visit to this country of Madame Marchesi is, in my opinion, the most important educational and artistic event in the history of music and song, so far as our country is concerned."

"Madame Marchesi is recognized as the greatest living teacher of singing and of the vocal art, and much of the success which has been attained by American singers in both Europe and America can be traced directly to her personal efforts and tuition."

"Besides this, Madame Marchesi is not only the greatest living singing teacher, but the teacher of the greatest living singers. The great Gerster is her pupil, Nevada and Emma Eames, and chiefly Madame Melba, are her pupils. In Madame Melba Madame Marchesi has attained the culmination of her artistic tendency."

"Madame Marchesi's visit to the United States will be for quite a prolonged stay—probably more than six months—and during this time she will give vocal instruction to talented pupils, and to those who are studying the art of teaching singing, and also to such pupils as incline toward the Marchesi system. Various plans are in progress of development, by means of which she will be able to elevate the whole vocal art to the highest standard obtainable at present. There is no doubt that she will give a tremendous stimulus to the desire of the people and their teachers to cultivate vocal art, and enormous benefits must necessarily flow from her visit."

"She has had a great desire to visit America on account of her intimate relations with so many citizens from all sections whose daughters and sons have been her pupils; and furthermore on account of the marvelous success that has been made by her pupils on the concert and operatic stage of America."

"Although this announcement is merely made through certain musical circles, we have already been overwhelmed by letters and telegrams asking for details of her visit, which will take place in November, and for the time that can be granted by her for tuition and examinations and voice testing. All those details will be fully worked out and explained to the public."

"There is no doubt that Madame Marchesi will give a great deal of her attention to an examination of our methods of public school vocal instruction, and to the methods of the various conservatories, colleges, &c., where music is looked upon as an important function, but her chief aim will be the investigation of voices of individual pupils and lectures to teachers on the voice. No doubt her stay in this country will be an epoch in the vocal art in America."

Hugo Wolf.—A Hugo Wolf Society has been formed at Vienna, in imitation of a society of like name in Berlin. There was a necessity for a Wagner Society, but why a Hugo Wolf Society?

Charles Mikuli.—An excellent pianist, Charles Mikuli, probably the last of the living pupils of Chopin, died on May 21, at Lemberg, aged seventy-six. Born in 1819, in the Bukovina, he went to Vienna to study medicine, but in 1841 left that city for Paris to become a pupil of Chopin. A brilliant career as virtuoso was before him when he accepted the position of director of the conservatory at Lemberg in 1858. His own compositions are mere imitations of Chopin's manner, but his edition of Chopin's works is remarkable, for he corrected the errors in previous editions by the use of numerous autograph notes and personal remarks of the master.

A Grand Prize Offering.—The Koenigsberg (Prussian) Gesang-Verein celebrated its fiftieth jubilee anniversary April 24 to 26, which had the effect of inducing the city councilor, Dr. Walter Simon, one of its honored members, to set out a prize of 2,000 marks for the most meritorious composition on Goethe's poem, *Meine Goettin*, &c., which is to be written for male voices, with orchestra accompaniment, with or without solo parts. The judges who have kindly accepted the task for awarding the prize are:

Dr. Max Bruch, Josef Rhineberger and Franz Wuellner. Any information or details regarding the work may be obtained from City Councilor Tieszen at Koenigsberg. It is hoped that the work designed may add to the propagation of giving the musical world its best efforts, and more especially for the advancement of male voices.

Larger Quarters Needed.

THE B. F. WOOD MUSIC COMPANY, OF BOSTON, TO REMOVE TO THE NEW POPE BUILDING, 221 COLUMBUS AVENUE.

ONE of the energetic publishing firms of Boston, and one that was never heard to complain of hard times during the late business depression, is the B. F. Wood Music Company. In fact the wonderful increase in their business has caused rather the cry for more room to work in, which has grown so loud during the present season that the firm has finally been compelled to hunt up new quarters.

These have been found in the new and beautiful Pope Building, No. 221 Columbus avenue, to which place the firm will move its large stock about July 1. The space at command in the new location is nearly treble that at present occupied, is beautifully lighted and arranged, giving ample opportunity for the filling of orders for the many popular novelties constantly being issued by this firm; for the storage of the large stock of the popular "Edition Wood," "Edition Cranz," "Bosworth Edition," and for the large quantities of the celebrated "B. C." music paper carried by them.

The good musical judgment of this firm has been shown in many ways from the very beginning, proof of this being the great success which has attended its publications, both popular or of a higher class of musical works. Prominent among these may be mentioned the songs "The Life of Love Is But a Day," by Kourzak, their first publication, which seems to be increasing in popularity, and of which an arrangement for mandolin club has lately been issued; the "Darkie's Cradle Song," of which many thousand copies have been sold, and to which arrangements for mandolin club have been added; "Don't Be Cross," of which over 100,000 copies have already been sold, and the ever popular "Tabasco March." Two worthy successors to the last named are "Jolly Days" and "Jolly Nights" marches, by A. G. Clark, just published, with handsome title pages, which are fast becoming popular. The same firm has issued of late large numbers of arrangements for the various instruments, comprising mandolin clubs. These arrangements have in every case been made by the most celebrated men in this branch, such as Schick, Lansing, Walter Jacobs, Grün, &c., and will be found models of their kind. Large additions will be made in this department during the coming season, and the works chosen will be found most available for these instruments and of great value to mandolin clubs.

Among the works of a higher class which this firm have made successful may be mentioned the entire writings of the Polish composer, Roman Statkowski; the complete works of Bernard Stavenhagen, and piano works by the modern Russian composers, Arensky, Cui, Moszkowski and Rachmaninoff. In vocal works may be mentioned the very choicest of Meyer Helmund's latest songs, the songs of Franz Ries, Henry Bereny, Lloyd and others. Among the new names which have become known through their efforts may be mentioned Aletter, Bereny, Eilenberg (Robert), Krogmann, Noyes (Edith Rowena), Sartorio, Statkowski and others. In the latest issues of this firm are two pieces by Leoncavallo, "Valse Caprice" and "Gavotte," which bid fair to have large runs and become very popular during the coming season. Another important acquisition made by the B. F. Wood Music Company is the publication of the new opera, "The Walking Delegate," by Messrs. Hosmer and Cook, which was produced by a very strong company at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on May 31. This opera is proving a great success, is booked for an indefinite run in Boston and is already being placed for production in various cities during the autumn. In fact, it will surely take rank with the two last operas published by this firm, "Tabasco" and "The Obersteiger" (Master Miner). Among the popular pieces from "The Walking Delegate" already pub-

lished may be mentioned the songs "Dolly Doane," "The Dream Boat," "In Anthem Old"; the instrumental numbers, "Marche Militaire" and "Fidelia Waltzes" and a book of "Gems" containing many other popular "hits."

The firm is to be congratulated on its rapid growth during these depressing times, and with greatly increased facilities, together with the brightening prospects in the general world of business, we fully believe we shall be obliged to chronicle at no distant day another addition to their beautiful quarters.

Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 18, 1897.

MY recent announcement where communications would reach me has furnished a few anonymous writers an opportunity to indulge in some slight invective as to my attitude and that of THE MUSICAL COURIER in general toward the management of the Peabody Conservatory of Music. The tone of these letters indicates that they were instigated by some blind followers of the Peabody Institute, and much that would thus be said could be readily excused, forgiven and overlooked.

My chief offense has been my "unkind criticism" of the students' orchestra at an exhibition students' concert, and I am asked "Is it fair to subject them to such prejudiced criticism?" To this correspondent I say that if students only had appeared with this orchestra his or her strictures would have strong reason for "proper consideration," but everyone in the audience could see, and this "Fair Play" knows and must admit, that a large number of the former members of the old Peabody orchestra appeared with this so-called students' orchestra.

How much they improved it I am not prepared to state, but constituted as it was they were subject to such criticism as any listener saw fit to make, for when the announcement of the contemplated orchestra was made it was stated that the management expected to furnish its patrons or the public with the best orchestra it had yet possessed, and as I then predicted with one of the staff of the *Sunday Herald*, I am afraid we will all have to pray for an increased and much renewed lease on life if we are to see or realize this much wished for consummation.

My position is very plain. I have always maintained that the management of the Conservatory of Music of the Peabody Institute is a failure, and for this failure it has never claimed that the responsibility was with the individual members of the faculty. In Richard Burmeister and Harold Randolph they have thoroughly cultivated musicians and competent instructors, and the piano department is to be further strengthened by the acquisition of Miss Celia Gaul, whose engagement, with that of her sister, Miss Marie Gaul, was announced this week. Proficiency in this one department does not and cannot constitute a well equipped conservatory of music, and such as "Fair Play" claims for the institution. The recent appointment of Miss Gaul is most commendable. Why send abroad for instructors in any department when we have them in our own city? If this spirit were maintained and a reorganization instituted the management could find more competent material in Baltimore with which to strengthen the institution.

To the party signing herself "Alumni" I desire to say that Miss Blanche Sanders' ability was known to the Alumni Association before she entered the contest for the scholarship, and I repeat that it is nothing short of an outrage to have permitted Miss Sanders to undergo the required examination and then decline to award her with what she had gained, on the ground that she was too far advanced. The whole performance and conduct of those in charge of this matter are but in keeping with the general management of matters Peabody. I have endeavored to

interview Mr. Harry Sanders the father of Miss Sanders, but he prefers to let the matter pass without further comment.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Harry Deems, I had an opportunity last week of attending a song recital of the pupils of the Eastern Female High School. The exhibition was very creditable to Mr. Deems. In point of attack and shading Mr. Deems has certainly demonstrated meritorious ability.

Dr. Thomas S. Baker, who is now abroad, will during his stay sing in Munich with the Kaim Orchestra in August, and will also give a series of song recitals in the same city with Augusta Nollwar.

The summer dullness has settled upon us, and matters musical are having their needed rest. The performances at the Academy of Music continue to attract through the merit of superior production.

Luther Conradi has joined Richard Burmeister at Berlin, with whom he will spend the summer, returning to Baltimore in October. They will attend the Bayreuth Festival together.

X. X.

William H. Lee, Baritone and Teacher.—Mr. Lee has had a busy and successful season, having sung in Bridgeport, Waterbury, Paterson, Flushing and at a manuscript meeting, Bagby morning musicale, Mrs. Mary Knight Wood's (Schubert Club), Florence Buckingham Joyce's, Mrs. Mary Caldwell Earle's (New Haven) and other prominent musical and social events. Of young Charles Meehan, his pupil, Marie Rose said last year in Paris that his voice production was perfect and that she could do nothing for that. The next issue of the *Boston Record* will have Mr. Lee's picture and a biographical sketch. He is to sing next Monday noon at the M. T. N. A., his solos being Wagner's "Evening Star" and Arditi's "Let Me Love Thee." Mr. Lee will later go to Monticello, Sullivan County, whence his family have already preceded him.

Charles Meehan in Portugal and Germany.—The Lisbon daily, *Diario de Noticia*, of October 27, last year, says of this boy's fine singing:

A new personage to us is this male soprano, who made his first appearance last night at the Real Colyseu. He rapidly became an rapport with his public, for he has a sympathetic voice, much musical temperament and modest bearing. The public hailed him with vivas and enthusiastic applause; he may be said to have enchanted everybody.

The *Berliner Fremdenblatt* of December 15 said:

A singer from across the ocean sang last night, a piquantly interesting lad. Mr. Meehan is gifted with an unusually beautiful soprano voice, which has undergone a very thorough schooling. The organ has, in spite of its volume, a tender, almost feminine timbre; he amazes the listener with the ease with which he attacks and sustains "Eiffel Tower" notes. His solos were received with vigorous and long continued applause.

Mr. Meehan sings on Monday afternoon at the M. T. N. A.

Joseph S. Baernstein.—Mr. Jos. S. Baernstein, the well-known basso, will be heard several times during the M. T. N. A. meeting. On Thursday, the 24th, at 4 p. m., he will sing at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street; at Truette's recital, Honor and Arms, from Händel's Samson, and the bass aria from La Juive, by Halévy.

Last March Mr. Baernstein created quite a furore by his rendition of Händel's aria at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall.

On Friday, the 25th, at 1.30 p. m., he will sing at Mr. Corey's recital, at the Marble Collegiate Church, the following: "Patria," by Titto Mattei, and "But Who May Abide the Day of His Coming," the first aria from The Messiah.

Mr. Baernstein is a true basso, with a range from low D to F sharp, thereby fitting him for the oratorio work in which he will appear often this coming season. If his time permits, he may possibly appear at one of the concerts at the hall. The program committee may congratulate itself upon securing the services of Mr. Baernstein.



The Great Pianist ROSENTHAL.

—American Tour, Season 1897-98, —

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Henry Wolfsohn Musical Bureau,

131 East 17th Street,
NEW YORK.



Lankow Sailed.—Anna Lankow sailed for Europe last Saturday on the *Spaarndam*.

Emil Sauer.—There is a report current to the effect that Sauer, the pianist, will visit this country the coming season. He is to play the Chickering piano.

Herman Hans Wetzel's New Address.—This is at 646 West End avenue, near Ninety-first street, where Mr. Wetzel has a very roomy, comfortable studio.

Bloodgood.—The well-known and popular contralto Katherine Bloodgood will sing in public next season under the exclusive management of Mr. Victor Thrane.

Rita Elandi Here.—Rita Elandi, prima donna of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, arrived here on the Gascoigne last Sunday. There is a rumor that negotiations are pending looking to a visit of that famous organization to this country the coming season.

Miss Emma K. Dennison's Summer.—Until the first of July Miss Dennison remains in New York, continuing her work of vocal instruction at the studio.

During July she will be in the mountains, but will teach in August at her residence 118 West Twelfth street, New York.

A Musical Engagement.—The engagement of Mr. Michael Banner to Miss Julia Levy was celebrated at the residence of the bride's mother, on Lenox avenue, last Friday evening. Mr. Banner played a number of violin solos artistically, and was accompanied by Miss Levy, who is very experienced in this specialty.

Scherhey-Wetzel Opera School.—These two prominent exponents of the vocal and instrumental art have arranged for an opera school, which has already begun auspiciously. The school is for opera, oratorio, concert repertory, as well as voice culture, and continues throughout the summer at 149 East Twenty-first street.

Saenger Pupil.—Mr. William M. Sullivan, baritone, pupil of Oscar Saenger, was the soloist at the closing concert of the Millstone Choral Society, on Wednesday last at East Millstone, N. J. He was warmly received and has been re-engaged by the society to sing at New Brunswick on the 24th. Mr. Sullivan will appear in concert in New York this coming winter.

Amelia Heineberg.—We annex a notice from the Montgomery *Advertiser* respecting a late recital given on May 24 by this favorite artist:

Miss Amelia Heineberg, who last year scored such a pronounced success in Montgomery, again delighted the music lovers of Montgomery last night. She fully retained her reputation as a great artist. Without detailing, it may be said that her technic, intonation, ease, grace and versatility distinguish her as a musician rarely to be heard. The verve and bravura which mark her playing are surpassingly refreshing. Her rendition of Scarlatti's sonata in A major was an artistic treat in every way. The technic, intonation and rare exactness, besides the dash with which it was played, alone stamp Miss Heineberg as a genius. Other numbers on the program which were particularly great were Chopin's Berceuse and Etude Etincelles by Moszkowski and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12.

Death of Stocks Hammond.—Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' Cathedral in Toronto, and one of the foremost musicians in Canada, died at his home in Toronto Friday morning, after a comparatively short illness. For months he had suffered from pulmonary troubles. About a month ago he got much worse, and three weeks ago he took to his bed. Dr. Hammond was born in Bradford, England, in 1862. While studying at Queen's College, Oxford, he showed his musical abilities. He studied under Fred C. Atkinson, of Norwich Cathedral, England, and the late Ciro Pinsuti. He was a licentiate of the London College of Music, and was one of the examiners for Canada

and the United States. Nearly 200 anthems, songs and piano pieces were written by him. The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him by the University of Church Musicians, and he was the possessor of the bronze medal of the London Academy of Music. He came to America from England in 1888. He then received the appointment to St. Peter's Church at Reading, Pa. He labored there until his call to St. James' Cathedral, as organist and leader of the choir.

Lotta Mills at Work.—Lotta Mills, the pianist, is at Rockville, Md., 16 miles from Washington, D. C., and is busy in perfecting her repertory for next season.

Bella Thomas-Nichols.—That excellent vocal teacher Mrs. Bella Thomas-Nichols, of this city, is at present visiting her niece, Mrs. E. C. Michener, whose husband is one of the firm of F. W. Peavey & Co., grain elevators, Minneapolis, Minn. She expects to be here in the fall to continue her instructions.

Notice.—There will be two vacancies in the Choiristers' School of Grace Church, New York, term commencing September 8. Applications must be made by letter to the choirmaster. The age of admission is between seven and twelve. The only charge will be for text books and uniforms. Salaries vary according to the value of services in the choir.

Carlos Sobrinos Here.—Carlos Sobrinos, the brilliant piano virtuoso, arrived here last week after an absence of nearly a year abroad. Our readers have read of his successes in Germany from time to time. Mr. Sobrinos has not yet made any definite plans for next season, although he is sure to appear in concert here. His wife, Madame Sobrinos, the singer, is still in Europe.

Honor to Mrs. Bloomfield Zeisler.—The prophet is not always without honor in his own country. In proof of which Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler was recently elected an honorary member of the Woman's Club of Chicago—a compliment not often or not rashly bestowed. It is not generally known that Mrs. Zeisler's brother, Dr. Maurice Bloomfield, has filled the chair of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology at Johns Hopkins University for the last sixteen years. Dr. Bloomfield was one of the few who were honored at the Princeton sesqui-centennial celebration last autumn by having the title of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, conferred upon him. A few months ago Dr. Bloomfield was again complimented by being made honorary member of the Academy of Prague, the oldest German university.

Lewis W. Armstrong, Baritone, at Clio's Fete.—The fête champêtre given to Clio by Mrs. Arnold Schramm, at her beautiful home, the Knoll, in West 158th street, will long be remembered as one of the most charming outdoor festivals of the season.

Mr. Armstrong sang Schumann's Two Grenadiers in such a manner as to move the *Commercial Advertiser* to say that "it was the feature of the occasion." This is high praise, for others who assisted in the program were such favorite artists as Mrs. J. H. McKinley, Mrs. Charles R. Wright, Miss Emma Dennison, Miss Margaret Crawford and Mrs. Lewis W. Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong also sang at the organ opening at Faith Presbyterian Church, of which he is precentor, June 10, the other participants being Mr. George Bentz, organist Faith Presbyterian Church; Mr. E. J. Grant, organist Christ Church, Brooklyn; Miss Alice M. Resig, soprano; Miss Margaret Crawford, contralto; Mr. Edward L. Boas, bass. Mrs. L. W. Armstrong, pianist.

Verlet's Song Recital.—We append a few criticisms on Mlle. Verlet's song recital given in Buffalo last Thursday evening at the Twentieth Century Club. This was her last public appearance this season:

Mlle. Alice Verlet, of the Opéra Comique, Paris, assisted by Mr. Lund, gave a recital of songs in the music room of the Twentieth Century Club last night.

In this city Mlle. Verlet's professional and social prestige have been quickly and apparently firmly established. She has triumphed elsewhere through the possession of a beautiful voice, and a personality at once fascinating and delightful.

The program last night was wisely arranged, as it served admirably to display the singer's versatility and bring out the wide compass, flexibility and sympathy of her voice. Délibes' Bell Song from *Lakmé*, which usually receives treatment as a conventional show

piece, was sung fluently and with technical perfection. The other selections were taken from Lotti, Martini, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Hiller, Victor Harris Von Fielitz, Chaminade and Massenet.

The audience was made up chiefly of persons well known in musical and social circles. The appreciation of Mlle. Verlet's singing was evident throughout. In responding to encores she sang the dainty Brahms serenade and a part of the Délibes aria.—*The Buffalo Courier-Record*, June 18.

Her beautiful voice, faultless method and musical temperament resulted in artistic work that won enthusiastic recognition, and even after a long program made one loath to leave.

Her songs were from the works of Brahms, Schumann, Grieg, Massenet and Chaminade, and had the merit of not being hackneyed. Mlle. Verlet also sang a madrigal by Victor Harris, and Aller Seelen by Von Fielitz, with great charm. The most ambitious number on the program was the Bell Song, from *Lakmé*, sung in the original key. Mlle. Verlet's high notes were clear and sweet and produced without effort. The applause was so hearty and persistent that she was obliged to repeat the song.

Mme. Dora Devine's Summer Course for Teachers.—Numerous applications for instruction from outside teachers have induced Madame Devine to remain in the city this summer. She has arranged a special course for teachers and singers according to the Lamperti method, and in the study of repertory, especially of new music. Applicants received daily at her studio, 188 Fifth avenue.

Musical Department, Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.—Mr. J. A. Strong, musical director, sends THE MUSICAL COURIER the annual program of the university, showing the excellent work being done there. The Saturday *Review* of Des Moines says:

Prof. J. A. Strong, whose likeness appears in to-day's issue, is responsible for the brilliant programs of the week in a musical way that have been rendered at Drake University. The year has been a most successful one, and it closes with bright promises for the future. Mr. Strong has been a student of music since his childhood, and was for many years a student at Oberlin Conservatory, from which institution he was given a diploma. He afterward took a post graduate course there under good teachers. He is a brilliant pianist. Godowsky and Liebling both complimented his playing very highly, and encouraged him in his work. Mr. Strong has been at Drake University for five years. He and his wife will spend the summer in Washington, and will return for the fall term in September.

This was the graduating program:

Piano and strings, trio in D minor Reissiger
Mr. Strong, Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Heighton.

Piano—
Impromptu, op. 28, No. 3 Reinhold
Mazurka, op. 21 Saint-Saëns
Valse Caprice Schubert-Liszt
Miss Rowland.

Vocal, Lullaby Gilchrist
Piano, Polonaise in A flat Chopin
Miss Patterson.

Violin, Andante Religioso in D major Thomé
Mrs. Cunningham.

Piano—
Venitienne (Barcarolle) Godard
Minuetto, op. 31, No. 3 Beethoven
Die Lorelei Fantaisie E. B. Perry
Miss Wetherill.

My Pretty Jane Bishop
Ladies' quartet.

Piano, Concerto in D minor Rubinsteine
Miss Patterson.

Orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Mr. Strong.

Borowski May Visit Us.—It is stated on good authority that the composer Felix Borowski, of London, England, will visit America next season. Borowski is a violinist of note, but it is his compositions which have made him known. Felix Borowski first came into notice some years ago, when he composed the *Grande Sonate Russe*.

In 1894 Eduard Grieg wrote the following letter to Borowski: "I am greatly delighted with your *Grande Sonate Russe*. It is a work full of intellect and talent, doing all honor to its creator. If you continue to travel upon this path your work must soon secure for you that general recognition which is due to your considerable gifts. I shall follow your active progress with intense interest. Accept the kindest greetings from your admirer." From Dr. Otto Neitzel the young composer received the following: "I have played your *Grande Sonate Russe* with the greatest interest. It stands out prominently as a composition full of expressive invention, sterling contents and excellent working, and it will be a great pleasure to me to recommend it wherever I have the opportunity." From Theodore Dubois, principal of the Paris Conservatoire: "I have read the *Grande Sonate Russe* which you did me the honor of sending, and hasten to address to you my sincere congratulations."

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tions. It is a composition full of distinction, color and excellent work." Theodor Leschetizky wrote from Vienna: "Good, and at the same time grateful works, especially in the larger forms, appear so seldom, that your Sonate is sure to find general appreciation." From Herr Emil Sauer: "Together with my best thanks for the Grande Sonate Russe I desire to express my joy at having become acquainted with this original and important composition of yours. Among the numberless new things which reach me year by year your Grande Sonate Russe stands out so advantageously by its freshness and genuine feeling that I am filled with the necessity of giving vent to my sincere admiration for it. I may at least add so much, that your famous Sonate shall be incorporated with my repertory."

These expressions of appreciation, it will be noted, were received by Borowski after he had composed the Russian Sonate. Since that time many works have appeared over his signature. All are musically. He has composed a Petit Suite for orchestra, a number of string quartets, and, at the request of Moriz Rosenthal, Borowski is now at work upon a concerto for the piano. One of the well-known musical colleges is now negotiating with Mr. Borowski, and it is hoped will secure his services. Its representative has seen him in London, and as this college never fails in achieving whatever it sets out to do the chances are that we will have this young composer in America next year.

Homer N. Bartlett's New Violin Concerto.—This beautiful and important work will be heard to-morrow (Thursday) morning at the opening concert of the M. T. N. A., performed by Hubert Arnold and accompanied by the Metropolitan Orchestra. Of the work and its first performance the *Sun* recently said:

Mr. Bartlett's concerto speaks to the heart as well as to the head, since what it says seems to come with equal directness from both these points of departure. It is a beautiful and graceful composition, full of pure melody, absolutely clear in statement, symmetrical, untortured, unrestrained, natural, easy and replete with warmth and exquisite tenderness. The orchestration of its accompaniment is written with great skill, and the result is the production of sweet sounds that are wonderful in their welcome persuasiveness. The concerto was extremely well played by Mr. Hubert Arnold, who took pains to illustrate adequately all the tender charm of Mr. Bartlett's score. Both composer and performer were called out many times after the concerto.

Hubert Arnold Writes.—Mr. Arnold writes a friend that:

"Homer N. Bartlett has perpetrated an ingenious form of torture on me by writing a cadenza of his new violin concerto just in time for the hot weather; it is abominably difficult, and keeps me a-stewing! Unisons and diabolical stretches in arpeggios mean nothing to him, but they 'cook' me with thermometers in the 90's. My wife is nursing a crippled knee, result of a cable car accident, and I am busily engaged in the intervals allowed me by Bartlett's cadenza in trying to make the Metropolitan Cable Company pay me the balance of what I ought to earn in the music profession."

Of Mr. Arnold's appearance in Paterson a local paper said:

A brilliant success was made by the violinist, Hubert Arnold, who took his hearers by storm. A more exquisite variety of coloring has never been heard here, and it seemed at times as if his instrument covered the whole upper range of an orchestra's string and wind chords. His tone has an intensely emotional quality that is the essence of sentiment, but it is a virile sentiment, and can only be described as passionate, while his execution in the Bassini scherzo was an almost diabolical revel of weird effects, produced by an execution touching the marvelous.

Mr. F. W. Riesberg was an efficient piano accompanist.

The Olean Conservatory.—The commencement exercises of the Olean Conservatory of Music took place last Wednesday evening. The Rev. W. C. Wilbur, Ph.D., presided. The affair was a great success. This was the program:

Trio, *The Merry Month of May*.....A. Lee
The Misses Horton, Tothill, Edna Arney, Harrison, Casey, Inderlid, Spraker and Alta Arney.
Walzer for four hands, op. 28, No. 1.....Mary Wurm
The Misses Evans.
Duet, *Now I Shall Dance for Your Reward*, from *Carmen*.....Georges Bizet
Miss Martha Horton and Dr. W. I. Hewitt.
Giga (arranged for four violins with piano accompaniment, by J. de Zielinski).....D. L. Giustini
Misses Hearons, Griffin and Harrison; Messrs. Pelton, Plumley, Jewell, Marcus and Jones.
Quartet, *Sicilian Twilight*.....Ettore Fiori
Miss Horton, Miss French, Dr. Hewitt, Mr. Lull.
Nymphs and Fauns.....H. Bemberg
Miss Almina Harrison.
First Tarantella.....S. B. Mills
Quintet, *Oh, How Can I Forget Thee*.....Robert Goldbeck
Miss Horton, Miss Harrison, Miss Spraker, Dr. Hewitt and Mr. Lull.
Twas April.....Ethelbert Nevin
Miss Lucy Thrill.
Serenade, for three violins with piano accompaniment.....Julius Eichberg
Miss Hearons, Mr. Jewell, Mr. Pelton.
Duet, *Tell Me What of My Mother*, from *Carmen*.....Georges Bizet
Miss Martha Horton and Dr. W. I. Hewitt.
Sylvia Suite (arranged for two pianos, four hands, by Th. Lack).....Leo Délèbes
Miss Eva Marcus and Miss Maud Kaufman

M. T. N. A.

Revised Program.

(Subject to Change Next Week.)

Thursday Morning, June 24.

GRAND INAUGURAL MEETING, AUDITORIUM—9:30 O'CLOCK.
The Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra, Adolf Neuendorff, director.
Eminent soloists. Distinguished speakers.
Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, director of the Brooklyn Institute, will preside.

Jubilee overture.....Weber
Address, conferring the freedom of the city. Mayor William L. Strong

Marietta overture.....Dudley Buck
(Conducted by the composer.)

Address of Welcome. Aria for soprano.....Ad. M. Foerster
Miss Amanda Vierheller.

Piano Concerto, in E flat.....Liszt
August Spanuth.
Address, The Educational Purpose of the Convention. Rev. Edward Judson, D.D.

Solos with orchestra.....A. Goring Thomas
Miss Marguerite Hall.

The Nature and Influence of Song, with an account of the work of the Chicago Apollo Club among the people. William L. Tomlins.

Violin concerto.....Homer N. Bartlett
Hubert Arnold.

The Place of Music in a Liberal Education. Prof. S. S. Packard.

Festival March.....Hadley

OPENING OF MUSIC TRADES EXPOSITION.

CONCERT HALL.

12:00 M.—Presentation of methods and results by eight singing classes from Philadelphia, Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn.

Thursday Afternoon.

AUDITORIUM.

2:00 P. M.—Piano recital, Miss Terrell, assisted by Mr. M. W. Bowman.

4:00 P. M.—Concert by the Cantata Club, of Brooklyn (ladies' voices). Albert Gérard-Thiers, conductor, assisted by Madame Valda, soprano; Mr. Kaltenborn, violin; Mr. Beyer-Hané, violoncello, and Rubin Goldmark, piano; trio by Mr. Goldmark, Miss Kate Chittenden, organist; Mrs. Richardson-Küster, accompanist.

LYCEUM.

2:00 P. M.—Conference on Public School Music and Popular Sight Singing. W. L. Tomlins, chairman.

Papers by John Tagg, H. E. Holt, Daniel Batcheller, J. Zobanay, Miss J. Ette Crane and others.

Open discussion.

CONCERT HALL.

2:00 P. M.—Song recital, by Miss Effie Stewart, assisted Richard Arnold, violinist.

3:00 P. M.—Piano recital by E. B. Perry, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano.

4:00 P. M.—Choir boys' exhibition. Messrs. W. H. Hall and J. M. Helfinstein.

Thursday Evening.

AUDITORIUM.

8:00 P. M.—Concert stereopticon lecture, *The Soul of a Song*. Silas G. Pratt.

9:00 P. M.—Visible Music, illustrated by the stereopticon. Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis.

MURRAY HILL HOTEL.

9:30 P. M.—Reception to the members of the association and assisting artists. Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, chairman reception committee.

Friday Morning, June 25.

AUDITORIUM.

9:30 A. M.—General Business Meeting. Revision of Constitution Committee—Chas. H. Morse, chairman; Arthur Foote, William C. MacFarlane.

11:30 A. M.—A Theory of Interpretation.....A. J. Goodrich Illustrations by William H. Sherwood.

CONCERT HALL.

9:30 A. M.—Essay, *Musical Terminology*.....Dr. H. R. Palmer

9:45 A. M.—Lecture, *A Perfect Piano Action, and Its Importance to Pianist Playing*. Albert T. Strauch.

10:00 A. M.—Lecture Recital on the Janko Keyboard. Madame Pupin.

11:00 A. M.—Song Recital by Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., assisted by Miss Caia Aarup, piano.

LYCEUM.

10:00 A. M.—Song Recital. J. Remington Fairlamb.

11:00 A. M.—Lecture Recital, *Piano Touch*. R. A. Parsons.

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12:00 A. M.—Exhibition of Synthetic Method and Results. Miss Kate Chittenden.

Friday Afternoon.

LYCEUM.

2:00 P. M.—Conference on Music in the University, Prof. Geo. Coleman Gow, chairman.

CONCERT HALL.

2:00 P. M.—Song Recital.

Mr. Samuel Moyle and Miss Brookes.

4:00 P. M.—Song Recital, by Albert Gérard-Thiers, assisted by Hans Kronold, violoncellist; Miss Kate Chittenden, accompanist.

3:00 P. M.—Piano Recital by Paul Tidden, assisted by Miss Mary Mansfield, soprano; William F. Sherman, accompanist.

AUDITORIUM.

Conference on Woman's Work in Music, under the direction of Mrs. Theodore Sutro, President of the Woman's Department of the M. T. N. A.

LYCEUM.

2:00 P. M.—Conference on Music in the University, Mr. G. C. Gow, chairman.

SALON.

2:00 P. M.—Small Instruments and Their Place in Relation to Artistic Music.

Friday Evening.

AUDITORIUM.

8:00 P. M.—Orchestral concert, Arthur Claassen, director.

PROGRAM.

Overture, *Phaedra*.....Massenet
Festival March.....H. H. Huss

Symphony in E flat.....Harry Rowe Shelley
(First performance)
(Conducted by the composer.)

Vocal duet: *The Lord is a Man of War* (Israel in Egypt).....Händel
Messrs. Ericsson and Judson Bushnell.

Piano concerto in G minor, op. 22.....Saint-Saëns
William H. Sherwood.

Aria, *Les Dragons de Villan*.....Maillart
Prl. Meysenhym.
(From the Royal Opera House of Munich.)

Violin concerto.....Tchaikowsky
Grand Polonaise.....Listemann
Mr. Bernhard Listemann.

Saturday Morning, June 26.

CONCERT HALL.

9:30 A. M.—Business meeting. Election of officers.

AUDITORIUM.

10:30 A. M.—Piano recital, presenting results of Virgil Clavier system.

11:00 A. M.—Address by the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D.

11:30 A. M.—Piano recital, by William H. Sherwood, assisted by Miss Unni Lund, soprano.

LYCEUM.

10:30 A. M.—Conference on Methods and Results in Music Schools, Charles H. Morse, chairman.

Saturday Afternoon.

CONCERT HALL.

2:00 P. M.—Piano recital, by William H. Barber, assisted by Mrs. W. J. Whiteman, contralto.

3:00 P. M.—Song recital, by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano, assisted by Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet.

4:00 P. M.—Piano recital, by Leopold Godowski, assisted by Miss Feilding Roselle.

AUDITORIUM.

2:00 P. M.—Conference on Musical Journalism, Louis C. Elson, chairman.

3:00 P. M.—Conference on Musical Co-operation and Protection, Walter J. Hall, chairman.

The American College of Musicians,

Albert Ross Parsons

The American Guild of Organists...Dr. Gerrit Smith

The Manuscript Society.....Reginald DeKoven

Saturday Evening.

ROOF GARDEN.

8:00 P. M.—Popular concert, by Victor Herbert's Twenty-second Regiment Band, assisted by Arion Society of Brooklyn, Arthur Claassen, director; Heinrich Meyn, baritone.

8:00 P. M.—Theatre parties.

Sunday, June 27.

Special church services, arranged by the American Guild of Organists, for which see the official souvenir program.

Monday Morning, June 28.

AUDITORIUM.

JOINT SESSION WITH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

9:30 A. M.—Conference on Vocalization.

Addresses by Presidents Greene and Chamberlain.

Papers by Dr. Graham Bell, Dr. Frank E. Miller, Louis C.

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CONCERT HALL.

10:00 A. M.—Chamber music recital, C. L. Staat, clarinetist; Caia Aarup, pianist; Mrs. A. F. Spier, soprano; Albertus Shelley, violinist.

11:30 A. M.—Piano recital, Signor Giuseppe Aldo Randegger, of Naples, Italy, assisted by Wm. H. Lee, baritone; Miss Kate Stella Burr, accompanist.

Monday Afternoon.**AUDITORIUM.**

2:00 P. M.—Concert by the Allentown Oratorio Society and the Mount Vernon High School Chorus, Mr. Arthur Hallam, director.

Melusina..... Hoffman

Solos by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano; Miss Elsie Van der Voort, contralto; Mr. Samuel Moyle, baritone; Mr. Jos. S. Baernstein, bass; Mr. Henry S. Butler, accompanist.

CONCERT HALL.

2:00 P. M.—Song recital, by Mr. Perry Averill, assisted by Miss Adele Lewing, pianist.

3:30 P. M.—Miscellaneous concert, by Adolph Glose, Miss Augusta Glose, ensemble pianists; Frederick Reddall, basso; the Cecilia Ladies' Quartet; Mrs. Alice F. Spier, soprano; Miss Cain Aarup, pianist; Eugene Weiner, flutist; Gustave Sänger, violinist; Charles Meehan, soprano; Ludwig Hoffmann, violoncellist; Marc C. Baker, tenor; E. R. Kroeger, composer-pianist; Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet; Johannes Ziegler and Wm. F. Sherman, accompanists.

Monday Evening.**AUDITORIUM.**

Oratorio, The Elijah, Walter Henry Hall, director; the Oratorio Club of Brooklyn, augmented; eminent soloists, full orchestra, and organ.

A two manual pipe organ will be built in the Auditorium for the use of the association by M. P. Moeller, of Hagerstown, Md.

In addition to the above will be:

1. A program by players on chamber instruments, consisting of essays, ensemble numbers, solos and concerted selections. This concert is calculated to illustrate the possibilities of mandolins, guitars, zithers, &c., in solo and concerted work, and one vocal number will be given with accompaniment of an orchestra made up of these instruments. This will take place Friday evening in Concert Hall.
2. Musical performances and essays in the Woman's Salon, on other days than Friday, according to later announcements.
3. Organ recitals in various churches by S. A. Baldwin, Wm. C. Carl, N. J. Corey, Charles H. Morse, William E. Mulligan, Gerrit Smith, Harrison Wild, Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte, Mr. Everett E. Truette, Mr. George E. Whiting and Miss Kate Stella Burr.

The M. T. N. A. at the "Old First."—At the "Old First" Presbyterian Church (Fifth avenue and Twelfth street) Mr. Carl will give an organ recital Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and conduct two musical services on Sunday at 11 and 4 o'clock. No tickets will be required for admission. The soloists at the recital will be Mlle. Henriette S. Corradi, soprano (Officier d'Académie), and Mrs. Laura Crawford, accompanist. The program for the musical services will be as follows:

SUNDAY MORNING AT 11 O'CLOCK.

Organ prelude—
Cantiléne-Pastorale (MS)..... Deshayes
Allegro Vivace (Reformation Symphony)..... Mendelssohn
Responses to the Commandments..... Guilmant
Festival Gloria in Excelsis..... Guilmant
Anthem, God is Our Refuge and Strength..... Arthur Foote
Offertory (organ), A Vision..... Rheinberger
Anthem, Balaam's Prophecy..... Spark
Postlude, Toccata from the Fifth Organ Symphony..... Widor

AFTERNOON SERVICE AT 4 O'CLOCK.

Organ prelude, Adagio (Sonata V)..... Guilmant
Anthem, Canticate Domino (C major)..... Buck
Anthem, The Wilderness..... Goss
Offertory (organ), Pastorale, D major..... MacMaster
Anthem, Hail, Gladdening Light..... Martin
Selection, Softly On the Stillness Falling..... Shelley
(The Inheritance Divine.)

Nunc Dimittis (service in A major)..... Selby
Organ postlude, concerto in D minor..... Handel

The choir of the "Old First" is composed of William C. Carl, organist and choirmaster; Mrs. Laura Crawford, assistant organist; sopranos, Miss M. Ida Benedict, Miss Ellen Fletcher, Mrs. H. N. Hyneman and Miss Ida Ryerson; contraltos, Miss Nellie C. Davis, Miss M. Carrie Holmes, Mrs. Hannah Tremaine; tenors, Mr. John A. Gallagher, Mr. Edward Gray, Mr. Gustav H. Rippa and Mr. William Crawford; bassos, Mr. Albert Eugene Andrews, Mr. Edwin Levinson, Mr. Andrew Schneider.

Samuel Moyle.—Mr. Samuel Moyle, basso-cantante, will sing the following selections at his song recital at the Music Teachers' National Convention on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock:

Recit. and aria, Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves (Scipio)..... Händel
Song, Si è Ver..... Mattei
Song—
An Schwager Kronos..... Schubert
Schlummerlied..... Schubert

Group by American composers:
Der Sterbende Krieger..... Spicker
Remember, Forget..... Van der Stucken

My Star..... Beach
My Courses Are Fed by the Lightning..... Armes-Fisher

Lied, Das Exil..... Keller
Ballad, Sleep On, Dear Love..... Piniuti
Couples, Le Nom de Marie..... Gounod

M. T. N. A.**WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.**

RIVERSIDE DRIVE, June 15, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I TAKE pleasure in inclosing you the list of names of persons whom I have secured to work for the advancement of the Woman's Department. It is the first time in the history of this National Association, which has been in existence for more than a quarter of a century, that a Woman's Department has been created, and about two months ago I was elected president. It has been my endeavor to bring forward women's creative works in music and literature. The programs which I herewith inclose were arranged by myself, and, as you will notice, I have placed only compositions of women on the program.

You have probably heard it said thousands of times that women's brains were not as capable of development as the brains of men, and one proof offered in the statement was that they had never written anything in music. A little over two years ago, when I commenced my work on behalf of women as composers, I could find but one book written on the subject, entitled *Woman in Music*, by Upton, and in this book it is positively asserted that women will never become creators of music. Aside from this book I could find but two essays on the subject, although I searched through libraries and Poole's Index for days. Through months of diligent work, with the assistance of four secretaries, which I employed at my own expense, I brought to light the fact that a great many women were writing compositions, but that they carefully concealed their sex on the title page, as, for example, "C. Chaminade."

Since I sent for exhibition at the Atlanta International Exposition seventy-three books written by women and 1,400 compositions a perfect wave has gone over the country, as you will see by the number of women's musical clubs which have been started within the last year and a half and the rapid sale of women's compositions. This has been entirely a labor of love on my part, and it has afforded me much pleasure to discover the personnel of those using nom de plumes.

I wrote to the important musicians and music schools throughout the civilized world to request information of Woman as Composer, and I hope at the Music Teachers' National Association to show what has really been accomplished, and to encourage women to greater efforts in the scientific, aesthetic and theoretical departments of music.

I bespeak your kind interest in this Woman's Department, as without the aid of the press it is not easy to accomplish anything. Thanking you in advance, I remain, very sincerely yours,

FLORENCE CLINTON-SUTRO.

FIRST CONVENTION OF WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT
MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAM FOR AUDITORIUM, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE,
FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Friday, June 25, 1897—2 P. M.

Inaugural address by president, Mrs. Theodore Sutro.

Piano solo, suite..... Miss Aus der Ohe

Miss Emma J. Banks.

Address— The Value of Womanhood in the World's Work.

Miss Fannie Morris Smith.

Contralto solos—
Passions..... Maude Valerie White

Ring Out, Wild Bells..... Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton

Miss Marguerite von Nitzlaff.

Address—Science in Music.

Miss Charlotte W. Hawes.

Trio—New York Ladies' Trio..... Cecil Chaminade

Miss Mabel Phipps, Miss Flavie Van den Hende, Miss

Dora Valesca Becker.

Address—Patriotic Music.

Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the Daughters of the

Revolution.

Violoncello solo, Romance..... Celeste D. Heckscher

Gavotte in A minor..... Cecil Chaminade

Fr. Leontine Gaertner; Miss Helene Robinson, accompanist.

Three songs..... Maude Valerie White

Mary Carmichael

Cecil Chaminade

Miss Marguerite Hall.

Piano solos—
Meditation..... A. Lewing

Old French Dance..... Miss Adele Lewing.

Miss Adele Lewing.

Marks (\$500) as a prize for the best and most approved Composition on Goethe's poem entitled:

GRAND PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Address—The Principles of Expression.

Mrs. Mary Gregory Murray.

Piano solo, Impromptu..... Mrs. Korn

(Dedicated to Mrs. Theodore Sutro.)

Mrs. Clara A. Korn.

Violoncello solo..... Mrs. Danziger-Rosebault

Played by composer and Fr. Leontine Gaertner.

Anthem quartet, As Pants the Hart..... Miss Fanny Spencer

Miss Effie Stewart, soprano; Mrs. J. Williams Macy,

alto; Mr. Albert Gérard-Theirs, tenor; Mr. Royal

Stone Smith, bass.

Violin solos—

Adagio..... Miss Laura Sedgwick Collin

Berceuse..... Miss Jeanne Franko and composer.

Albumblatt..... Miss Jeanne Franko and composer.

Concerto for full orchestra..... Cecil Chaminade

Mrs. Danziger-Rosebault.

Orchestral part played on second piano by Mrs. Edith Kent

Develin.

Discussion of papers invited by members at the close of

the program.

PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S SALON, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE.**Saturday, June 26, 1897—2 P. M.**

Committee on Methods, Mrs. Gustav L. Becker, chairman.

Committee on Woman Lecturers, Miss Margherita Arlina Hamm, chairman.

Introduced by president Woman's Department, Mrs. Theodore Sutro.

Violin and piano, Romance..... Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Miss Dora Valesca Becker, Miss Mabel Phipps.

Song..... Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang

Mrs. Ella Jocelyn-Horne.

The Deppe Method..... Miss Amy Fay

Illustrated by her pupil, Miss Laura Sanford.

Children's Choral Classes. Demonstrated by a class of fifty school children, Primary School No. 16, Miss Sara J. J. McCaffery.

Song, Little Alabama Coon..... Miss Hattie Starr

La Petite Marie.

A System for Obtaining the Best Results from Practice, as used by Gustav L. Becker with his assistant teachers.

Mrs. Gustav L. Becker.

Songs..... Miss Marie von Hammer

Mrs. Frank Gustav Frey and Miss Dorothy Clinton.

Address, What Is It To Be Musical.

Mrs. E. C. Hazard.

Piano solo..... Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers

Mrs. Edgar Kelley.

Voice Production..... Mme. Luisa Cappiani

Demonstrated by pupils.

A Graphic Method of Teaching Interpretation, demonstrated by the scanning of Mendelssohn's Fourth Song Without Words.

Miss Kate Chittenden, A. G. O.

Five minute talk. Subject, Piano Playing as Taught by the Virgil Method.

Mrs. A. K. Virgil.

Illustrated by Miss Florence Traub, pupil of Mrs. A. K. Virgil.

Address, Women in Musical Literature.

Miss Margherita Arlina Hamm.

Song, from Tecollette..... Mrs. Emma Steinert

Miss M. Lemon.

Discussion of papers invited from members at the close of the program.

PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S SALON, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE.**Monday, June 28, 1897—2 P. M.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Committee on Literature, Mrs. Marie Merrick, chairman.

Committee on Musical Clubs and Societies, Mrs. Charles Virgil, chairman.

Introduced by president Woman's Department, Mrs. Theodore Sutro.

Address—The Woman's Club as a Factor in General Musical Culture.

Mrs. Charles Virgil.

Piano solos—

Greeting..... F. Marion Ralston

Ich liebe dich..... Miss F. Marion Ralston

(Tuesday Musical Club of St. Louis.)

Address—The Philanthropic Side of Music Club Work.

Mrs. Bertha von Schraeder Fletcher.

(Thursday Musical Club of Minneapolis.)

Vocal solo..... Wardwell

(Musical Club of Danbury, Conn.)

Address—Women in Musical Literature.

Mrs. M. E. Merrick.

Vocal solos—

Sans Toi..... Mrs. Guy d'Hardelot

Midsummer Dreams..... Mme. Henriette S. Corradi.

Address—Woman's Relation to Egyptian Music.

Miss Mary Burt.

In view of the approaching Fiftieth Anniversary of the existence of the Koenigsberg Singing Society (Koenigsberger Gesang-Verein) Dr. Walter Simon, City Councilor of Koenigsberg, Prussia, has set aside the sum of two thousand marks (\$500) as a prize for the best and most approved Composition on Goethe's poem entitled:

Meine Göttin (My Goddess) WELCHER UNSTERBLICHEN, etc. (Her undying).

The Composition is to form a Cantata for male voices with orchestra accompaniment, with or without solo parts, either for male or female voices. The following named Judges have kindly assumed to award the prize: Prof. Max Bruch, Hof-Kapellmeister Josef Rheinberger, Dr. Franz Wuehlner. The work or MS. must be sent in not later than December 1, 1897, together with the motto or title, under seal, and directed to Herrn Stadtrath Tiessen, Vorstand des Saenger-Vereins, Koenigsberg, Prussia, Germany, who shall have the right to publish and print the same and at the same time have the privilege of causing its performance there and elsewhere.

Violin solo.	Club of Philadelphia.	Mrs. Eva von Doenhoff, 165 East Ninety-fifth street, city.	Mrs. Belle Cole-Shefroe, 21 East Twenty-second street, Baltimore, Md.
Reading from Music Study Abroad.	Miss Amy Fay.	Miss Jeanne Franko, 114 East Eighty-first street, city.	Miss Sophia Priestley, 16 East Forty-seventh street, city.
Ladies' choral—	Hunting.	Miss Lilian Parslow, 270 East Thirty-ninth street, city.	Miss J. T. Draper, 357 Lexington avenue, city.
	Prayer and Bridal Chorus from <i>Orlando Morgan Zittel</i> .	Miss Florena Austin, 413 West Twenty-third street, city.	Miss Elisabeth May White, 205 East 118th street, city.
Newark Ladies' Choral Society, Miss Ada B. Douglas, conductor.		Miss Helen Fuller, Carnegie Hall, city.	Miss Eveleen Moncrief Miller, 124 West Eighty-third street, city.
Address—Music in India.	Mrs. Arthur Smith.	Miss Olga Severina, 34 West 131st street, city.	—
Piano solo—	Miss Rosalie Balmer Smith.	Miss Selma Gaertner, 192 West Eighty-fifth street, city.	COMMITTEE ON LITERATURE.
	(Musical Club of St. Louis.)	Miss Sarah Clark, 56 West Eighty-second street, city.	Mrs. Marie Merrick, chairman, 540 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Address—Review of World's Fair Convention of Music Clubs.	Representative from Chicago.	Miss Mathilde Eddy, Mamaroneck, N. Y.	Mrs. Clara E. Thoms, Niagara Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.
Woman's Orchestra.		Miss Emilie Wagner, 95 Rivington street, New York.	Mme. Henriette S. Corradi, 889 Lexington avenue, city.
Songs, composed by.	Miss Griswold	Miss Minni Hahn, 110 East Seventieth street, city.	Miss Kate S. Chittenden, 19 East Fourteenth street, city.
	Miss Gertrude Griswold, representing Sorosis Carol Club.	Miss Corinne Flint, 29 East Seventeenth street, city.	Mrs. Gertrude Luther, 18 West 103d street, city.
Discussion of papers from members invited at the close of program.		VOCAL DEPARTMENT.	Miss Florence McFarland, 76 East Fifty-fifth street, city.
As the programs are long and each artist has been requested not to take more than three minutes, it is politely requested that no encores be called for.		Miss Marguerite Hall, chairman, 1425 Broadway, city.	Miss Alethea Crawford, 89 Joralemon street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Miss Jessie Marvin, 340 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, N. J.		Mrs. Arthur Smith, 939 Eighth avenue, city.	Mrs. Trella Foltz Toland, 391 St. Nicholas avenue, city.
Mrs. Clara E. Thoms, Niagara Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.		Miss Lucia Purdy, 17 East Thirty-eighth street, city.	Miss Anna Bishop, 128 West Seventieth street, city.
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Miss Caia Aarup, 174th street and St. Nicholas avenue, New York.	Miss Clara E. Smart, 218 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.	Miss Mary W. Harlan, Farmington, Mo.	Mrs. J. W. Cotton, Merriam Hotel, Omaha, Neb.
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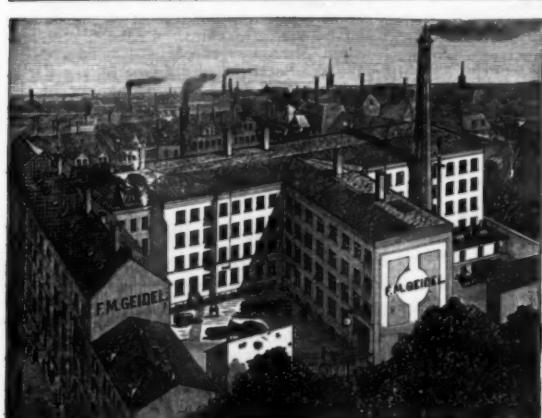
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(Continued on page 30.)

(Continued from page 29.)

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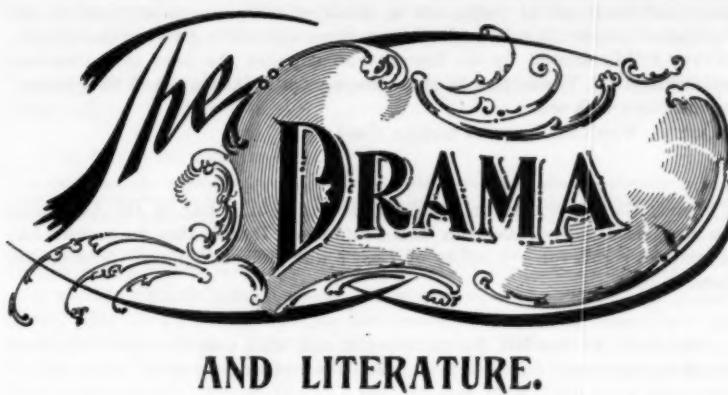
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FRESH FIELDS AND OLD PASTURES.

MR. C. FROHMAN has determined to establish himself in London as a theatrical manager and professional purveyor of amusement. Certainly Mr. Frohman is to be congratulated upon his success in getting a foothold in the great metropolis. Probably it pleases him and his intimate friends. The New York *Herald* took the matter so seriously that it published a cable message one column and a half in length devoted entirely to Mr. Frohman and his project. This merely shows that the editor of the *Herald* lacks the sense of proportion; in a way, however, it may be taken as indicating that the public is interested in Mr. Frohman's plans.

These plans he outlines as follows:

"I have fully decided, if I can arrange the interests with which I am concerned in New York, to remain for the future in London. I have completed all the necessary forms and have secured three theatres there, in which next season I will play my own pieces exclusively. These are the Garrick, the Vaudeville and the Adelphi.

"You see, Secret Service has been such a decided success that a demand for other American plays was almost inevitable. This demand I have met in the way I have just told you. But in addition I have been offered the management of one of the best houses in London, but I must, if I undertake the matter, agree to remain there six consecutive months. Now, I am very anxious to accept the proposition to move my centre to the English capital, and bring there American and French plays. I have, therefore, been negotiating, and if I can arrange with my brother, Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and Al. Hayman, my partner in my various enterprises, I shall accept the offer. In that case I shall go to America for three weeks only in July and shall retain simply the Empire Theatre in New York, together with the services of John Drew and Maud Adams.

"I may tell you that I shall open Miss Adams' season in London, instead of in New York, placing the Secret Service company in the Empire instead of Miss Adams. After their run in London is ended George Edwardes and I have arranged to produce *Too Much Johnson* at the Garrick.

"My purpose, after settling my London theatrical matters, is to undertake the management of a Paris theatre, a project which is being discussed and negotiated at this moment. I am having an adaptation of *Secret Service* made and probably it will be produced during the coming season.

In other words, it is Mr. Frohman's intention to crane himself into prominence in London by means of American plays and players. The chances are that he will succeed. It is a mistake to imagine that the Briton is wedded to essentially British idols; he has long taken his drama from the dust bins of France and Germany. Moreover, it is much easier for an outsider to make a sudden and notorious success in London than it is for the native. It was his South American répertoire that made Colonel North possible, just as it was his African momentum that carried Barney Barnato to financial eminence in London. Thanks to Secret Service and William Gillette, Mr. Frohman has got himself known in London as a successful manager of American plays and players. It should not be difficult for him to advance to successful management of London plays and players. The Vaudeville and the Garrick are suitable for the class of plays which Mr. Frohman exposed here during the last five years, and the Adelphi is well adapted for popular, inartistic and aimless melodrama.

Nor do the conditions in London differ greatly from those in New York. There as here, Mr. Frohman will find, a large audience, made up of the average sentimental woman and the average illiterate man. He has demonstrated his efficiency as a purveyor of amusement for this class. In New York this is the only class of playgoers. The American drama is devised and played for this class. It is by catering to this class that Mr. C. Frohman has gained money and attained some celebrity. A similar class he will find in London. As here, he will find it indifferent to art, uncritical and easily pleased. It does not demand good acting. It is satisfied with the rudimentary forms of the dramatic art and the histrionic craft. And in London this class of playgoers is large enough to insure the success of any manager who caters to it industriously, flagrantly, opportunely. Undoubtedly in these lower strata of the English drama Mr. C. Frohman will succeed admirably. THE MUSICAL COURIER takes this opportunity of wishing him the success it wishes to every capable and ambitious man of business.

While in New York there is only one class of playgoers, in London there are two—perhaps three. The specialized audiences prepared by actormangers like Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and Mr. C. Wyndham are entirely outside of the field in which Mr. Frohman works. These managers are students of the drama, literate men, actors as well as managers of theatres. That they make money is, of course, true. It is equally true that each one of them rates his artistic répertoire higher than mere gain. Each one of them has spent money freely with the sole object of advancing what, to his mind, is the higher interests of the drama. Audiences, specialized in culture and appreciation, have gathered round them. Here there need be no discussion of Sir Henry Irving's art, but beyond all question his artistic purpose has been single and pure. And he is only one of many English players and managers who have taken the same stand. They are supported by specialized audiences, trained in the appreciation of the well intended and the well played.

Mr. C. Frohman, of course, has no part to play in this higher dramatic realm. He is a business man who deals in dramatic wares as he might under

other circumstances have dealt in dry goods or boots and shoes. There are scores of such managers in London, and there is always room for one more, especially for one as keen and progressive as Mr. Frohman.

In Paris there is the same opportunity for Mr. Frohman. The great, illiterate, uncultured public of Paris is quite as ready for dramatic diversions as that of New York. Over and above this public, however, is that educated and specialized audience, which has been instructed in the hierachical drama of the Théâtre Francaise, and cultured in the difficult and refined art of the small artistic theatres.

Now that we have sent to the Old World a capital type of the shrewd, inventive business men who manage our plays for us here, it would be a graceful act of international courtesy were London or Paris to send us in return an artistic, cultured and literate manager of plays.

Perhaps we would hardly know what to do with him, but at all events we could exhibit him in a glass case.

Merely as a curiosity we should have one manager of the educated sort.

A RUSTIC theatre has been formed in the forest of Saut des Cuves in the Vosges. The auditorium is of steps in the open air and the sides and rear are formed by the noble Vosges pines. The theatre will be open for everyone and is intended for local popular pieces. It cost only \$100.

B JORNSTJERNE BJORNSTJERNE'S drama, *Beyond Our Power* (second part), was performed May 30 at the Theatre of the West, Berlin. This was the first performance of the social drama of the Norwegian poet in the German language. The police censorship prevents a public performance of the work, and all those who wished to be present on the occasion had to become members of the New Free Stage Society, just as good New Yorkers are compelled to become members of Raines clubs.

A NEW dramatist has been heard of in the West. From what we learn of *The First Born*, which ran for several weeks at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco, Mr. Francis Powers is a dramatist of many possibilities. His little play in one act is a study of Chinatown—a study in that manner of symbolic realism which one connects glibly with the early manner of Ibsen. Mr. Powers seems to have gone frankly and imperturbably to real life. He has found a dramatic method of his own and his disregard of the conventions is wholesome. He is, perhaps, the playwright we have awaited these many years.

One can never tell.

A NEW poet of some importance has arisen in France, says the *Sun*. He is Mr. Fernand Gregh, and he has won his first laurels in the shape of the Boileau-Despreaux prize, awarded by the Academy for a poem entitled *Maison de l'Enfance*. Better proof than this of his ability is the fact that his work has excited a lot of savage criticism from the sticklers for accepted forms and methods. The gravest charge they bring against him is that he has perpetrated half a dozen alexandrines of fourteen feet, which is of course a crime to send the shade of Boileau into hysterics. M. Gregh is also accused of occasionally torturing the French language after the manner of the décadents, the neodélinquents, the evoluto-instrumentistes and other wicked creatures. For a while the Academicians were aghast at his audacity, and energetically manifested their determination to award no prize to the poet unless he effected alterations on his literary premises and conformed to the canons of Boileau.

M. Gregh, however, probably recollects that Boileau was no poet at all, but only an able and artificial fabricator of flawless verse. At any rate, the rising French bard flatly refused to change a letter or to alter a line. The Academicians gave way before the poet's backers, among whom were Ludovic Halevy, Sully Prudhomme, to a certain extent, and, strange to say, Ferdinand Brunetière. Sully Prudhomme has even gone so far as to write to an important newspaper in defense of M. Gregh, for, as he says, he found in the part of that young man's work which was composed in accordance with the traditions of French verse signs indicating the gift or touch of the true poet. At the same time M. Sully Prudhomme and the Immortals who with him objected to the innovations appearing in M. Gregh's collected poems have saved their literary and academical consciences by formulating certain reservations about the budding bard, which are to appear in the general report of the perpetual Secretary of the Institute. M. Gregh has meanwhile got his prize as well as a large advertisement, which ought to stand him in good stead on his journey to the heights of Parnassus.

Now that Mr. Debs is leading the "Royal Democracy" to create a model state in the far West, Mr. Bellamy's new book *Equality* is very opportune. In this work, instead of "looking backward," he is gazing into the middle of the next century. The same characters appear as in his earlier book, and tell us all about what the world will be the day after to-morrow, and how it was evoked from a world of yellow journalism, cable cars, cigarette trusts. The prophet Daniel and other wise men never prophesy till after the event. Mr. Bellamy is sagacious enough to prophesy of what none of us will be able to discredit. Publication will be simultaneous in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy and other countries. It is of interest to recall that over 400,000 copies of *Looking Backward* have been sold in this country. The book has been translated into the language of every civilized country, and its total sale is almost beyond computation. Quite recently the demand for literature, dealing with sociological questions has led to the printing of a quarter of a million copies at a low price in England.



"I OFTEN wonder whether the Lily I used to know and love has any conscience left. * * * It was a love match: she left me; she is Mrs. Langtry; she is my wife. They may treat me cruelly, they may continue to lie about me, but she shall never untie her father's altar knot while I live."

Thus said Mr. E. Langtry, the husband of the actress, and once the Jersey Lily, to Frank White in the *Journal*. Mr. Langtry evidently does not believe in the California divorce. The whole interview has a ring of the mock pathetic in it, and it had better never been published. The husband of the once beautiful woman refuses to say much that will incriminate his wife, but he manages to blacken her character fairly well. He gives her age—she was born in 1854—and that shows spite at once. He declares that he never took a dollar from her and that he was sent to America on business that might have been transacted in a few hours. Langtry denies emphatically that he ever struck his wife, and some there are that believe if he had done so she might have been his wife yet. His picture proves him to be an easy-going character of the well-fed clubman type. Lily is rich and famous after a fashion, but she is still Mrs. Langtry, her husband swears, and the law is to be invoked if she attempts re-marriage.

After all, why should Lily Langtry care to marry again? Where is the necessity.

The dull season waxes apace, and really I believe that I shall have to fall back on the Empty Enn Ayers, as the M. T. N. A. has been rudely called, for news. Certainly there is little news afloat, and though theatricals die hard, yet there is naught to record. The musical season, which died two months ago, will flame anew for four days this week, and then flicker away into darkness. Therefore the Grand Central Palace will be more interesting to me than the roof gardens.

Lulu Glaser has written to the *Herald* denying that she ever intended leaving the Francis Wilson opera company, and that she had never been approached with an offer to take Della Fox's place in the Russell, De Angelis, Fox combination. Miss Glaser, who is a bright, clever, little girl, knows when she is well off, for with Lillian Russell her life might not be a bed of roses. The brawny Lily of the Wheel is not very gracious to newcomers that carry off all the honors, and what chance would any one of the tripartite alliance have with the Glaser's sparkling eyes, pretty singing and sprightly temperament?

Marion Manola indignantly denies the story of her separating from her husband, Jack Mason, and that she was going to a sanitarium to cure the drug habit. Stories have certainly been plentiful about the Masons and their fondness for "dope," but that is a subject better left alone. Manola, albeit a certain acid quality in her singing, acting—indeed her whole personality—was a valuable woman in light opera, and she is desirous of leaving vaudeville and returning to the comic opera. Jack Mason is on his farm in Michigan, and Mrs. Mason is here at the Hotel Lincoln. Her daughter, Adelaide Mould, is with her.

I would like to gather the opinions of Yvette Guilbert concerning Francesco Sarcey, the well-known Parisian critic. Yvette had recited at the Dumas Monument Fund a monologue made from one of Marcel Prévost's Letters of Women, and Sarcey growled over the performance, asking what the devil ever prompted her to think that she could recite. Perhaps M. Sarcey may explain what Guilbert does when she appears. It is certainly not singing or acting. What is it then, cross old daddy short legs?

Another, mon Dieu, another! Mrs. Duncan Pell, of Decatur, Ill., is going on the stage. She is a divorcée of good family, and is being coached in singing by Francis Fischer Powers. But what fascination draws divorced women to the footlights? Mrs. Pell expects to go with Rose Coghlan in the Sporting Duchess Company.

Pretty Anna Robinson had to cut short her European trip on account of her mother's illness. Both the Robinson girls are in the city.

She Stoops To Conquer, by Wellesley College girls, was played last week. If girls take to playing the parts of leading men, why, masculinity will soon have to abandon the boards and take to driving street cars.

Mr. Aarons, of Koster & Bial's, will have his hands full when he attempts to enforce his new ironclad rule refusing admittance to any but newspaper

men. Many men about town, not to speak of billboard ticket holders, get admittance to concert halls and roof gardens, and while they are deadheads, yet they will be missed by the brewer who supplies the beer to the various establishments. These people spent money for drinks even if they passed the box office with scorn.

Query: Won't the brewers make a row?

Francis Carlyle will act in San Francisco as leading man of the Alcazar in San Francisco. Fred Belasco, the brother of David, the dramatist, has secured the rights for a number of Daly's and Belasco's plays. The season opens in July.

Odette Tyler has left Secret Service, and after a short trip to Paris will return to America. She is to rejoin the Gillette Company early in the fall.

The *Mercury* is responsible for the statement that "Clement Scott, the leading English critic, was the only journalist who praised the vile Yashmak at the Shaftesbury. Since then he has written two songs for the piece at \$60 each."

Will McConnell swears that he received a special telegram from Minneapolis informing him that "Sol" Smith Russell gave himself a trolley ride the other day.

I don't believe this story, but if it should be true, what extravagances may not Mr. Russell launch forth when he comes to New York next fall?

Trilby was a rank failure in Berlin. Warum Nicht?

Jules Claretie in the *Temps* tells the story of his conquest by Duse, and then tells of the effect on Mlle. Bartet of Duse's simulation of being fatally stricken: "She is ill. They will have to interrupt the play, and I cannot attend to-morrow, for I must act myself. How unlucky!" The consummate art she was witnessing had deceived, or thrown off its guard, her professional sense of dramatic unreality; and, as M. Claretie observes, Duse, perhaps, never won a greater triumph.

The *Evening Sun* last Saturday published a story, The Bernhardt Handicap, which told of Sarah's clever bearing during the success of Duse—a success that she contrived somehow or other to divert to her own channels. As we imagined, she tried to damn the Italian with faint praise and the newspapers all knew their cue, for while they raved over Duse, they one and all declared that her *Camille* was not to be compared, &c. Now I am not very fond of Duse's *Camille*, but I loath Bernhardt's, probably because the piece is so sickeningly artificial. I wish that Duse had opened with Magda.

Our old friend the Cavaliere Ando, who was superb as *Armand*, and also in *Fernande*, made a deep impression on the Parisian critics. Catulle Mendes said after the ballroom scene:

"He is the finest *Armand* I have ever seen in my life."

They have produced a version of Augier's *Marriage d'Olympe* in London, under the title of *For the Honor of the Family*. The adaptation was made by C. Bainbridge Bell, the husband of Eleanor Lane, the latter playing the part of *Olympe*.

Here is a good reason for not going on the stage: The Countess of Hatzfeld says that she was offered by a person \$5,000 cash and \$1,500 yearly if she would not go on the stage. Her cousin, Prince Hatzfeld, married the adopted daughter of Collis P. Huntington.

Sarah Bernhardt has made a dismal failure in London in Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio*. Her underpinnings were cruelly criticised and some rude people asked how a grandmother was temerarious enough to appear in tights.

Every now and then the same queer old story turns up about the small but devilish boy that sucked a lemon in front of a brass band and broke that band up. You may suck a box of lemons, or persimmons if you can, in front of the musicians of our brass bands, but they will play on in the same old stolid style. The only time I saw a street band completely routed was one day on the East Side when the fat man yelled:

"Fresh keg tapped!" and the band broke apart as if by magic and disappeared within the low portal of a beer saloon, a cool, quiet little place, wherein is heard the music of slow feet on sanded floor and the gurgling of them that have wonderful thirsts.

Alfred Trumble is dead. He was a familiar figure here in the old days when Frank Saltus held court at Mould's, and when there seemed more brains and less talk about money than in these cash constipated times. Mr. Trumble was a small, wiry, dark, nervous man of foreign appearance, more Italian than English. He was an expert on art matters, so I wonder why in the

world the daily papers described him as the author of the Jack Harkaway papers. Bracebridge Heming wrote Jack Harkaway, and "bully" reading it was for boys.

Trumble was found dead in bed last week at his home. He was fifty-five years old.

This was in the *Evening Sun*:

A musician of this town after playing over some Beethoven music asked his mother if he would ever compose anything as good as that. She said that he might in time. But he thought differently and went off and took poison. And so a capable musician is lost to the community. It is sad to compare an ambition like this, wedded to such lofty standards with the vanity of some of our little composers who are willing to go on from year to year serving up bad imitations of the tenth-rate compositions of tenth-rate composers, and prospering so far as this world's goods are concerned.

I wonder who the musician was, and who is meant by "little composer." Surely New York has no tenth-rate composers! Hitch your wagon to a star is all well enough for Emerson worshipers, but Offenbach, Sullivan and Lecocq make better hitching posts than Beethoven. Better be tenth rate than no rate at all. Perish the idea that Greater New York has a tenth-rate composer within the borough!

Charles Frohman, it is reported may remain in London and handle the Adelphi, the Comedy, the Gaiety and the Haymarket. Brother Daniel is to look after his interests here. I doubt the tale, especially since business has fallen off during the last fortnight of Mr. Frohman's London enterprise.

George Howard, who has been playing in Charles Frohman's companies, and Jesse Calef with the Brownies last season, have been engaged to appear with Ida Mulle in The Red Soubrette, a one act musical comedy, by Roland Burke Hennessy, which Ida Mulle will soon produce.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Miner sailed on the Campania last week. He may remain abroad for several years. He has still five years' lease from the Gilsey estate on the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and has further leased it to Sara E. Knowles, the wife of the actor-manager, Edwin F. Knowles. Mr. Knowles had, until recently, the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. The rental of the Fifth Avenue is \$35,000 a year. Tess, Shore Acres, and perhaps Richard Mansfield will be a few of the attractions next season.

Why should the Abraham de Peyster monument continue to make unhappy Bowling Green? That question will be answered when the statues of Cox and Dodge are blown up by indignant dynamite.

Ed. Hoff, the well-known tenor, formerly of the Bostonians, will be the leading man in *Nature*, which is to open the Academy of Music in August.

Denis O'Sullivan, of the Shamus O'Brien Company, has sailed for Europe.

Signor De Novellis is to conduct *The Highwayman* at the Broadway next season. I hear, that despite the happy title, Mr. De Koven, who is composing the music, is unhappy. The name contains thirteen letters.

The *World* has jumped into the crusade against noise in this noisiest of towns. Parrots, cable car gongs, church bells, street cries, pianos, violins, hand organs, singers and brass bands are all to be banished. Oh, frabjous day, calloo, callay, we'll chortle in our joy!

Gladys Wallis goes to England in the autumn to join John Hare's company.

Walter S. Hale, who was with the Lyceum company some time ago, has been engaged to appear in Franklyn Fyles' new play, *A Ward of France*.

Eugene Presbrey, the stage manager, did not allow the grass to grow under his recently divorced feet. He was married last Wednesday to Miss Alice Fifield, of Melrose, Mass.

Augustus Pitou has engaged the following actors for the play, Cumberland, 61, to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre October 18: W. J. Ferguson, Charles Craig, Frank Losee and Florence Rockwell.

Is Sibyl Sanderson married to Antonio Terry? There was a rumor in London last week that a marriage had taken place, and on the Isle of Jersey. It has not yet been confirmed.

Charlotte Wolter, the great German actress, died in Vienna June 13. She was born, says a contemporary, in the city of Cologne, in 1834, of poor parents, and had to overcome many difficulties before obtaining recognition. In 1875 she married Count Charles O'Sullivan, but family considerations obliged her to keep the marriage a secret for many years. In 1887 she celebrated by a jubilee performance the twenty-fifth anniversary of her engagement at the Royal Burg Theatre in Vienna. The Emperor, Crown Prince and other high dignitaries were present, and the house was packed. The play was *Sapho*, with Madame Wolter in the title role. She was received

with enthusiasm, and was overwhelmed with flowers. The Emperor presented to her a diamond bracelet, and other gifts came from all parts of Austria and Germany. At the close of the play Madame Wolter made a touching speech of thanks.

She was presented to the Austrian Empress by her rightful title as the Countess O'Sullivan. But the Empress in turn presented her to the Court as Madame Wolter, saying: "I am proud of you as 'the Wolter,' as that is the name in which I like to present you. I have so many countesses at court that other title conveys no distinction."

Orange Blossoms, after over a year, has been declared immoral by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. This is the disrobing show that was given at the old Gaiety Theatre, formerly Hermann's. It was not immoral alone; it was vulgar, disgusting and dreary. Manager Doris must pay a fine.

Mr. George Wills, the veteran doorman of the Academy of Music, who had occupied that position for twenty-two years, died from the effect of his third stroke of paralysis on Saturday of last week at his home, No. 122 East 134th street. He was fifty-eight years of age.

Mr. Francis Wilson will open his season at the Broadway in *Half a King* on September 20. The engagement is for five weeks.

Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott and her sister have sailed for Europe.

There is to be another benefit for Manager John H. Russell. The committee of arrangements consists of Ariel Barney, F. M. McCloy, Harry Mann and George W. Lederer. Poor John is in the Middletown Asylum. The idea is to get him back to Bloomingdale again.

The consensus of opinion in the Fanciulli matter is that he got his dues by being dismissed as conductor of the Marine Band, Washington. Fanciulli does not like Sousa's music, and refused to play it; hence the row. Although the leader has been court-martialed, the case is by no means settled, but the Secretary of the Navy has yet to be heard from. Fanciulli has some influence and the sentence may be mitigated if not actually set aside.

The saddest part of the thing is that Sousa has often played Fanciulli's compositions at the Beach.

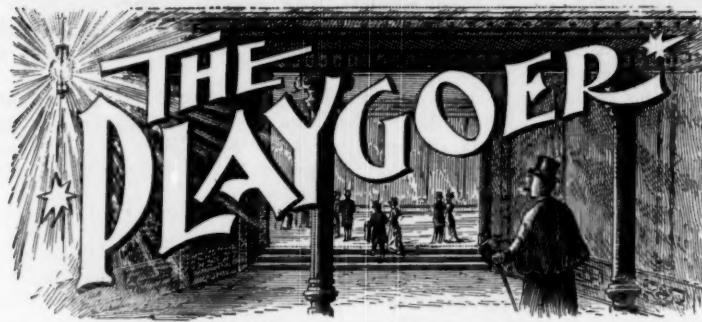
Manhattan Beach, by the way, opened last Saturday, and Sousa in all his glory led his celebrated band. De Wolf Hopper, with *El Capitan*, goes to the Beach next week.

Will I see you at the Grand Central Palace to-morrow morning? If not, meet me at the fountain on Fourteenth street.

At the Theatre Grand Guignol, at Montmartre, the police forbade the performance of *Mamsell Fifi* by Méténier. The program contained four other like pieces, and when these had been given Méténier appeared on the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, have not you had enough for your money with four pieces? Nevertheless, another will be given you, and that gratis. The police have prohibited *Mamsell Fifi*. They can do so when you pay, but when you are invited the police cannot meddle. I, Oscar Méténier, author and poet, of Montmartre, invite you to a performance of my *Mamsell Fifi*. I have hired the theatre from midnight, and hence it is a private institution to which I can grant or refuse entrance. I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to leave the hall and return in a few minutes as my guests."

But alas! the police were on the lookout next night, and they shut the theatre up tight, and did not let a single actor in, much less any of the public. The director alone was allowed to enter, but not even a reporter was admitted, and the corps of interviewers had to interview the author and the director, who soon fled from the lonely auditorium into the street. The newly elected deputy, the *chansonnier* Boukay, who in private life is called Congba, declared he would interpolate the Ministers about this attack on "free art," and the crowd went to a beer garden. Méténier and the director went to police headquarters, and Congba wrote a letter to the Minister. So Montmartre is in anguish till it knows whether the Minister will answer Congba's letter. Anyhow, the affair is a big advertisement for Oscar Méténier, poet of Montmartre.

We have received from D. Appleton a copy of *Christine's Career*, by Pauline King, which we shall notice more at length in our next issue. Miss King is the daughter of Mrs. King, so long connected with the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER in this city, and now its representative in Boston. Miss King entered the Art Students' League in New York at the age of fourteen. Her first literary work consisted of art criticisms, which were followed by contributions to various papers and magazines. Miss King has learned through personal experience to know the artist life abroad, which is sketched so charmingly in the first chapters of *Christine's Career*.



LOUKIOS in Lucian was changed into an ass, but regained his humanity by eating roses.

It is a pretty fable,

It is the fable of modern literature.

All we, who bore the burden of realism and ate of the thistles of naturalism, have nibbled at ideal roses and lost the pendulous ears and gray hide.

Art has a dozen sects; literature has had a score of "schools" since those days back in the eighties when we carried the burden of realism—all of them more or less of a protest against Zola, Rodin, Claude Monet.

I have no desire to discuss the mystery of this sad and perverse trinity. I do not know how they are ranked. I do not know how they are reconciled. I know only that they are the antipodes of Wagner, of Ibsen, of Nietzsche and of Tolstoi, of Maeterlinck, of Verhaeren, and all that you and I have agreed is most vital in modern life and letters.

The very names tell a story—the story of Latin decadence.

I do not hesitate to say that the only real life in French literature to-day is derived from these exotics—from these Belgians, Danes, Germans and Norwegians.

Zola, who makes his water muddy that it may seem deep, and Rodin, who preserves in monstrous marble his inverted and perverted fancies, represent Latin thought and Latin endeavor. Above them and above them—encircling and bespattering them—flutter the newer, younger writers, who are anti-Latin in thought and significance. It may be frugally said that the intellectual and spiritual dictator of France is the Norseman.

Is it not true of Italy, Spain and Portugal—those Latin lands? Echorgay is but a Spanish Ibsen *in petto*; Eugenio de Castro sees Portuguese life across the veils of Maeterlinck; D'Annunzio—his hairy hand is that of Zola, but the voice is the voice of Dostoevsky.

For years I have been writing about Maurice Maeterlinck. I put into English—first of all writers—one of his plays. Now that his influence is broad and ample, there is a note of almost personal gratification in writing appreciations of his newer works.

Five years ago Maurice Maeterlinck was a cult; to-day he is a mode.

A mere indication of this is the fact that *Le Trésor des Humbles* (which my eminent *confrère* interprets in other columns of this issue) went into six editions in as many months, while Aglavaine et Selysette was in its fourth edition before we, who were professional critics in Paris at the time, had fairly got our accounts of it written. These facts, I fancy, mean much.

Maeterlinck's appeal is not to the "populo"; Zola and Rodin work for the mob, but this man does not. They who read Maeterlinck are the writers of young France, the fine intelligences of young England. They are those, to be sure, who found sects and schools—but all this is but the crackling of thorns under a pot. The essential facts are these:

Maeterlinck's readers are the finer intelligences of all lands.

That they read him is evidence that they have begun to nibble (like the ass in Lucian) at the roses.

The roses that remade Loukios were red; the symbol of Maeterlinck's poetry is not so simple.

There are dolorous beings who dwell always in the mysteries of night. With heavy and unending steps they mount the hill of Calvary. Always they beat in vain against iron doors. See, then—it is Sister Ygraine who beats at the iron door; it is humanity—the pitiful humanity of Maeterlinck's pure and simple tragedies.

It was not so of old. Of old life was plain. Men knew all that was necessary for ephemeral creatures to know.

They lived as men on a journey, who know at what inn they shall lie down to sleep away the night.

Science—the perking, smart and illiterate science of Darwin and Haeckel and their little lieutenants—has changed all this. To the burden mankind has always carried science has added the burden of doubt.

Under this burden of doubt a generation has gone staggering.

A literature has grown up—a literature of dolor, of revolt against the burden, of blasphemy against the mute God. After the first rage—the fury,

the cries, the questions, the impatience, the anger—there came a pause of sheer weariness; and of this weariness was born the literature of sadness, of inquietude, of hopelessness.

Humanity resigned itself to know nothing, understand nothing, fear nothing, hope nothing; see, then—

Somewhere in stormy twilights there is an island; and on the island there is a castle; and in the castle there is a great hall, lit with a little light, and in the great hall there are people who wait. They wait. For what do they wait? They do not know. They wait for a knock at the door—for the little light to die out vaguely—fear they await and Death. They speak. Yes, they speak faint words that trouble the silence a little while; then they listen again, leaving their words unfinished, their gestures unresolved; waiting. They listen. They wait. It may be she will not come. Oh! she will come. Always she comes. It is late—she may not come until to-morrow. And the people gathered in the great hall under the little lamp smile and try to hope. Someone knocks—

And that is all; it is a whole life; it is all life.

These little dramas of Maeterlinck, so deliciously unreal, are profoundly vital and true; his personages, which have the air of phantoms, are alert and electric with life; they are not abstractions—they are syntheses. They are flashes of life—moments of humanity—which become, as it were, eternal. They are real by reason of their very unreality; for the reality of God is the unreality of man.

Incurably himself, forthrightly personal, it is inevitable that Maeterlinck should be an artist of one tone, one color, one *timbre*. One may call him a mystic—but only after one has been forced to the last ditches of a definition of mysticism. One may call him a quietist—but only after defining quietism.

To-night I am in no mood for definition. I have read again this play souls, Aglavaine et Selysette. I feel as though I had been walking through the gray streets (immutable gray; full of gray shades) of that great city, where the forgotten dead pace soberly and whisper of dead gods and immemorial wars.

God watches us, indolent, at His ease, smiling at our gravest faults—as you smile at the gambols of your little dogs on the carpet.

* * * Perhaps in this phrase you get the heart of Maeterlinck's mysticism. Then, I fancy, he sees deeper into the Eternal Mystery than Carlyle saw or anyone has seen. There is tremendous import in the message. The end of it would be (were we wise enough to know) that men should become so proud and free that they would admit no other judgments save those of God.

But this, I fear, would be anarchy.

And yet it is this anarchy that Maeterlinck foretells—the anarchy when men shall be proud and free before God, when they shall not trounce to their fellows, nor be spat upon by their fellows—aye, nor spit upon them, nor rob them; neither shall the monstrous pests of "democracy" and "equality" enslave men, but every man shall be proud and free before God.

Where does Maeterlinck discern the signs of this splendid anarchy?

Ah, that I cannot say.

The signs you and I see are those Herbert Spencer has noted—signs of a gross, monstrous, imminent socialism, which dreams of gorging itself in Augean stables of equality: signs of this we see, outlined dimly against the red and black background of a vulgar, uncultured and profligate plutocracy. We get no white intimations of the splendid anarchy of which Christ dreamed once—pitifully in old Judea—and of which Maeterlinck dreams to-day.

My *confrère* is writing of *Le Trésor des Humbles*. Ah, *mon ami*, the humble for whom Maeterlinck has written will not read his books; and if they could read his books they would see in them only derision, because their ideal is to eat and their business is to sweat for others, that they may be permitted to eat, and if they lifted their eyes to God—they would be docked for loss of time.

Shall we turn the pages of Maeterlinck's new play?

Ay, that is better; it is not well to think of the fardels of life; nor is it well to brood on God and the end of the strange game He is playing with His puppets here on earth; one grows too sad and bitter and pitiful.

Come, then—for I am an old, old man (as one should be who reads this book), and you are a little blond girl, so slight and white and very young (as one should be who reads this book), and you shall sit on my knee, and as I tumble your blond curls we shall read the pages together, softly, very softly.

Like all stories it is the story of a man and two women. *Mellandre* and his dear wife, *Selysette*, are sitting in the great hall of the old castle; the old grandmother is nodding in her chair, and the little sister, *Yssaline*, is watching the flames duck and courtesy on the hearth. A letter comes from *Aglavaine*. Her husband is dead; he was *Selysette's* brother. She is coming to them. See what strange intimations of the woman shine across her letter; how subtle and terrible are the intimations of the foreign woman:

* * * And now I am glad to have suffered; I can share with you what I have gained in sadness. * * * We shall have no care but to grow beautiful as possible, that we may love each other

—all three—the more; and by loving may grow good. We shall put so much beauty in ourselves and round us that there shall be no more place for evil and sadness. * * *

Mélandre muses on the woman:

"She is not like other women—her beauty is other than theirs—a beauty stranger and more spiritual—a beauty more variable and more numerous—and then her hair. * * *

His wife says gently: "I know I am not beautiful."

"She is one of those strange beings."

"Ah," says *Sélysette*, "you love her."

Mélandre reproaches his wife and soothes her.

"She has been very unhappy," he says, "and your brother was the cause."

"Perhaps she deserved it," *Sélysette* persists.

"I do not know," says *Mélandre* (can you not fancy with what an air?) "That a woman ever deserves to be very unhappy."

And when *Aglavaine* comes *Sélysette* receives her very gently, for she knows that *Aglavaine* has been very unhappy and no woman ever deserves unhappiness.

See, we have turned the pages and this is another scene; it is in the park that *Aglavaine* and *Mélandre* wander, debating subtle truths. They are so happy they fear—

"There is nothing more menacing than happiness," says *Mélandre*; "at each kiss there may start up an enemy." So they talk of *Sélysette*.

"She may suffer, perhaps," says the husband.

"Why," asks the foreign woman, "may I not love you as a brother?"

"But if she weeps?"

"She will not weep long if she mounts with us—why can she not mount with us toward the love that ignores the little things of love? Her soul is finer than you think, *Mélandre*; we will stretch down a hand to her; she will rejoin us; and once near us, she will weep no more. * * * And she will bless us for the tears she has shed, for there are tears more beneficent than kisses."

"Do you think I can love you as a sister, *Aglavaine*?"

"Ah!"

"Do you think you can love me as a brother, *Aglavaine*?"

"When you ask me, then, I do not know—I do not know."

"And while they play with love, the little white, broken figure of *Sélysette* flits by the hedge row toward the castle.

Shall we turn the sad pages? Shall we listen to *Aglavaine*? She reasons with the weeping wife: "One knows not how one loves, *Sélysette*. Some love thus and others thus, and love does this and love does that, and it is always well, for it is always love. One peers in at love, hid in one's heart like a vulture or an eagle in a cage. The cage belongs to you, but the bird belongs to no one."

And *Mélandre* reasons with his wife: "When I am near you it is of her I think, and when I am near her I dream of you—of you!"

And when *Aglavaine* and *Mélandre* wander about together they reason one with another of their love, and of *Sélysette* they say: "She is one of those little blind hearts that can prove love only by death."

And in truth *Sélysette* finds death among the cruel stones at the foot of the old tower. I do not fancy her death shadowed their love. Only in the great hall the old gran'dam was pitifully alone, and the little sister *Yssalene* would not be comforted.

The book is too sad; put it away. To-night we will have none of these gray symbols of disillusion. See! there are tears in your eyes, little blond maiden. You have wept for these souls who sought the Love Beautiful, and were fierce and cruel as wolves in their seeking; or do you weep for *Sélysette*—this little wan woman, who hid herself away in death, that none might spy upon her suffering? You do not know? And I do not know, and no one knows. The book is too sad; put it away.

A CURIOUS THEATRE.

THE theatre in question is in Paris, and its name is the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. Before coming to the features of this institution which more especially concern us here, a word must be said as to its nature. Since the disappearance of the famous Théâtre Libre the Théâtre de l'Œuvre is the most important of what the Parisians term the théâtre à côté of the irregular theatres—that is, whose performances are intermittent and not open to the general public by payment at the doors, but to subscribers and—deadheads. The counterpart of these theatres in London is the Independent Theatre. It must not be supposed from what follows that the Théâtre d'Œuvre is a more or less fantastic institution without claim to be taken seriously. On the contrary, it has played an important part in recent French dramatic history. An account of the pieces it has produced and of the authors it has brought into notice would be most interesting and instructive, but is beyond our purpose, which is to deal with certain side characteristics of the performances M. Lugné-Poë has now been giving for several years.

At the Théâtre de l'Œuvre it is to some extent a matter of indifference whether the piece be good or bad, whether it interests or bores you. Indeed, it is some of the worst plays that have procured the spectators the most amusement. The reason is that whatever is passing on the stage there is always an immense amount of entertainment to be got out of the audience. In no other theatre in existence is anything to be found at all equivalent to

the gatherings formed by M. Lugné-Poë's subscribers and guests. Of the subscribers there is little to be said. They are people of means, and in many respects are much as other theatregoers. No doubt, whether from conviction or from what the French call *snobisme*, they are curious about many things in connection with the dramatic art that are beyond the ken of the average Philistine who revels in a *Palais Royal* farce. They have been educated up to Ibsen to the extent, at any rate, of sitting out his plays, and they are alive to the portentous necessity of regenerating the drama. Still, if left to themselves, the appearance they would present would merely be that of an ordinary, well dressed crowd, and they would keep within bounds their demonstrations of satisfaction or discontent with the fare set before them.

It is the guests of M. Lugné-Poë that make an audience at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre one of the most picturesque and liveliest gatherings imaginable. Admission is accorded in the most generous manner. If seats are not forthcoming, standing room is seldom refused, provided the applicant can make out even a shadowy claim to be interested in "advanced" drama. In consequence the young writers and fledgling artists of Paris are present by the score. And they are good to look at and good to listen to. Genius in France, when very young, would consider itself wanting in self-respect if it did not cultivate a distinctive "get-up." The results of this striving after outward individuality are fearful and wonderful. The hair, the hat and the tie are the matters that receive most attention, but frock coats reaching down to the ankles are in high favor with the privileged few who can afford them, corduroy trousers of the pegtop order of design are greatly affected by the artists, and there is always an Anarchist present—very often M. Jean Grave in person—in a flaming red jersey. The Anarchists too—Anarchism is the fashionable opinion of the moment—have recently adopted a new model of hat. In shape it resembles the ordinary straw hat, but it is made of moderately hard felt, and its color is black. The slouch "brigand" hat has ceased to be esteemed. Its place has been taken by another "soft felt," as nearly round as possible, and not unlike a barber's bowl completed by a turned up rim. This description of calotte is worn without the usual adornment of a ribbon, and to be a success it should be as old and weatherworn as possible, and dented in artistically haphazard fashion. Top hats are admissible if they are in antediluvian shape, and are considered particularly satisfactory when they are abnormally high in the crown and are finished off by a very broad, flat brim. But the greater glory of these intellectual young men is their hair. Words fail to do justice to the manifold arrangement of their locks. Length, of course, is a primary consideration, but while some of the hirsute sport carefully tended curls, others go disheveled, and yet others seem to have taken refuge in a wig. The advisability of having a beard is responsible for strange sights in the shape of curious developments of fluff and thin, straggling growths on chins scarcely old enough for the razor.

These quaint persons rejoice in exceedingly sturdy convictions. They are tremendously in earnest. At the slightest pretext afforded by what is said on the stage they break out into storm of applause or howls of indignation, as the case may be. As their opinions are almost as varied as the cut of their garments, applause and cat calling are always going on at the same time. The different "schools" group themselves so as to give a greater force to their demonstrations. By a sort of unwritten convention the Anarchists have acquired a right to the gallery. In the orchestra—there is no band—foregather as a rule the friends of the author. In one corner are to be found nothing but "Symbolist" poets; in another the "Naturists" stand elbow to elbow. These antagonistic groups have only one feeling in common—their contempt for the Philistine. If the more bourgeois section of the audience shows the least disposition to find a scene a trifle too audacious or really too incomprehensible—and such scenes crop up at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre—all Bohemia is in a ferment, and screeches of execration bring the offenders to their senses, or at least reduce them to silence. The one unparable crime is to laugh at what you listen to. Everything must be taken seriously.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Harper & Brothers, of this city, have acquired a controlling interest in the publishing house of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., No. 45 Albemarle street, London. The concern will be continued under the firm name of Harper & Brothers.

The title of Mr. John A. Logan, Jr.'s, book, *In Joyful Russia*, does not imply that Russia is a particularly joyful country, although the Raines bill is unknown there, but merely that the Russians were joyful when he saw them. He saw them when, clad in a mysteriously gorgeous uniform, he was present at the Moscow fête of the coronation. The book contains fifty illustrations, including some in colors, which add interest to the letterpress.

The *Musical News* of London publishes the following analysis of a literary work, which may be of use to some of our critical writers:

[COPY.]

The sample submitted to me contains the following percentages of constituent parts:

Extract of dictionary.....	2.02
Essence of other people's programs.....	5.812
Clue furnished by a celebrated detective musical littérateur.....	1.006
Insoluble padding.....	78.522
Orthographical corrections by the writer's wife.....	18.137
Original matter.....	.001

Remarks—The very slight trace of original matter and the comparatively high orthographical purity render the sample suitable as an early text-book for dictation. The large percentage of insoluble padding can be rendered innocuous by the addition of sodium chloride (1 gr.), which will assist assimilation. (Signed) THE WRITER'S LITERARY CONSCIENCE. (Private Analyst.)

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

A BALLAD OF BARGAINS.

(By a Badly-done Bookseller.)

Well, I wish to remark,
And my speech shall be plain,
That for tricks that are dark
And for ways that are vain
A Book-hunter beats a Bookmaker,
And that I am bold to maintain!

The "Bookie," I'm told,
Is a shadish sort;
But I say and I hold
He's a fair and square "Sport,"
Compared with the sly Book-collector
Who visits my shop down the court.

He will bounce you to sell
At the price of a "bob"
What he knows very well
Is a bargain. I sob
When I think of the way I've been diddled
By book-hunters keen on the job.

I, too, know a bit
About books and the like,
But some harpies who flit
Round my stall—well, a pike
Is not half so cunning or greedy
As they when a bargain they strike.

The times I've been done
By such old buffers—clean!!!
They find it great fun.
A fine harvest they glean,
And—well, read Mr. Hazlitt's Confessions,
And then you will twig what I mean.

Which is why I remark—
And I put it quite plain—
That for dodges most dark
And devices most vain
The Book-hunter bangles the Bookmaker,
And the same I am bold to maintain.—*Punch.*

There has been an exhibition of Donizetti relics at Vienna, the collection being destined to be displayed in September at Bergamo. Donizetti was always a favorite at Vienna, and many documents concerning him exist there. In the present collection is a complete set of all the play bills of his operas given in Vienna down to date, and portraits of all the artists who took part in them—Jenny Lind, Di Murska, Viardot-Garcia, Madame Ronconi, Lablache, Bazzini, &c., and of the conductors Nicolai, Proch and others. There is also exhibited the original score of *Linda di Chamounix*, bound in blue velvet and presented by the composer to the Empress. Alongside lies a more remarkable manuscript—the original piano score of *La Favorita*, entirely by the hand of Richard Wagner in the days of his poverty. There are numerous letters to Scribe and others. Verdi requests him to procure the performance of *Ernani* at the Imperial Theatre; it did appear in 1844 at the Kämthuer Thor Theatre. In one letter Donizetti denies the report that he is going to Berlin, as "it would not be proper for an Austrian court composer to change." A large picture representing Donizetti with Berlioz, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Spontini, Mendelssohn, Auber and Onslow is also to be seen. The Bergamo exposition promises to be interesting; the French department being organized by Charles Malherbe.

An Italian journal informs us that the manuscript life of Donizetti, by F. S. Saltus, our old friend and collaborator, has disappeared. The writer of this paragraph has seen part of the manuscript. The loving care which Mr. F. H. Saltus has displayed in publishing his son's literary remains, renders the Italian story improbable.

Teutonic novelists are becoming as decadent as the French, and are imitating as far as the language permits the colored style of the symbolists. Vilhelm Krag, under the title of *Der Lustige Lieutenant*, has issued a lyric tale, in which landscapes and people, seasons and woods form an impressionist's picture. It is spring, the laughing springtime of the light-hearted Baron; he longs for sunny lands, he is weary of the cold world, he hastens to bright Paris, where adventures of the sunny spring await him. Lolotte, dear Lolotte! The lindens are in bloom, the jasmin gives out its perfume, the world is once more beautiful; Lolotte, dear Lolotte! But, alas! the spring ends with treason, and sad is the Baron's refrain: "What matters treason—from the lips we love—if the lips are sweet:

Qu'importe les trahisons,
De lèvres que nous baisons?
Si les lèvres sont jolies?

In summer, the Baron finds his wife. His life is now a summer dream. Years pass by; a young baron romps about the house. It's midsummer; the happy Baron asks a friend to visit him. Autumn comes and hope withers, love droops, the joy of spring and summer vanishes. In winter the old Baron is sitting in his lonely hall, and mocks at human happiness. Madness is invading his brain. Fortune, wife, friend, all have betrayed. He laughs and sings once more:

Qu'importe les trahisons,
De lèvres que nous baisons?
Si—Si—Si—?

There is a municipal regulation in this city prohibiting German bands from playing in the streets. This regulation is diligently enforced against the perambulating bands that go about on their natural means of locomotion, but is certainly not enforced against bands that are driven about in wagons for advertising purpose. Yet they are infinitely worse than the former. The

former has a cornet which can play a tune, while the other performers can fake some sort of an accompaniment. The advertising bands consist simply of a big drum and some brass things on which the performers render go-as-you-please discords. Why are they not stopped?

The censorship at Mainz is exercised about a play just published in that city. It is called *The Suppressed Play*, and the author is Jakob Lippmann. To us poor Americans it seems harmless enough, but in realms where *l'es majesté* is a great fact the piece is perplexing, for some people, in spite of the action having taken place in a petty court in 1840, see in it allusions to the present day. The plot is this: The hereditary *Prince Georg*, under the pen name of Leonhard Diehl, has written a play, *Heights and Depths*, which gave the *Princess* many a heartache, for she knew that it was a very well intentioned piece, but utterly unfit for the stage. The *Princess* manages to get hold of the *Leading Lady*, who is disgusted with her part, and urges the latter to see the censor and state her griefs. The *Prince*, who, without acknowledging the guilt of authorship, professes interest in the young writer, appeals to the *Stage Manager*. This functionary says at once: "Diehl has some pretty phrases here and there; he has some philosophical remarks; he has some lyric moments; he paints love and longing with sympathy; but all these things are in wrong places, or not adequately worked out—it would be impossible on the stage. In fine, Diehl is not a dramatist: he does not know the laws of the theatre." Then the *Prince* confesses the authorship, and the privy council of the petty state suspends the censor and informs the *Prince* of their action. "What!" he cries, "the censorship suspended till *Heights and Depths* is played. Then the piece which delighted you all so much shall never be performed. I destroy it myself." He tears the book. (General sensation.) Such things do not happen now, says a German critic.

Professor Binet in the French *Review of Reviews* returns to the old question raised by Diderot respecting emotion in actors. Diderot maintained that the great actor must not be emotional, he must not himself feel the passions which he represents. Great emotionalism, he said, characterizes the mediocre actor: the great one can dispense with it. An actor cannot base his playing on his own sensations, for he cannot recall them at will with the same intensity. Moreover, the great actors are not in the period of fiery youth, but older, more sedate men at the summit of their art. An actor who really feels emotion in his part could not remember his lines, his business or his acting. Binet is the head of the psychological department at the Sorbonne, and he questioned several well-known artists. Mlle. Bartel replied that she felt strongly, but it was as it were a lively sympathy, not a direct, immediate sensation; she did place herself in the situation of the character in which she appeared, but she could always see and hear herself; she was her own audience. Le Bargy gives nearly a similar account of his condition, but he thinks that in actual life it is just the same; the doer of a deed is all the time his own judge and observer. Mounet Sully and Paul Sully think that the actor must give to the feelings he represents the intensity of actual life. This of course is not always possible, and therefore on such occasions he must copy himself. Got asserts that during the performance he must pass into the personality of the role, and, he adds, that the greatest charm of the profession is thus to live in turn through various existences.

An appeal for subscriptions for the benefit of Mark Twain created general surprise. The readers of *Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, *Huckleberry Finn* and all his other books fondly imagined that their author was rolling in wealth and living like a prince in the classic shades of Hartford, when he was not weeping over the grave of Adam (a right merry conceit, my masters), or cracking jokes about German grammar, and were genuinely shocked at the news. Mark Twain's books were published by himself by subscription, a method which gave him nine-tenths of the profit, and must have brought him in thousands of dollars. His business ventures in a book publishing concern, under the name of G. P. Webster Company, must have been equally profitable. Mark was richly rewarded for his literary and humorous labors. It is no secret that he lost his money by going outside of humor and publishing by speculating in some mechanical patents on typewriting machines, bicycles or something else with which he had nothing to do.

His present troubles are not due to lack of appreciation of his books by the general public, then why should the general public be called on to make good his losses in wild speculations? He might have lost his money in bucking against the tiger, or in plunging in Wall Street, and would be just as much and just as little deserving of sympathy as he is at present. It is easy to understand such an appeal as is being made in Germany for Detlef von Liliencron. He is a man of great gifts who has given to the unappreciating world some remarkable poems, which, like most poems of merit, brought in poor returns, and it is right to make his old age comfortable. But in Mark Twain's case the appeal to the public is simply to pay his gambling debts.

The list of subscribers to the fund started by that patron of literature, James Gordon Bennett, is curious. The second name on the list is Andrew Carnegie, the humorist of Homestead, and lower down is that of Charles Frohman. One gentleman, who in return for his subscription, has the pleasure of seeing his letter in the *Herald*, in which he must terrify Mark's admirers. "Those who affect the belief that he is a first-class wit and humorist only are damning him with faint praise," he writes. "The fact is he is an all round literary athlete of highest order, while he has no superiors in any sort of literary specialty." This must be gratifying to W. D. Howells, Theodore Roosevelt and Henry James.



CINCINNATI, June 19, 1897.

THE commencement of the College of Music took place on Wednesday evening, June 15, in the Odeon. In spite of the oppressive heat the hall was well filled. From a musical standpoint the program was of an exceptionally satisfactory character.

The exercises were opened with the invocation by Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. There were two addresses, one by Rev. D. J. M. Mackey, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, on The Power of Music and Its Influence as a Factor in Education, and the other by Rev. Henry G. Smith, D. D., of Lane Seminary, on the subject of Harmonious Education. Dr. Mackey took a wide range in the treatment of his subject, and showed how music influences education from every standpoint. As religion brought man to God, so music fitted him for the enjoyment of the Creator. Dr. Smith spoke of the heavenly mission of music. While music appealed to all the passions, it assuaged and enthralled them, exciting not only the sensuous, but the perfect and sublime.

Miss Rosa C. Shay, the only graduate in voice this year, a pupil of Miss Tecla Vigna, was heard in a recitative and aria from Semiramide. She is a contralto and has a wealth of voice material. There is soul and dramatic expression back of it. Miss Shay will continue her studies for another year under Miss Vigna, and after that will study abroad.

Mr. Carl Hahn, the only post-graduate, who with the highest honors received the post-medallion, played the second and third movements from Davidoff's concerto No. 2. He gave them a scholarly, well matured reading. The tone which he produces is well rounded and musical.

Miss Aline Fredin played the Variations Symphoniques, by César Franck, for piano, with accompaniment of second piano and string orchestra, showing musicianship and well poised technical development.

Miss Katherine C. McKeown, a pupil of Mr. Albino Gorno, played the first movement from Grieg's concerto in A minor in the accompaniment of second piano and string orchestra. It was a reading which did honor to her technical resources, as well as musical ability. Terse, well knit, finely accentuated periods and a temperament which is uniformly musical, were in evidence that Miss McKeown has all the qualities which make up the foundation of a genuine artist.

Miss J. Russell Brown, of Cynthiana, Ky., one of the piano graduates, was prevented from appearing on account of sickness.

Mr. Wm. McAlpin, vice-president of the college, made the presentation of the Springer gold medals and post-graduate medallion and conferred the diplomas and certificates in accordance with the list already published in a previous correspondence.

The annual series of students' concerts of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Miss Clara Baur directress, was begun on Tuesday evening, June 15, with an organ recital by pupils of Mr. Hugo Sederberg, assisted by vocalists, pupils of Miss Clara Baur. The organ pupils gave evidence of careful and conscientious training in their playing and the vocal pupils showed progress in their studies. The program was as follows:

Vocal duet, <i>The Guardian Angel</i>	César Franck
Miss Anna Mary Ayres and Miss Josephine Oge.	
Song, <i>Spring Morning</i>	Mendelssohn
Prelude and fugetta.....	Stainer
Miss Ordella Smith.	
Song, <i>True Till Death</i>	Gatty
Miss Daisy McLane.	
Andantino.....	Chauvet
Poetlute.....	Whiting
Miss Clara Louise Baur.	
Song, <i>Longing for Spring</i>	Schubert
Miss Esther McNeal.	
March from C minor symphony.....	Beethoven-Batiste
Miss Mabel Willenberg.	
A Madrigal.....	Victor Harris
Miss Ida L. Vaughan.	
Two Studies.....	Whiting
Mr. Alphonse Fischer.	
Prelude, G major.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Lulu Dietz.	
Sunshine Song.....	Grieg
Mrs. O. R. Taylor.	
Hymn of Nuns.....	Wely
Miss Ottile Leonard.	
Song, <i>The Promise of Life</i>	Cowen
Miss Clara May Myrick.	

Allegretto Grazioso.....	Tours
Grand Chorus.....	Dubois
Benediction Nuptiales.....	Saint-Saëns
Two Studies.....	Dudley Buck
Song, <i>Trockne Blumen</i>	Schubert
Offertoire, B minor.....	Batiste
Miss Blanche Loewenstein.	
Miss Lulu Dietz.	

The annual outing of the pupils of the Conservatory of Music—participants in the closing concerts of the year—took place on Thursday afternoon, June 17. The steamer Henrietta was chartered for the occasion and it bore the lovely freight, accompanied by the faculty, down the beautiful Ohio River, as far as Madison, where a fine luncheon was enjoyed under the trees. The home journey was begun in the evening and the party returned by 10 o'clock at night.

The following estimate of the Bellstedt-Ballenberg Band of this city, at the Nashville Exposition, published in the *Nashville Banner*, will speak for itself:

No band ever established greater favor in Nashville than that which the Bellstedt-Ballenberg organization has won at the Exposition. For five weeks they have given twice daily not only delightful interpretations of popular and patriotic airs, which are generally the sole character of exposition music, but with a daring that only the highest capacity could warrant they have invaded the upper realm of harmony, which in common phraseology is called classical music. The word "classical" frightens the general ear, but it is to the credit of the Bellstedt Band, and to the advantage of Nashville and all the visitors to the Exposition that even the ultra "classical" music, including all the loftiest compositions of the great masters, has been so charmingly and intelligently rendered by this band that those who have heard their concerts without appreciating and enjoying them should lodge the fault entirely against themselves. It is a moderate statement to say that this band has contributed more genuine enjoyment to refined lovers of music than has ever been meted out to the patrons of a Southern exposition. The magnificent musical organization closes its engagement here to-morrow night, to the sincere regret of the Nashville people. Bellstedt came here quietly and without any flare of trumpets, but he won the hearts of the people from the start, and they are so charmed with him and every member of his band that they do not like to part with them indefinitely, and every music lover hopes that they may return before the close of the Centennial.

The second concert of the closing series by the Conservatory of Music to-night in the Scottish Rite Hall was of an ensemble character, and presented as pianists pupils of Messrs. Theodor Bohlmann, Frederic Shaler Evans and Georg Krueger, assisted by Mr. Henry Froehlich, violin; Mr. Michael Brand, violoncello, and pupils of Miss Clara Baur. The performance of some of the pupils was of a genuinely meritorious kind, the piano playing of Miss Bessie Taylor Melior and the Misses Susan Monarch and Lucia Marie Klumb showing an exceptional degree of talent as well as development in the training.

The program was as follows:

Trio, No. 1, G major, first movement, allegro	Mozart
Miss Rose Maas.	
Trio, op. 59, D major, first movement, moderato	De Beriot
Miss Daisy Florence White.	
Trio, No. 8, C major, last movement, presto	Haydn
Miss Amy Hoffheimer.	
Trio, op. 48, F major, last movement, allegro con fuoco	Gade
Miss Sadie Lowenberg.	
Trio, No. 1, G major	Haydn
Miss Daisy McLane.	
Aria, <i>My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice</i> (Samson and Delilah).....	Saint-Saëns
Miss Sara Miller.	
Trio, op. 1, No. 3, C minor, first movement, allegro con brio.....	Beethoven
Miss Alma Bagby.	
Trio, op. 48, F major, first movement, allegro animato	Gade
Miss Bessie Taylor Mellor.	
Recitative, <i>Wie Nacht Mir der Schlummer</i>	{ Der Freischütz ... von Weber
Aria, <i>Leise, Leise, Fromme Weise</i>	
Miss R. Marie Brown.	
Trio, No. 2, op. 72, F major.....	Godard
Misses Susan Monarch and Lucia Marie Klumb.	
Kaiser Marsch	Wagner
(Arranged for two pianos, eight hands, by August Horn.)	
Misses Alma Bagby, Julia Moch, May Hughes and Belle Holmes.	

The closing series of concerts of the Conservatory embraces ten altogether, and the final concert will be on Wednesday evening, June 30.

J. A. HOMAN.

AMATI VIOLINS—Two genuine Amati violins—one Hieronymus and the other Nicolas—for sale. Address genuine letters only to "Violin," care of this paper. They are the property of an artist, not of a collector or dealer.

SPECIAL TO PIANO STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.—Mr. Nathan Gans, pianist and teacher, of New York, will conduct a Summer School for the study of the Virgil Method at Sutro Hall, Baltimore, Md., commencing May 24 and continuing throughout the summer. Special course for teachers begins July 6. Private and class instruction. For further information address Sutro Hall, Baltimore, where Mr. Gans may be seen daily from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. by all interested in the latest developments in piano study and teaching. Appointments cheerfully granted.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Jean de Reszé. "Impresario." Merhon & Co. Mme. Marie Van Duyn. Emil Ober-Heffer. Professor R. Herman. (Marked important. Sent by Dr. Sylvester, Berlin.) Arthur Clark. Blanche Wallace. Lillian Blauvelt. Miss Lizzie Annerdale. Mrs. Clara L. Kellogg-Strakosch. J. Philip Sousa. Mme. G. Valda. Wallace Franklin. Mr. Harry Risner. Mme. F. Roena Medini.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Frank S. Oliver. Albert G. Thiers. Jeanne Franko. Bernard Boekelmann. Austin Stultz. August Walther.

The Misses Sutro in London.

LONDON, June 12, 1897.

RUSH of work prevented me more than mentioning the successful reappearance, after an absence of a year and a half, of the Misses Sutro in St. James' Hall.

These delightful artists have greatly improved since they were last heard here, their playing, always refined and artistic, having gained in warmth and power; the remarkable sympathy that has always been one of their greatest charms being more noticeable, if such a thing were possible, now than ever before.

The program chosen consisted of modern works for two pianos, most of which were performed here for the first time, and elicited no small amount of interest.

Reincke's variations on a sarabande of Bach opened the recital, followed by a charming suite concertante by Gounod-Saint-Saëns; Sinding's variations in E flat minor; *Pastorale*, *Brill*; introduction and gavotte, *Von Wilm*; *Praeludium*, *Ashton*; *Turkish March*, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, by Thorm, two Slavonic Dances, by Dvorák, and Chaminade's *Valse Carnavalesque* formed the novel scheme, to all of which ample justice was done.

The numbers creating the greatest enthusiasm were the Beethoven march, which was so exquisitely performed that its repetition was stormily demanded; the Sinding variations, said to have been composed for the Misses Sutro; the spirited gavotte by Von Wilm and A. Ashton's clever *praeludium*, which came very near receiving a *da capo*.

The artists can be well satisfied with the welcome accorded them, and I will add it was richly deserved. That they outdid themselves their audience evidently thought, as they did not cease applauding until the young ladies yielded to an urgent encore at the close, besides those demanded throughout their unique program. We hope, as they cannot remain among us owing to their Continental engagements, we will be able to have as much of their talent as can be bestowed where they won their first recognition. As it is impossible to give all, I quote a few words from one critic:

"I will single out *longe*. That was simply perfect, and always perfect. No harsh notes, no blurs. I will sum up all in one remark—it was an eminent display of irreproachable style, and the audience's delight was shown by a program of entirely new works being followed by an insistent encore."

A.

Covent Garden Fund.—It has long been an open secret that much dissatisfaction exists among the members of the theatrical profession with the management of the Covent Garden fund. All efforts to obtain some light upon its workings have thus far failed, and after an ineffectual appeal to the Charity Commissioners the matter has been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. James F. Hogan, M.P., of Tipperary, who the other day asked some questions on the subject of the Attorney General, Sir Richard Webster. The latter, in reply, said he had been looking into the case and had come to the conclusion that it was one which called for an investigation, which he proposed to institute without delay. It is believed that this fund, which was instituted a good many years ago for the benefit of old and impoverished actors and actresses, now amounts to something between £30,000 and £50,000, but it is managed by trustees, who virtually form a close corporation. These have hitherto managed to evade making public any report, nor can any definite information concerning the disposal of the proceeds be obtained.—*Times Special*.



WILMINGTON.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 5, 1897.

THE first public rehearsal of the Musical Art Society at the new Century Club parlors Tuesday evening, June 1, under the direction of T. Leslie Carpenter, Mus. Bac., broke the musical dullness of this season, and set the people guessing and wondering—guessing as to when this lusty candidate for public favor was born, and wondering how such results could be secured in so short a time.

This society was formed late in March, and has therefore had but little over two months for rehearsal. If Mr. Carpenter's bitterest enemy had been allowed the privilege of selecting the program, and then denying him the sustaining power of accompaniment, no severer gauge of the ability of the chorus to follow labyrinthian modulations and come out true to pitch could have been set. In spite of the fatiguing character of the music and the absence of accompaniment, all the numbers were musical; no flattening, delicately shaded, time well marked, and attack positive and clear cut.

With these rarely attained requisites conceded, there is nothing to which the Musical Art Society may not aspire, and I learn that its ambition is not bounded by the lines laid down by its predecessors.

The strength is ultimately to be extended to thirty voices, all carefully picked, and an honorary membership of seventy-five obtained, whose subscriptions will put the society on its feet financially and make it independent of that capricious factor, the Wilmington concert-goer, which is in fact like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, "there ain't none."

This gives us a permanent singing society, capable, and in fact obliged by precedent set by Mr. Carpenter, of becoming the exponent of high class music. As the director has the pick of the disjecta membra of the various choruses which have gone before, some disrupted by lack of cohesion and some wrecked on financial reefs, he will have no trouble in bringing the chorus up to its full strength, and its next appearance is looked forward to with interest.

I am glad to see that the old mistake was not repeated, that of filling up with dead wood, with persons whose only claims to consideration were a dress suit and a manner that was a constant menace to the integrity of the body, whose sole interest lay in the prominence it brought them at the annual public presentation, and whose presence was a perpetua chill to the enthusiasm which must of necessity mark the successful work of every volunteer body.

Judged by the hard, almost cruel, standard of results alone, Mr. Carpenter is wonderfully effective as a director, and is entitled to the moral and financial support of those who desire to see this city raised to the same intellectual plane that it occupies commercially.

The acoustic properties of the new Century Club parlors are so bad that it is hardly fair to pass upon the soloists, who were already handicapped by nervousness.

Innes' Band stopped here for two concerts last Sunday on its way South.

JOHN L. HALL.

INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 19, 1897.

THE Metropolitan School of Music here requires an entire recital program from its graduates, together with a sure standing in theoretical lines. These recitals will number this year a dozen or fifteen, delivered before students and the public at a rate of from two to four a week. I append a program or two only as types of the work demanded, since all would take more than my allotment of space.

All the work has been of a grade exceeding the expectations of houses filled with listeners, much of it daintily artistic, and some of it here and there in all the programs fairly stupendous. The vocalists present their programs beginning next week, and a mixed program follows before the public on a larger and final scale for graduation.

JUNE 4.

Lyda Haslett Bell, pupil of Mr. Pierce.

The climax of excellence was reached when Mr. Forrest Dabney Carr sang the bass solo, *And I Heard the Voice of Harpers*, with full chorus accompaniment. It was grandly sung and the audience demanded its repetition. The thirty voices which comprised the chorus were evenly balanced, singing with precision and taste.The New York *Herald* of yesterday announced that Maurice Grau is making an effort to effect a settlement with his creditors on private accounts. He expects to be here in October for one week.

Evan Williams at Worcester.—The Henry Wolfsohn Musical Bureau has just completed arrangements for the appearance of Evan Williams at the three leading concerts of the Worcester Festival. Mr. Williams will sing the tenor roles in *The Redemption*, *Hora Novissima*, and the *Swan and the Skylark*.

Forrest Dabney Carr.—The *St. John's Chimes*, of New Rochelle, in its current issue gives a long account of the singing of Gaul's *Holy City* there on May 27, and of the artistic work done by Forrest Dabney Carr, the basso, who is rapidly working his way to the front. Mr. Carr has an exceptionally rich voice. The *Chimes* says:

The climax of excellence was reached when Mr. Forrest Dabney Carr sang the bass solo, *And I Heard the Voice of Harpers*, with full chorus accompaniment. It was grandly sung and the audience demanded its repetition. The thirty voices which comprised the chorus were evenly balanced, singing with precision and taste.

J. H. McKinley.—Mr. J. H. McKinley, the well-known singer, has been engaged for a series of concerts, among which we may mention his appearance as soloist at the Saengerfest, Philadelphia, June 22, and his appearance at the Hazen Organ Recital, July 28; at the Binghamton performance of *The Creation*, July 8; at the Round Lake Festival, July 22, 23, 24, and at the Silver Lake Festival, August 18, 19 and 20.

Sophia Priestley.—Miss Sophia Priestley has opened a summer class at Cedarhurst, Lawrence and Wave Crest, L. I. We annex notices of one of her concert:

MISS PRIESTLEY'S CONCERT.

Miss Sophia Priestley's concert last night at Chickering Hall was a decided success. Mr. John McCaull's artists sang excellently and Miss Priestley's pupils played well. Miss Lilly Post, Miss Carrie Godfrey, Mr. Mark Smith, Miss Martha Porteus and Mr. L. E. Phelps gave abundant satisfaction. Miss Post was most happy in her selection and the other ladies and gentlemen more than satisfactory.—*Telegram, December 6, 1887.*

Miss Sophia Priestley, pianist and teacher, will give her third annual concert at Chickering Hall next month, with the assistance of her pupils and several well-known artists. Last year her young pianists made a very favorable impression and exhibited the results of conscientious and intelligent training.—*American Art Journal, November 17, 1887.*

Sol Marcossen.—In a recent concert in Cleveland, repeated with brilliant success in Louisville, his native city, Sol Marcossen, the violinist, played the Mendelssohn con-

Dance of the Dervishes (Ruins of Athens)	Beethoven-Saint-Saëns
Good Night	Schubert
Old Hungarian Folksong	Korby
True Love	Brahms
Improvisation	MacDowell
Novelette	Liszt
Rhapsodie No. 12	Chaminade
Siavonic Song	Raff
Wishes	Massenet
Barcarolle (obbligato, Miss Sickles)	Hiller
Andante from concerto in F sharp minor	Hiller
Suite to suite, op. 25, No. 2, prelude, scherzino, nocturne, valse,	Chopin-Hlavac
élogue, finale	
Concerto, op. 183, first movement	Raff
(Orchestral parts on second piano)	

How wonderfully effective all these MacDowell numbers are! The waltz, especially, throws me into the mood of something I read lately:

The end arrives. Unless some sudden catastrophe shall sweep the race from being in a day, the time will come when two men will alone survive of all the human race. Two men will gaze upon the tomb of the human family. These two men will gaze into each other's faces—wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing. Speech will have deserted them. Silent, gazing each into eternity—more dead than living—an overpowering emotion—an inspiring hope—and one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race.

The sole survivor, shrunken in form, earthly hope gone, and appalling sense of eternity both behind and before him, will crawl and writh his way to the Council Rock, and there, with a last flickering gleam of a terrible but momentary glee, the last human emotion will wrestle itself into expression, as with gaunt arms and withered legs, a feeble wane is set up over the dead of all time, the final effort gradually assuming a serene and God-like, though decrepit, grace as the weird and gyratory movements shape into the sadness and divinest of all waltzes—spirituelle, and burdened with the heart throbs and sobs of a dying humanity—the question of sin no longer raised; the end of a world on the solitary shoulders of one man—he moves to the impulse of the *Valse Triste* of E. A. MacDowell, and at the end the final shadow of humanity vanishes into the eternal from which it came, the MacDowell inspiration with it. That's the way we play it out here.

I am "proud" to note that we anticipated Mr. Hale's desire for a piano program which departs from the traditional, as some of these metropolitan programs have done. It will shock our Leipac and Berlin friends, I know, but they will be doing the same thing in another twenty-five years. Give 'em a little time. Note again, please! A Berlin program is before me of last spring, on which appears the Russian fantaisie, Napravnic, "first time in Berlin." Bless you, Berliners, we played it here two years ago.

We are snippy, if not so great.

MUSICAL COURIER

TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

certo, entire; the Chaconne, of Bach; the Wieniawski polonaise in A major, the Preisleid from *Die Meistersinger*, two Hungarian dances, Brahms-Joachim, and Scènes de la Czardz of Hubay.

Herbert Miller.—A singer for whom the future has undoubtedly a great deal in store is Mr. Herbert Miller, who followed his teacher, Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, to his summer school in Decatur, Ill., so devoted is he to him and the method of which he considers his teacher the ablest exponent. Mr. Miller, who was heard to splendid advantage at the college commencement in his old home—Grinnell, Ia.—a few weeks ago, has a baritone voice of exceptional quality and great power and has been studying with Mr. Powers for a year, making special progress with his mezzo voice, for which his teacher is so widely celebrated. Mr. Miller will be heard in New York next season.

Francis Fischer Powers.—On Saturday evening two weeks ago Mr. Francis Fischer Powers ended a most successful series of ten concerts through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Memphis and St. Louis, receiving an ovation at each place. With characteristic energy Mr. Powers hurried from St. Louis to Decatur, Ill., to open up his summer school, which is the largest he has ever had, not a few of his prominent New York pupils having followed him West for summer instruction. Mr. Powers, who is working now like a trojan, will rest during the month of August at Mackinac Island, visiting his home in Wisconsin in September, and singing again in Memphis, Nashville and Atlanta, rounding it all off with his annual ocean voyage, from which he expects to return on October 20 next to begin in his beautiful new duplex studios now building at Carnegie Hall the season of 1897-8.

The Usual Advance Notice.—Neither Walter Damrosch nor his representative here will divulge the name of the famous French tenor who will sing in the Damrosch forces at the Metropolitan next season. It is pretty generally understood, however, that the tenor in question is Alvarez, the handsome singer who has broken more hearts in the past five years than Cupid could mend in a decade. Alvarez is better looking than Jean de Reszé, and in some of the romantic roles of grand opera is absolutely without a peer among Continental tenors. There are many people sacrilegious enough to believe that Alvarez is head and shoulders above Jean de Reszé. Alvarez, although not diminutive or silly looking, is built on the line of the curly-headed, wavy-mustached order of stage singers. His name has many times figured prominently in Parisian newspapers as the hero of various love affairs, and at one time a countess, married, and old enough to know better, belonging to one of the most distinguished families of France, so far forgot her marital vows and obligations as to write him a letter in which she offered to elope with him to Vienna. The letter was published in the *Figaro* at the time and created a profound sensation. Alvarez disclaimed all knowledge of how the letter reached the newspaper in question, and as a consequence of its publication he discharged all of his retinue of servants. Alvarez will certainly corner the New York heart market if he comes over, and Jean de Reszé, charmer that he is, will look like a music hall singer in comparison.—*New York Times*.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in all the principal American cities except Atlanta, Brooklyn and Boston, by a monthly musical magazine covering an otherwise unoccupied field. Liberal compensation. The CHURCH CHOIR, Bowing Green Building, New York.

FINE STUDIO FOR VOCAL TEACHER.—Henry Taylor Staats will let his large and elegantly furnished studio for two days in the week to a vocal teacher. The location, 487 Fifth avenue, near Forty-second street, is unsurpassed and the studio contains a fine Steinway concert grand piano.

SUMMER SCHOOL—Piano, organ, harmony, under the direction of F. W. Riesberg (professor at the New York College of Music, organist Rutgers' Presbyterian Church, New York) at Cooperstown, N. Y., on Lake Otsego (12 miles from Richfield Springs), beginning June 28, ten weeks. Weekly concerts, free classes in sight reading, six and eight hands.

Cooperstown is an ideal place for summer study: 1,900 feet above the sea, cool always, a beautiful lake, fine hills, boating, driving and wheeling, eight hours from New York. Good board and room \$5 to \$7 per week. A fine opportunity for teachers engaged the rest of the year to spend a delightful and profitable summer. Address

F. W. RIESBERG,
care THE MUSICAL COURIER,
19 Union Square, New York.

JUNE 11.

Catherine Llewellyn Bell, pupil of Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce, assisted by Miss Stella Riddell, soprano.	
Fantaisie, in form of a sonata, op. 5	Saran
(Allegro Appassionata—Romance—Scherzo.)	
Gondoliera	Moszkowski
Vocal—	
Hushaby Song	Root
Bird and the Rose	Horrocks
Nachtstück	Schumann
Bird as Prophet	Gottschalk
Rhapsodie No. 12	Liszt

JUNE 15.

Maude Pearl Waugh, pupil of Mrs. Flora M. Hunter, assisted by Alice Fleming Evans, contralto.	
Harmonious Blacksmith (air varied)	Händel
Hark! Hark! the Lark	Schubert-Liszt
Nocturne (after Chopin), op. 48	Napravnic
Tremolo Etude	Gottschalk
Vocal—	
O, Rest in the Lord	Mendelssohn
The Quest	Eleanor Smith
Perpetual Motion	MacDowell
Wild Hunt	
Polonaise	
Vocal—	
Good-by, Sweet Day	Vannah
The Gypsies	Buck
Russian Fantaisie	Napravnic
(Orchestral parts on second piano)	

JUNE 18.

Mrs. Nellie Connell Gray, piano (pupil of Mrs. Flora M. Hunter), and Miss Lilia Elizabeth Ketcham, voice (pupil of Mr. F. X. Arens).	
Preludes, F major, F minor	Pachulski
Barcarolle	Rubinstein

THE MUSICAL COURIER.

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